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A MAGAZINE

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CATHOLIC LITERATURE

CONDUCTED BY

DOMINICAN FATHERS

VOLUME 11

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1901





A MAGAZINE

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CATHOLIC LITERATURE

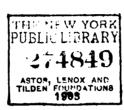
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VOLUME II

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1901





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OUR INFANT SAVIOUR AND HIS BLESSED MOTHER.
(After the Painting by Sichel.)

DOMINICANA

Vol. II.

JANUARY, 1901.

No. 1

THE COMING OF THE WORLD'S REDEEMER.

HARRIET M. SKIDMORE.

- "He will come!" the Prophets chanted, and their Heav'n inspired song
- Floated down in ceaseless echoes, through the ages sad and long;
- "Hail! O Bethlehem of Judah! not the least nor lowest thou,
- For to Him from thee proceeding shall the conquer'd nations bow!"
- "He will come!" the people shouted,
 "Unto us, His chosen race!
- And His arm shall hurl the Gentiles from His children's rightful place:
- On the throne of royal David He shall wear His Kingly Crown,
- Unto Israel thus restoring ancient glory and renown."
- But he came not crowned with splendor, led by worldly pomp and din,
- And for Him His haughty nation had "no room" in heart or inn.
- But the "Just Man" watched beside Him, where His Sinless Mother smiled,
- O'er the straw-laid manger bending that enthroned her Kingly Child.
- "He will come!" the shepherds murmured as they "watched their flocks by night,"
- But the Lord "shone round about them," in His floods of dazzling light.

- And His angels sang: "He cometh!

 Unto ye the Christ is born!"
- And His lovely ones first hailed Him on His glorious birthday morn.
- "He hath come! the true Messiah!" spake the chosen Gentile Kings,
- Through the careless city passing with their costly offerings.
- "We have journeyed to adore Him from our Eastern climes afar,
- Safely led o'er waste and desert by His mystic guiding star."
- "He hath come!" still sing His angels, at the holy Christmas time.
- "He hath come!" the sweet bells echo, pealing out the Christmas chime.
- "He hath come!" respond His loved ones, while with eager steps they pass,
- To His altar-cradle speeding in the Christmas Midnight Mass.
- "He hath come! O haste to greet Him, lowly shepherds, lofty kings,
- With your simple, sweet heart tokens and your rich soul-offerings.
- For His glory shineth round ye, and His Starlight ne'er shall cease,
- Till it guides ye, "men of good-will," to His blest, Eternal Peace.

SANTA CLAUS LURED ASTRAY

OR

THE FAIRIES OF 1900-A CHRISTMAS EXTRAVAGANZA.

EDWIN ANGELO LEMAN.

In the Land of Somewhere there once lived an over-ambitious band of sprites who called themselves The Fairies of 1900.

We generally hear of fairies as being little people who go about the world doing good; but these elves I am going to tell you of seemed to have no other motive in life than that of gathering all they could to themselves, even at the unhappy expense of their fellow creatures.

Though small in stature, they were giants of conceit. They regarded their band as the greatest body in existence, and looked with a lofty pity on the big round world and its other inhabitants.

The leader of this arrogant band was one Kip Tip, so filled with pomp and dignity that he was at times unapproachable.

Kip Tip was very fair to look upon, and would have been wondrously handsome, save for an ugly expression of countenance due to his wicked disposition.

He and his band had existed for some length of time. They had struggled hard for notoriety, but with no success, and were now drifting into a state of obscurity that piqued their pride and vanity keenly.

In reflecting one day on their unfortunate lot, Kip Tip knit his soft brow like an overtaxed business man, and tried to plan some way to attract public attention. After much mental effort, he finally hit upon an idea which he believed would insure himself and fellow fairies quick and easy fame.

Accordingly, he called his cabinet of seven together, and unfolded to them his scheme.

"I have, gentlemen," said he, "an idea which I think will bring us dazzling notoriety."

"Ahem! Let's hear it."

"You all know that old Christmas favorite—Santa Claus?"

"Oh, yes. What of him?"

"Through him shall we reach the pinnacle of fame."

The cabinet members became deeply absorbed, and drew their three-legged stools very close.

"Tell us how."

"You are quite familiar with the many reindeer attached to the old man's sleigh?"

"We are."

"But we don't know how many he has, Kip Tip."

"That is not the point. You know that reindeer are his means of travel?"

"Certainly."

"And you know that the animals have been famous for generations back, in poetry and in prose, for their important services to their old master,"

"We've heard of them often enough."

"Pictorial art has put them before the world in extravagant colors. Publishers have printed picture books of them from year to year."

"True, indeed."

"Well, I propose that we who are gathered here now should soon make a formal call on Santa Claus, as representatives of our whole band, and lay a new and brilliant project before him," said Kip Tip, stroking his left palm with his plump right index finger, his blue eyes shining brightly.

"What do you say," he continued, smoothly, "to our winning Santa Claus over to the up-to-date Twentieth Century notion of getting rid of his reindeer and taking our band of fairies in their place!"

The cabinet members whistled.

"A wonderful thought!" they exclaimed.

"What a startling picture—our numerous brethren drawing the great sleigh with its load of gifts!"

"Kip Tip, you are indeed fit to be a king!"

"Thank you, gentlemen; thank you."

"Let us sing our compliments to our leader."

"Ay, for he's a wonder."

O Kip Tip, you're a knowing elf.
Who but your clever, witty self
Could make a scheme so bright?
The wise ones of this cabinet
Could never such an idea get,
If they sat day and night.

Kip Tip made a profound bow, and responded:

Ah, gentlemen, you flatter me! I do my best, as all can see. My greatest hope and eagerness Is that our plan will meet success.

Then all joined hands, singing:

Oh, here's a hope that the old man Will like our catchy little plan;
That he will think our idea great,
And want it 'cause it's up to date;
That he'll agree, without a doubt,
'To throw his oldtime reindeer out.
Ho' ho! ho! ho! Ha! ha! ha!
We could push a railroad car.
Santa's sleigh and fairies' fun!
Eighteen Ninety Nine plus One!

At length Kip Tip and his cabinet, whose respective names were Ptole, Swan, Leaf, Ousel, Talc, Plum Blossom and Echo, set out on their business call, as they termed it, filled with every confidence of success.

On their way over a high, stony hill they were met by an old dapple gray horse, with stout, brushy legs, and he inquired whither they were going.

"You may tell him all about it," whispered Kip Tip to Echo. "It wouldn't be in keeping with my dignity to talk to an old horse like him."

Echo informed the animal of their purpose. The horse then sighed, as if in sympathy.

"Why don't you wish us all a triumph?" said Echo, airily, "instead of making that queer noise?"

"I am thinking."

"Thinking? Of what?"

"Those poor faithful reindeer. What a pity if they should be abandoned after so many years' service to their master!"

"Oh, you're too sentimental. That sort of thing should not interfere with modern progress."

"You'd feel it, though, if you happened to be a victim. Look at me."

"Well, you certainly don't look as if

you'd take a prize at a horse show," said Echo, with unsparing candor.

"I've been away up in my day."

"What! With those funny legs?"

The old horse felt this thrust, but only said:

"I was once in the private service of an English nobleman, although you wouldn't think so to look at me. Now I am only on a farm."

"Well, you ought to be thankful even for that," said Echo, coldly. "Oughtn't he, boys?"

"Yea, Echo."

"If you happen to be put off the farm," said Echo, "come to us and we'll make a gatekeeper of you. You'll have an easy time of it, then."

The horse was surprised at this offer. Before he could have time to thank them the sprites passed on, leaving him to gaze blinkingly after them.

Somehow, his sympathies were not so strongly with the reindeer now. The promise of Echo had made him weaken, and he even inclined in the fairies' favor.

"Come to think of it, they are right about the reindeer," he said to himself, although not with a clear conscience. "I hope they succeed in winning Santa Claus over. No doubt he'll be obstinate in the matter."

Then the horse fell to picturing himself as keeper at the fairies' gates.

The eight elves proceeded on their way, and next met a black-and-white cow.

She also asked their business.

Plum Blossom repeated what Echo had told the old horse.

The cow became very indignant.

"Awful!" she exclaimed, in a sharp tone. "To throw those poor reindeer aside after so many years' loyalty. Oh, it is cruel of you all to be so covetous!"

"But, my lady," said Plum Blossom flatteringly, "you do not understand."

His manner of address pleased the cow's vanity, and she relented a little.

"Gentlemen," she said, in softer accents, "you know such an action would not be in accordance with common charity."

"You speak well," rejoined Echo, archly. "Ay, you raise one's mind to lofty thoughts. We are certain you will agree with us when our plan is made more clear to your intellectual ladyship."

This compliment was irresistible, and the cow said, easily.

"Pray, then, explain."

"First," pursued Echo, "let me say that we should feel highly honored if you would condescend to come and dwell in the midst of us. These vulgar pasture lands are well enough in their way, and perhaps pleasing to some rural poet; but they are not at all suited to your grace and beauty. At our domain we would make you Queen of the Clover Lawn, a delicious spot where the fairies all take their breakfast."

The cow paused to reflect.

"How much better such a life would be than being driven about and scolded by that disagreeable Molly of the farm."

"What an ideal place it must be!" she cried aloud, rapturously.

"As we were saying," continued Plum Blossom, "we merely intend to benefit the age by——"

"Ah, I comprehend," said the cow.
"Pardon my recent blindness. It would
really be a kindness to the old reindeer if
they were retired. Their working days
would be over."

The elves left her, and she too, like the horse, looked favorably after them, and hoped they would succeed.

The third and last to accost the eight was a poor outcast dog, large and shaggy, but humble from hardship.

"Behold! a dog greets us!" cried Ptole, thinking it a good omen. "A meeting with the astronomer Ptolemy himself, whose name I bear, would not be more desirable."

The dog looked at the fairies curiously. "Speak; tell us your name," said Ptole. "Misfortune has made me forget the one I had," answered the animal, in a downcast spirit.

"We will tell you who we are and where we are going; then you'll wish us good luck."

After being informed of their purpose the dog said, quietly:

"I couldn't wish you good luck to such an unjust plan as that. It is not right to covet what others hold, and it is worse to try to wrest it from them." "Ah, you are too old-fashioned, like a great many others. You should learn to grab things in the easiest way possible, no matter whether people call it right or wrong."

"I don't believe that way."

Ptole artfully turned the conversation to attractive topics, endeavoring to touch the humble old dog on some weak spot. The tricky elf dwelt long and fascinatingly on their great fairy bowers, with all their luxury and grandeur, and slowly led up to flattering the dog, who listened unmoved.

"No," he said, firmly; "I cannot but see it as a very wicked scheme."

"You speak like that because you are too low down in the world. Now, my dear fellow, just picture yourself as our barking herald. Your ideas would be loftier and more in touch with the age. As our herald—and, by the way, what a fitting name Herald would be for you—you would be treated with great importance and respected highly, both at home and abroad."

It was a severe temptation, and the vivid, alluring scenes so enchantingly painted by Ptole taunted the poor old dog with his poverty.

But he held steadfast to what he knew to be right.

"No, no," he said; "I cannot and will not favor such a project."

Ptole was superstitious. He imagined the dog's good will would bring success, so he urged the animal again.

But the dog was immovable.

"No," he said, with strong emphasis; "I even hope that you all fail."

This angered Ptole.

"Then starve, as you deserve," he hissed, venomously. "I might have known better than to waste words with you. When you see the horse and the cow enjoying the reward of their good wishes, remember your own folly. You will come begging to the gates of the Land of Somewhere, but you shall be driven away!"

And Ptole hastened on with his companions, leaving the dog sensitively wounded, but happy in the knowledge that he had done right.

After traveling for some hours the fairies reached the home of Santa Claus.

It was a plain-looking structure, but very large.

The bell summons was answered by a black cat named Nick, who was Santa Claus' confidential servant.

Nick told the sprites that his master could not be seen.

"But our business is very pressing," said Kip Tip. "We must see your master. His own interests depend on it."

"I'll see, then, if he will receive you. He is quite busy with his Christmas plans."

"Ah," whispered Kip Tip to the others. "Just the time for us."

The black cat soon came back and bade the callers follow him.

"This way, please."

Kip Tip and his cabinet were ushered into a neat apartment, where the famous old Christmas friend received them cordially and informally.

Kip Tip conducted himself very pompously at first; but when he saw that Santa Claus was free from all shallowness of mind and vain show, the shrewd little sprite cunningly changed his manner and acted like a mild, melting little fellow, with a mouth fit for only golden drops of honey.

So cleverly and winningly did Kip Tip bear himself that he, by degrees, won Santa Claus' close attention and deep admiration, much to the disgust of the black cat Nick, whose contempt, it may be said, was due mostly to jealousy.

With a surprising display of artifice Kip Tip made known his scheme, and wove the prettiest web of a plan imaginable, overcoming Santa Claus' every objection with rare delicacy, the result being that the misguided old man weakened and gave his bonded word to displace his reindeer for the Christmas of 1900 and engage the new century fairies instead.

"I will admit I have been growing somewhat old-fashioned," observed the well-meaning old man. "But, as you say, Kip Tip, one must ever strive to keep pace with the times if he wishes to be popular."

Full arrangements being made, the elves prepared to take their leave, promising to return in readiness with their whole force on Christmas Eve.

Kip Tip whispered to his cabinet to sing something in Santa Claus' honor.

"Let us make it flattering," he said, craftily, "for a little bit of blarney takes with every one."

"We understand."

With sincere fervor, they broke forth:

Oh, Santa Claus is a great man,
Of body, strength and brain.
Where is his like? Find it, who can?
The task would be in vain.
That he should have us draw his sleigh
Is not at all surprising;
For he's not one to make delay
In being enterprising.

The music inspired the old gift-giver, and he could not resist the temptation to respond, so he returned, in a deep, bass voice:

My little men; the song you've sung
Has really made me feel quite young.
Together we shall surely be
The success of the century.

Then both Santa Claus and the fairies sang in chorus, the old man joining in their lively dance:

We are a merry, jolly, happy lot;
We could boil our troubles in a very little
pot.
For grief or worry we don't care a little
bit,

For where on earth is the sense in it?

When they had finished Santa Claus remarked:

"What wonderful poets you little fellows are!"

"Oh, yes. We're better than Shakspere."

"A rare gift is poetry."

"We can give you a course of studies in it, if you like."

"No, thank you. The business of gift making fills all my time, and it's more practical.

The elves departed.

Their serious faces became broadly humorous when they were well out of Santa Claus' sight and hearing.

"He was a big fish to catch, wasn't he?"
"Big as a whale."

"He nibbled the bait all right."

"And swallowed it, too."

"We've done a great day's work."

"Those reindeer will have a rest forever, I guess."

"In time, boys," said Kip Tip, his eyes sparkling, "we may be able to oust Santa Claus himself and get his place as a Christmas figure before the public. Who knows?"

"Ah, Kip Tip, you have wonderful foresight. We shall succeed at anything with you at our head."

They indulged in much shouting, and struck into a lively rag time step, keeping up their hilarity until they again reached their fairy domain.

When the poor old reindeer learned that they were to remain unemployed for the coming Christmas they were much surprised, and when they understood the situation it grieved them deeply to know that the master they had served so faithfully had yielded to the power of modern strangers.

"He is only under a temporary spell," said the eldest of them, gently. "It does not seem possible that he will take this new-fangled fairy band to his heart in our place."

They talked it over among themselves, hopeful for a better turn of affairs, but pitiably sad, nevertheless. And when Christmas Eve came they felt so bad that they could not eat their supper.

Santa Claus felt sad enough himself, particularly when he gave them a tender good-night glance in visiting them in their stalls.

"It's the people's fault," he tried to ease his heart by saying. "They are so eager for the latest, up-to-date things, and I can't afford to let myself be crowded out of the public mind."

When the Fairies of 1900 presented themselves in readiness they unquestionably made a gorgeous spectacle as they stood before the immense sleigh in the white snowstorm, three thousand strong, awaiting old Santa's word to start.

The sight so dazzled his eyes that for the time being he forgot his discarded reindeer, and gave himself up to the bewildering enjoyment of the scene before him.

"After all," he exclaimed, quite enamored, "one must live in accordance with the times. How fortunate that these little fellows sought me out!"

He stepped into the sleigh, piled high, as it was, with every kind of gift for boys and girls.

Nick, the black cat, stepped in after him.

Kip Tip observed the movement.

"Hold!" he cried, suddenly, and with a proud toss of his handsome head. "We don't purpose to pull that black thing."

"He accompanies me everywhere," remonstrated Santa Claus. "I cannot get along without him. He carries packages."

"Our pride and self-respect would not allow us to stoop so low as to draw such a common thing as a cat. Let him get out and run behind."

"I can't. My left paw is sore."

"We don t care for that."

Santa Claus was somewhat offended.

"Why didn't you tell me this before?" he said, plaintively. "The reinder always carried Nick along. I simply cannot get along without him. Years of experience have made him familiar with all my ways and methods of distributing gifts. No stranger could do it with any satisfaction."

Kip Tip was on the point of commanding his fairy band to desert the sleigh then and there, but a malicious thought seized him, and, with a wicked smile to himself, he yielded to the old man's wishes. saving:

"Very well, be it as you desire."

"Don't say a word," he whispered among his companions. "We'll get him half way out on the road, and then show him!"

"Ready!" cried old Santa, a minute later. "Go!"

Away they went, with amazing speed, giving Santa Claus immeasurable delight, and making the black cat grin. They seemed to travel like streaks of light, at times causing the occupants of the sleigh to gasp for breath.

As they were skimming past a huge brick chimney, old Mother Goose suddenly stepped from behind it, and, shaking her finger warningly, exclaimed:

"This is a shame! Those poor rein-

deer! Only evil can come of this non-sense."

At another place The Old Woman Who Lived in Her Shoe appeared and aired her opinion.

"Gracious goodness! Santa Claus, what has come over you? If the reindeer were not good enough to be in front of your sleigh, then you are not fit to be inside of it: So there! I don't care who hears me."

Then the famous Cinderella revealed herself at the window of a palatial mansion, saying tenderly:

"Ah, Santa Claus, how could you! Those poor, dear reindeer!"

Next Jack the Giant Killer rebuked him.

Then Little Jack Horner.

And next pretty Red Riding Hood.

But it remained for Old Mother Hubbard to whack the fairles with her great umbrella as they fitted by.

"Oh, you're the bad little uns, with your make-believe goodness. I'm old enough, d'ye know, but a million of you couldn't pull the wool over my eyes. Take that! and that! and that!"

On slid the sleigh, all the celebrities of the nursery world stepping out into the night to upbraid the old man and his century sprites.

Santa Claus, much humiliated, was becoming tired of it; yet his heart told him the rebukes were just. And the words, "If the reindeer were not good enough to be in front of your sleigh, then you are not fit to be inside of it," kept ringing in his ears.

"It is so," he said, remorsefully. "I regret now that I did not keep to my old way, greatly as I admire the grandeur of these fairies."

After a time the sleigh stopped suddenly.

Santa Claus was perplexed.

The elves relinquished their hold.

"What does this mean?" asked Santa Claus. "We have not reached half the way to my place for beginning the distribution of gifts."

"It means that we are tired of pulling you," replied Kip Tip, saucily. Then he added with a sarcastic sneer: "Maybe your important black cat will draw you the rest of the way."

Then all burst into a tormenting laugh and sang:

You've had you way, we'll have ours, We'll not yield to other powers, We gave into you to-night Just to make you feel our spite.

Here we'll leave you in the snow, While the wind and storm will blow, No one can your trouble check, Christmas morn you'll be a wreck.

Tra-la-la-la-la! This is great!
Santa in an awful state!
Now he knows that our proud band
Will no one's dictation stand.

Then they all abandoned him, laughing with evil glee at his unhappy situation, and disappeared, the absence of their radiant beauty leaving the surroundings lonely and dark.

It was some moments before Santa Claus could rouse himself. "What a lesson I have learned," he then said, humbly, "old as I am. One should never turn away from those who are his true friends, even for what appears like better things."

Nick pitied his master.

"Don't be discouraged, sir. Can't you call the reindeer?"

"I haven't the heart to, after treating them as I have done. Let us stay stuck in the snow. I deserve it."

"But think of the household children, sir!"

"I can't help the conditions."

"But it will cause a Christmas panic."

"Remorse is consuming me."

"Cheer up."

"I cannot."

"Only say the word, and I'll call the reindeer myself."

"It would stick in my throat."

"May I do as I please?"

"I don't care what anybody does," said the old man, dejectedly.

"Then I'll manage things."

Nick set up a cry that pierced the night. It was more distinct than loud, and it penetrated to the very stalls of the reindeer.

They knew whence it came, and the next instant they were bounding like

magic toward the old sleigh of their affections.

When Santa Claus beheld them he rubbed his eyes drowsily.

"Hold me, Nick," he exclaimed dreamily. "The snow must be affecting me. I imagine I see the reindeer."

So you do, sir. Don't you recollect how I called them?"

"Did you?"

"Why, yes. You must have fallen into a reverie, sir."

"Oh, those wicked fairles! How they have unnerved me."

"Don't think of them, sir. Let us be on our way."

"Henceforth I shall never give up my dear reindeer for any one—not even for the greatest invention. We must never be separated. When the world grows weary of them, let it also grow weary of me."

The animals waited patiently for their master's bidding, and their humble sub-

missiveness touched him deeply.

"Onward, my best friends," he called, tenderly. "I trust you will forgive me."

They caught the command, and the next moment were speeding along in oldfashioned style, as if nothing unusual had happened.

The old man was happiness itself, and Nick was smiling broadly.

They had been riding about an hour, when suddenly the reindeer shied at something near the road.

Santa Claus and Nick looked sharply over their heads, but in the darkness could see nothing.

In an instant there was a flash of bluish flame, and they beheld a heap of withered holly berries and mistletoe leaves, from which a babel of uncanny voices arose, crying:

"We are the fairies that deceived you. We have been changed into this dead pile, in punishment for our covetousness and pride."

TO AN IRISH THRUSH.

K. D.

The evening sun was sinking low,
The air was soft and still,
When on the breeze a sound arose—
'Twas a whistle clear and shrill;
A thrush's whistle, glad and sweet,
That thrilled my very heart
With memories sad of bygone years
That made the tear-drop start.

For it took me back o'er many a year
Of exile, grief and pain,
To my early home in the dear old land
Where first I heard that strain;
To the happy woods and mossy glens,
And the noisy, babbling streams,
Where in my sunny childhood hours
I dreamt such golden dreams.

To the shady roads and violet banks,
To the primrose-perfumed air,
And bright spring evenings, long ago,
When I heard the thrush song there.
O songster sweet, do you never long
For that green land far away,
Where, o'er the shamrock-studded fields,
You trilled your blithesome lay?

But, sweetest far, though saddest thought Which that carol brought to me, Was the thought of the loved companions all

Who climbed the hills with me.
'Neath southern sun and northern blast,
From east to west they roam;
The many wander o'er the earth,
The few are still at home.

But now their voices I can hear
Down by the river ringing;
The well-remembered songs of home,
In gleeful accents singing.
And I can see their faces dear,
Though time and space may sever,
Though they are scattered far and wide,
And some are gone forever.

Old Ireland, I may never see
Your hills and vales again;
But while those memories stay with me
Life cannot all be pain;
For they will cheer my lonely hours,
And light the exile's way,
Like that sweet bird that stirs the heart
And soothes it with its lay.

DOMINICANS IN CALIFORNIA.

SISTER M. ALOYSIUS, O. P.

II.



SISTER FRANCIS.

Our next pioneer, Sister Francis Stafford, was of English birth, born about 1815. Early in life she entered the Order, in which all her energies were devoted to instructing and teaching the young. Especially did she delight in the preparation of children for their First Communion, and few could give more solid instruction than she. Many a mother of today is imparting to her children the lessons which she received in her youth from Sister Francis.

To illustrate some of the difficulties which had been encountered in mastering the Spanish language, Sister Francis was accustomed to relate the following incident: The laundry work at the Convent

was done by one of the native California women, and, on its delivery, Sister Francis told the son of the washerwoman that the following week Mother Mary would give his mother a beating. The boy looked at her with surprise, finding it difficult to reconcile such a speech with the accustomed gentleness of the Sisters. Sister Francis had intended to say that the following week Mother Mary would make his mother a payment of the money due. In Spanish pagar means to pay, pegar to beat, and Sister Francis had confounded the one with the other.

The companion of Sister Francis, Mother Louisa, in girlhood known as Miss Fannie O'Neil, was born in Virginia in 1824. Her father having died in her infancy, her mother moved to Ohio, where her health failing, she also died, leaving the care of a young family to one of her sisters. They lived in the extensive parish of the venerable Dominican, Father Young, whose uncle, a fellow Dominican, Dr. Fenwick, was the first Bishop of Cincinnati. Father Young had a special care for the beautiful but frail child, in whom he beheld the rare gifts which presaged for her more than an ordinary future.

At his suggestion she was adopted by Hon. Thomas Ewing of Lancaster, Ohio, subsequently Secretary of the Interior in the Cabinets of Presidents Taylor and Fillmore. This proved a great delight to his little daughter Ellen, afterwards Mrs. Wm. T. Sherman, who had longed for a sister.

Mrs. Ewing loved the little one with a mother's love. The two children grew up as the most devoted of sisters, and this sisterly devotion continued till the death of Mrs. Sherman. General Sherman also spent some years as a boy in the Ewing household. During his different visits to California he never failed to call on the companion of his youthful days.

In time this gentle, beautiful girl was

placed as a boarding-school pupil in S. Mary's Dominican Convent, Somerset, Ohio. Having completed her studies, she was received as a novice. Destined in the designs of God for the California Mission, her stay at Somerset, as we have already noted, was of short duration.

In person Mother Louisa was of commanding, graceful figure. Her features were classic, her complexion transparent, her eyes deep blue, the expression of her countenance ever spiritual. Un-



MOTHER LOUISA.

questionably she was a woman of more than ordinary beauty.

Her qualities of mind and heart, however, were immeasurably superior to mere physical charms. She possessed great force of character, combined with a rare gentleness, a strong love of truth and justice, while her charity to the unfortunate was unbounded. She had, in a high degree, that spirit of self-sacrifice without which no soul is truly great. She was a woman, in short, who would have graced any walk in life, but who was pre-eminently fitted to become a corner-stone in a religious foundation.

She succeeded Mother Mary as Superior of the Community and held this position for seven years; during the greater portion of her long and useful life she was directress of the boarding school in

the Mother House. In this office her government was well-nigh perfect. The boldest and most daring of the pupils became gentle and submissive under her influence; yet, strange to say, she was never obliged to have recourse to any severe form of punishment. The quiet dignity of her presence was alone sufficient to quell any disorder. Having an exalted idea of true womanhood, she endeavored to impress her lofty ideal on the mind of each pupil.

As a writer Mother Louisa had more than ordinary ability, but as her various duties demanded all her time, she lacked the leisure which could have enabled her to take high rank in the literary world.

In conversation she was most entertaining, possessing a retentive memory of earlier days and a keen appreciation for the humorous. Dearly she loved to recall the picnics of the pupils in Monterey, telling gaily of the joy with which they would mount the big wagons, destitute of springs and having wheels of wood in one solid piece whose noise could be heard for miles away! No sprightly horses nor even mules were at their service, but heavy, cumbrous oxen drew the merry parties of school girls to their loved haunts in the woods.



RUINS OF THE CONVENT AT MONTEREY

At the close of the same year which had marked the arrival of Sister Francis and Mother Louisa in Monterey, there arrived from Spain five young men, who had been invited by Bishop Alemany to enter the Order. They were Pedro Fossas, Louis Berenger, Dominic Costa, Raymond Cervera and Vincent Vinyes. Their journey was a long and tiresome one, as they had

sailed around the Horn. They had hoped to reach Monterey in time for Christmas, but arrived a few days later.

They all came with good, willing spirits, but the hardships to which they were subjected were greater than they had imagined. Besides practising the rigid fasts and abstinences prescribed by tne Dominican Constitutions, they bore other fasts which were not self-imposed during the famine of 1852. Provisions were very high, fish was scarce, and more than this, their supply of money was very scant. The Spanish people in Monterey naturally most generous, and especially towards priests, but many were suffering themselves and therefore could not give as their kind hearts prompted them.

Father Vilarrasa never lost courage, and the Sisters, being a little better situated, gave to the brethren what help they could. Nevertheless, the latter suffered more or less from real hunger. One of the young men left; another's health was so impaired that he died soon afterwards. The other three became priests; but, as Father Dominic went afterwards to Chile and Father Cervera returned to Spain, Father Vincent Vinyes was really the only one whose life was identified with the history of his Order in California.

Father Vincent was born at Vich, Spain, in 1834. His early recollections were tinged with sadness, as his father, an officer in the army of Don Carlos, had been killed during the Carlist war. At one time the enemy forced his mother to march for miles at the point of the bayonet, and she was compelled to drag her weary limbs over rough roads with her little son of four years by the hand. The impression made on the child's mind was never effaced. He always spoke in strong terms of the horrors of war.

At eleven years of age young Vincent had mastered the classics, made considerable progress in algebra and geometry and had a fair knowledge of music. Continuing his studies, he completed his course in philosophy, and had advanced somewhat in theology when he arrived in Monterey at the age of eighteen. Under

Father Vilarrasa he completed his theological studies and was ordained a priest in 1857, under dispensation, as he had not then attained the canonical age. He cele-



FATHER VINCENT.

brated his first Mass on Christmas day of that year in S. Dominic's Church, Benicia.

Physically, Father Vincent was a fine specimen of perfect manhood, being almost six feet in height and admirably proportioned. Beneath his massive brow beamed the light of his soft, dark eye, glowing with kindliness and intelligence. His features were cast in the classic Grecian mould; his complexion, dark yet clear; his hair, curling, which in advanced age formed a natural tonsure. His countenance was such as migh. have belonged to one of the philosophers of ancient times-a face which defles the artist to reproduce on canvas, and which, once seen, remains forever implanted on the memory-a face of the typical scholar and saint combined. His mind was of the first order; no subject was ever presented to him that he did not grasp in its entirety. He was at once a scientist, a musician, a

mathematician, a linguist, and above all a theologian of the highest rank.

He was frequently consulted on complicated questions, which he always promptly answered, naming his authorities without ever being obliged to refer to the books from which he quoted. Archbishop Alemany frequently asked his opinon on matters theologica., at the same time that he sought advice from some of the learned doctors of the Church in Rome. Father Vincent's decision was invariably the same as theirs. In short, he stood pre-eminently the most learned priest of the archdiocese.

Twice he was offered the miter, but through the kind intervention of Father Vilarrasa he was excused from accepting the same.

For many years he taught the students who were preparing for the Order in Benicia. He was a prodigious worker; his classes included the languages, mathematics, philosophy, theology and even music when a talent for this existed. He also taught the young lady pupils of S. Catherine's Dominican Academy, Benicia, in higher mathematics, Latin, logic and mental philosophy. In the same institution he rendered great assistance to the Sisters in charge of the music department. He was a natural teacher, never happier than when instructing those under his charge.

In addition to his many other duties he was for thirty years the spiritual director of the Sisters of S. Catherine's, striving by word and example to form them into a community of perfect religious.

He was most compassionate and tender to those in suffering, and, following the example of his Divine Master, for the sinner he had always words of hope and kindness, which earned for him the title of "Refugium Peccatorum" amongst his fellow-priests. He was ever meek and gentle, and those virtues he looked upon as being especially necessary for all Religious. Being truly great, he was as humble as he was great. To those gifts he added a prudence which regulated every action. He knew when to speak and when to be silent; when to act and when to wait. On this point he was a

model. As prudence is the regulator of all virtue, we can judge how perfectly balanced was his character.

He conducted the annual retreats of the Sisters many times. His favorite theme was the devotion of the Blessed Sacrament. Most beautiful were his discourses. At times he seemed almost lifted above this earth in the contemplation of the attributes of the Divinity, and for the time being his spirit was infused into the hearts of his listeners. The memory of those precious occasions will ever linger with all who were fortunate enough to have heard him.

The following is cited as an instance of his unpretending nature: On reading the poem, "Bells of Shandon," by Father Prout, he was struck with its beauty and set the words to some music, a solo and four-part chorus. The solo was a most graceful melody and the harmony of the chorus was a remarkable piece of musical

Many years after, the Sisters, in arranging the programme for the commencement exercises of S. Catherine's Academy, Benicia, selected Father Vincent's "Bells of Shandon," intending to give him a surprise. On the morning of commencement day, however, he took up one of the programmes, and on seeing his own name amongst the composers, he was covered with confusion. Sending for the Sister in charge of the music, he requested that his name be obliterated; and although the appearance of the programmes was somewhat marred, the pen had to be run through his name on every one or them, much to the chagrin of the Sister, but greatly to the relief of Father Vincent. who, though ever kind, would not allow his talent to be thus brought before the public.

At the taking of the Habit and at the Profession of the Sisters, Father Vincent always presided at the organ, whilst his voice mingled in the chants sung by the Fathers. Most beautiful and impressive was this music, as could be expected only from a musician of a deeply religious temperament.

In manner Father Vincent was ever dignified, and as he strongly advised all

to strive to acquire perfect tranquility of mind, this calmness shone forth in his character and exterior comportment as well. Tennyson sings:

"Never was noble man, but made ignoble talk.

He makes no friend who never made a foe."

Father Vincent was a striking exception to the poet's thought; great as were his talents, they never provoked the slightest jealousy. His praises were sung by all. Seldom, indeed, even amongst good men, was one so universally beloved.

In 1852, the Sisters found that they had not sufficient accommodations for the increasing number of pupils, so they purchased a hotel that was in process of erection from one Don Jimeno, and furnished it simply for school purposes. At this period the Monterey School had a large attendance for religious and secular instruction of those children whose parents went to the mines.

One of the first to enter the Community as a Sister was Dona Maria Concepcion Arguello, who was the daughter of Governor Jose Arguello, one of the Governors of California appointed by the King of Spain. She was born in San rrancisco in 1790; the record of her birth Alemany found in Archbishop archives of the old Mission Dolores.* In her youth she had made several unsuccessful attempts to join a religious order. No community of nuns being in California, she proposed going to Europe, but the vessels in which she sailed were always driven back by tempests or some other causes. It was not the will of God that she should leave California. Accordingly abandoning all hope of ever living in a regular community, she was admitted to the Third Order of S. Francis in the world. Year after year was spent in instructing the native Californians and the Indians in the truths of our holy religion, unfolding to their worldly minds the greatness of God, His love for man, and the necessity of holding their passions in check. In the humble garb of S. Francis, she was ever an Angel of Mercy to the sick, the dying and the unfortunate in every condition of life. But God, never to be outdone in generosity, at length gratified her heart's desire.

She received the white Habit of S. Dominic from the hands of Archbishop Alemany April 11, 1851. Community life seemed to quicken the ardor of her soul and she made rapid strides in the way of perfection. Humble, pure, mortified, she hardly lived in an earthly atmosphere, but seemed already to taste the joys of the heavenly country. Although advanced in years, she performed the most menial duties as well as the most rigorous austerities of the Community with that joy known only to those whose spirit has been filled with the love of God.

Her happy death occurred December 23, 1857, six years after her religious profession. Her humble little grave in the Convent cemetery of Benicia has frequently been visited by those interested in the early pioneers of California. She never acquired a knowledge of English, but spoke her native Spanish with great fluency. Even in her old age she retained that grace and refinement which made her so attractive in early youth, and for which the Spanish have ever been so justly celebrated.

The distinguished California poet and writer, Bret Harte, has written a poem on the subject of our sketch, which we here subjoin:

^{*}G. H. von Langsdorff, who accompanied Count Van Resanoff, and afterwards published an account of his voyages and travels at London in 1814, described Senorita Arguello as follows:

[&]quot;Dona Concepcion Arguello was lively and animated, has sparkling dark eyes, beautiful teeth, pleasing and expressive features, a fine form and a thousand other charms; yet her manners were perfectly simple and artless." She was at that time about seventeen years of age.

CONCEPTION DE ARGUELLO.

(Presidio de San Francisco, 1800).

T.

Looking seaward o'er the sandhills stands the fortress, old and quaint,
By the San Francisco Friars lifted to

their patron saint.

Sponsor to that wondrous city, now apostate to the creed,
On whose golden walls the Padre saw the angel's golden reed;

All its trophies long since scattered, all its blazon brushed away;
And the flag that flies above it but a

triumph of to-day.

Never scar of siege or battle challenges the wondering eye, Never breach of warlike onset holds the

curious passer-by;

Only one sweet human fancy interweaves

its threads of gold
With the plain and homespun pre
and a love that ne'er grows old; present.

Only one thing holds its crumbling walls above the meaner dust— Listen to the simple story of a woman's

love and trust

TT.

Count von Resanoff, the Russian, envoy of the mighty Czar, Stood beside the deep embrasures, where

the brazen cannon are.

He with grave provincial magnates long had held serene debate On the Treaty of Alliance and the high affairs of state;

He from grave provincial magnate oft had turned to talk apart With the Commandante's daughter on the

questions of the heart,

Until points of gravest import yielded slowly one by one, And by Love was consummated what Diplomacy begun;

Till beside the deep embrasures, where the brazen cannon are, He received the twofold contract for ap-proval of the Czar;

Till beside the brazen cannon the be-trothed bade adieu,

And from sallyport and gateway north the Russian eagles flew.

TTT

Long beside the deep embrasures, where

the brazen cannon are,
Did they wait the promised bridegroom
and the answer of the Czar;

Day by day on wall and bastion beat the hollow, empty breeze—
Day by day the sunlight glittered on the vacant, smiling seas;

Week by keek the near hills whitened in their dusty leather cloaks— Week by week the far hills darkened from the fringing plain of oaks;

Till the rains came, and far breaking on the flerce southwester tost, Dashed the whole long coast with color, and then vanished and were lost.

So each year the seasons shifted-

warm and drear and dry; Half a year of clouds and flowers, half a year of dust and sky.

Still it brought no ship nor message— brought no tidings, ill or meet, For the statesmanlike Commander, for

the daughter fair and sweet. Yet she heard the varying message, voice-

less to all ears beside:
"He will come," the flowers whispered;
"Come no more," the dry hills sighed.

Still she found him with the waters lifted

by the morning breeze—
Still she lost him with the folding of the great white-tented seas;

Until hollows chased the dimples from her cheeks of olive brown, And at times a swift, shy moisture dragged the long sweet lashes down.

Or the small mouth curved and quivered

as for some denied caress,
And the fair young brow was knitted in
an infantile distress.

grave Commander, pacing

where the brazen cannon are, Comforted the maid with proverbs, wis-dom gathered from afar;

Bits of ancient observation by his fathers

garnered, each As a pebble worn and polished in the current of his speech:

"'Those who wait the coming rider travel

twice as far as he';
'Tired wench and coming butter never did
in time agree';

"He that getteth himself honey, though a clown, he shall have flies"; 'In the end God grinds the miller'; 'In the

dark the mole hath eyes:

"'He whose father is Alcalde of his trial hath no fear'—

And be sure the Count has reasons that will make his conduct clear."

Then the voice sententious faltered, and the wisdom it would teach Lost itself in fondest trifles of his soft

Castilian speech;

"Concha," "Conchitita" and

And on "Concha," "Conclina"

"Conchita" he would dwell

With the fond reiteration w

Spaniard knows so well. which the

So with proverbs and caresses, half in faith and half in doubt,
Every day some hope was kindled, flickered, faded and went out.

Yearly, down the hillside sweeping, came the stately cavalcade, Bringing revel to vaquero, joy and com-

fort to each maid;

Bringing days of formal visit, social feast and rustic sport,

Of bull-baiting on the plaza, of love-making in the court.

Vainly then at Concha's lattice, vainly as

the idle wind, Rose the thin, high Spanish tenor that bespoke the youth too kind; ,

Vainly, leaning from their saddles, caballeros, bold and fleet,
Plucked for her the buried chicken from beneath their mustangs' feet;

So in rain the barren hillsides with their

gay serapes blazed—
,
Blazed and vanished in the dust-cloud
that their flying hoofs had raised.

Then the drum called from the ramparts,

and once more with patient mien,
The Commander and his daughter each
took up the dull routine—

Each took up the petty duties of a life apart and lone,
Till the slow years wrought a music in its dreary monotone.

Forty years on wall and bastion swept the hollow, idle breeze,

Since the Russian eagle fluttered from the California seas:

Forty years on wall and bastion wrought its slow but sure decay, And S. George's cross was lifted in the port of Monterey;

And the citadel was lighted, and the hall

was gayly drest, All to honor Sir George Simpson, famous traveler and guest.

Far and near the people gathered to the costly banquet set,

And exchanged congratulations with the English baronet;

Till, the formal speeches ended, and amidst the laugh and wine,
Some one spoke of Concha's lover—heed-less of the warning sign.

Quickly then cried Sir George Simpson:

"Speak no ill of him, I pray!
He is dead. He died, poor fellow, forty
years ago this day—

"Died while speeding home to Russia, falling from a fractious horse.

Left a sweetheart, too, they tell me. Married, I suppose, of course!

And a trembling figure rising fixed the

on banquet, guests and hall,
And a trembling figure rising fixed the
awestruck gaze of all.

o black eyes in darkened orbits gleamed beneath the nun's white hood; Two

Black erge hid the wasted figure, bowed and stricken where it stood.

"Lives she yet?" Sir George repeated. All was hushed as Concha drew Closer yet her nun's attire. "Señor, pardon, she died, too!"

Another poem, by Mr. R. E. White of San Francisco, a most pleasing writer, was also written in her honor. Its merits are such that it will not only bear repetition, but we take special pleasure in presenting it to our readers, with the compliments of the author, to whom we make due acknowledgements:

THE LITTLE DANCING SAINT.

It was summer, it was noon-time,
And the sun was streaming down
On the Convent at Benicia,
And the old romantic town.

Two good sisters of Saint Dominic
'Mid the flowers and blooms of May,
Walked together in the garden,
Where the children love to play;

And the one spoke: "Sister Rosa,
Things unmarked when they occur
Often touch the memory key-note
And the chords to music stir.

"As I stood here in the garden,
How or why I do not know,
Came to me like a dream-picture
This fair scene of long ago.

"I was then in early girlhood And my father held command In the good town of Loreto, In my own dear southern land.

"In the plaza by a fountain,
Stood a shrine, and folks came there,
And they knelt down on the pavement,
When the church bell called to prayer.

"Every soul has its own sorrow, Every heart has its own grief, And they knelt before the statue, Praying Heaven to give relief.

"Yes, I went at early morning, E'er assembled were the throng, And I danced in the bright sunshine. Do you think that I did wrong?"

"No, Beata, Heaven always
Counts the thought and deed apart,
Worldlings judge by the expression,
God looks deep into the heart."

"So I danced in the bright sunshine, Seeking thus to show my love, While I thought no eye beheld me Save the eye of God above. "But the stern old Comandante, For a while from care beguiled, Standing silent in the shadow, Watched his little dancing child.

"He was standing in the shadow,
While his daughter, dreaming none
Was a witness of her doings,
By the shrine danced in the sun.

"Noiselessly he stepped behind me, And his face he bended down; Stern his features were and haughty, Now without a cloud or frown.

"And he kissed my cheek and murmured Loving words so sweet and quaint, 'Bless my own bailarinita,
Bless my little dancing saint.'"

"Hopes deferred, and tears and anguish, Were the offerings that they brought, What could I bring, Sister Rosa— Care and heart-ache I knew not?

"Unto me life was all sunshine, Every joy on earth was mine, God was kind and God was loving, So I danced before the shrine.

In the Campo Santo sleeping
Lies Concepcion to-day.

And her grave with flowers is covered,
There fair maidens kneel and pray.

And the story of her love-life, And her lover's tearful fate, Is a page of tender romance In the history of our State.

Fondly is her memory cherished, And young gallants as they woo, Pray their sweethearts may be like her, Just as constant and as true.

And they tell her touching story, And the title sweet and quaint, That Arguello called his daughter Of the little dancing saint.

THE SECRET OF GROSSMEISTER CLIFFS.

MARGARET D. O'BRIEN,

CHAPTER XXII.—A BIRTHDAY AND ITS RESULTS.

The Schiller mansion stood about a mile outside Chicago. Palatial for it was no courtesy term; its every court, hall and suite corresponded in elegance to its full signification. April 10th had come, bringing friend and guest from many neighboring cities and States.

A day or two previous the Beaumonts and Landrys arrived; that morning the Bentleys. Very warm the welcome extended to all; yet the beautiful heiress looked and longed for one that might come later, though had he foreknown what part his words would play in her life, never had he crossed the threshold of her festive home.

That morning Mr. Schiller had made over to Bella a million dollars, her birthday gift. He might not live to see her enjoy another and he wished to hear words of gratitude from her own lips. "When I am dead and gone," he argued, "what will her thanks avail me? I want to see joy in my darling's eyes, to hear it in her voice, to know it gives bloom to her cheek and swiftness to her step. No, I will not change," he said to Mrs. Schiller. I may be gone next time; let Belle and me have our way. I tell you we know how to spend our earnings, don't we, Belle?" He patted Belle's beautiful head.

"What return can I ever make, papa—how prove my gratitude for your love and kindness?"

"My love and kindness, Belle? All fudge—excuse—all poetry. What else should my darling have. You just love Pap as in days gone by and he will be satisfied. Return, indeed!" he murmured, as he gently untwined the beautiful arms that circled his neck, "my Belle is dreaming. Dream away, little girl, I must see to things down stairs—by-by." He was very happy and very proud of his daughter.

Towards nine o'clock that evening will rest here," she thought, "until mamma needs me." Drawing a heavy curtain aside, she sank into an easy-chair in a window recess. This was a favorite seat of hers. Visitors entering could not perceive her. She sat for some time gazing into the clear, starry heavens, tracing first one constellation, then another, when the sound of an approaching familiar voice drew her attention. Involuntarily she heard Harry Beaumont say as he stood by the door:

"So Miss Schiller has lost her place!" Harry laughed.

"What place?" Bella's heart gave a great bound—it was Carl Wallenstein that spoke.

"A place in your affections!"

"Harry, the place Miss Schiller gained at first she still holds. She has never been to me more than a friend of my friend's."

Harry became very grave. "Is that so?"

"That is so. Miss Schiller is all that most men would desire, but she is not the woman I would desire for my wife."

Both men moved away as Carl spoke. Before their footfalls died out a tall, white-robed figure, with hands tightly clenched, stepped from the shade of the curtain into the rose light, staggered a few paces forward, uttered a moan and fell! A crimson stream from mouth and nostril flowed over costly lace and creamy satin, out and down on the white marble floor. A quarter of an hour later Mrs. Beaumont and Bertie bent over poor Bella; for a moment they thought her dead. They had her carried to her room; the festal robes with their tale of death were removed, and Mr. and Mrs. Schiller were summoned.

Poor stricken father! He would outlive this frail child, so bright, so full of life but one hour before! What was

wealth now? Could it add one day, one hour, nay one moment to the life that was dearer to him than his own and without which his was not worth living?

Mrs. Beaumont and Mrs. Bentley went to meet the guests. Silent and sad each left that palace of brilliant illumination. whose lines of light streamed far over fount and park and seemed to betoken triumphs of wealth and honor and happiness, whereas they lent their rays to misery, disappointment and anguish. Friends gathered around the stricken parents to proffer consolation and help. Mr. Schiller received them like one in a dream-silently listened to their words, bowed and moved back to the couch of his child.

Some hours elapsed before Bella regained consciousness. She had burst a blood vessel, the effect of a sudden nervous shock. What was the occasion neither friends nor doctors could surmise. The latter declared after a long consultation that no medical aid could save her. "Twenty-four hours at the farthest," said an eminent physician to Mrs. Landry. Towards dawn Bella whispered to her mother, "I want to speak with Rosa. Papa," she beckoned to the stooped figure at the foot of her bed, he tottered to her side, "may 1 be alone with Rosa for a little while?"

Yes, Belle, darling!" How old he had grown in one single night.
"Rosa," she said, when the young girl

sat by her, "I want to be a Catholic."

"Do not talk of this-now!"

"Hush!" and the transparent hand was raised, "you should not speak so; you are a Catholic. The priest that we heard at the Holy Name on Sunday, will you call him?"

"Yes, Belle; when?"

"This hour, I may go off at any minute." She smiled, seeing Rosa's startled look. "Do not be frightened, Rosa, the doctors thought me asleep, but I heard every word said to Mrs. Landry. Do not grieve, Rosa; I am glad, except, except, and her eyes rested on her father's chair. "He will feel it more than mamma. God bless you, Rosa; send now."

That morning a Catholic priest entered the Schiller mansion for the first time. He found Bella sufficiently structed to be baptized. In truth, for years she had studied the doctrines of the Catholic Faith and would have been a member of the Church only for the pain her conversion would cause her parents. False kindness! Now God gave her grace to overcome this fear and to give herself to Him.

Before baptism Bella legally disposed of his birthday gift in favor of charities, and with a request that he father would build and endow a Catholic Church in which the Holy Sacrifice should be daily offered for her soul and the souls in Purgatory. Then she gave her whole attention to peparation for the great sacraments she was about to receive. Meantime the priest sought the Archbishop, and obtained permission to say Mass in her room. The ladies quickly arranged a temporary altar. While they were thus employed, Bella beckoned to her father.

"Papa, you know how the house was lighted for my birthday?"

'Yes, Belle."

"Well, papa; I have another and a happier birthday this day!"

Yes, Belle. What is it?"

"Why, papa; I am to be a Catholic, to be baptized and to make my First Holy Communion."

He frowned.

"Now, papa; this Holy Communion will be my first and my last." The old man shook, placed his hand on his temple and moaned. "Oh, no, no, no, Belle, not last, not yet!"

"Papa, it will," and clasping his cold hand between her burning palms, she whispered, "Light up the house for our Lord the same as on my birth night. Will you, papa?"

"Yes, Belle, yes." He kissed her. "Has my darling any other request? Nothing old Pap can do?"

"No, dear, dear papa," and she looked wistfully into his face, "except—"

"Except what, Belle ,darling, speak?" He leaned eagerly to catch her whisper.

"You and mamma to be Catholics!" He drew back and frowned, but seeing the earnest craving in her eyes, he said, "We will think of it, Belle, darling—we will—but not now, Belle, not now—we can't. God is very hard on us, Belle, very hard, seeing He is taking—"

"Hush, papa! do not speak thus. Only for you and mamma I am glad to go! See about the lights, please."

Mrs. Beaumont noticed Bella's sadness. "You are resigned to God's will, my child?"

"Yes, Mrs. Beaumont; my sorrow is for papa and mamma."

"Leave them to God, darling. He will see to them. Your generosity now shall gain many graces for them that your grieving may lessen."

"Thank you, dear friend, I am so new. I am glad to have you near," and pressing her crucifix to her lips she murmured, "Thy will be done."

Mr. Schiller had the house lighted up and carpets laid from the lodge to the grand entrance as on the birth night. The good priest was on time; his calm face beamed with joy when he saw the honor paid to our Lord. With ardent love and contrition Bella made her first confession, though not strictly of obligation. Then she was baptized, Rosa and Harry acting as sponsors. Afterwards she received conditional absolution.

Curious and strange were the thoughts of her heart-broken parents. The could not comprehend the heavenly joy that illumined their child's face—the divine grace of her soul shining in her eyes and smiling on her lips. Never had Bella looked so radiant, so beautiful—never, thought her parents, was she so worthy of admiration and love!

The earnestness with which the Catholics around prayed was a further revelation to Mrs. Schiller; she would give worlds to learn the secret whence they drew their consolation, in whom they placed their hope.

"Who is this Mother?" she asked in anguish before Mass, "who comforts Bella and you all? Shall our Bella go to her? O tell me?" and lifting up her voice she wept aloud. Mrs. Bentley drew her aside and told her briefly who the Blessed Virgin Mary is; Mrs. Schiller

listened, her head bowed, great tears coursing her pale cheeks.

"I must try to believe," she said, "I must try."

"During Mass pray for faith; come in now, the priest is at the altar."

All the ladies and Harry went to Holy Communion with Bella. Mr. and Mrs. Schiller looked on in awe. Mysteries so divine must be true. People so in earnest must believe. Perhaps they are right, they thought, and we are wrong! After Mass the communicants remained wrapt in devotion. Mrs. Beaumont knelt by Bella, repeating aspirations of thanksgiving and love. She noticed a change pass over the beautiful face, the lustrous eyes, whose light was soon to fail, were fixed on her father's white face. Beaumont signed for mother and father to approach, she placed a hand of each in Bella's and besought them to be calm. Going to the priest, who still knelt in prayer, she whispered: "Come, Father, I think she is going."

He came by the bed, and Bella, having asked pardon of her weeping friends for any disedification she had given them and making a profession of faith in the Roman Catholic Church, bade good-bye to each. The priest gave her the last absolution and began the prayers for the soul in agony. These were followed by the Rosary. At the end of the first five mysteries Bella looked up at her father and smiled. The priest lifted his hand in benediction. A second after he said: "May she rest in peace."

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE ARREST.

Early in May Howard Stanley was ready to sail for Europe. For some years he had not seen his sister, Countess Alworth, and he had promised to spend the summer with her at Rosenschloss. He wanted Carl to go with him. "The Countess will be almost alone, only a few English friends and myself," he argued. "Think of the mountains and lakes and home quiet."

The bait was tempting and Carl longed to seize it. Still, if Hans Schaefer were there? True, the note he received was from Baltimore, but when he sought him there he was not to be found, and Erdhart had not written to him for months. What could it all mean? Good? He shook his head. Schaefer never meant him good—would he now?

Carl had not seen Starry since the day of Bella's funeral, then she looked pale and fretted; but he noted with satisfaction that her eye lighted and her cheek flushed at his approach. Now, he thought, if some other might win her while he idled among the Alps! But how dared he connect her life with his, knowing its uncertainty—its—! The strong man's head sank upon his chest and he groaned aloud—a knock at his door aroused him.

"Mr. Stanley is back, sir," said old George, "and he wants to see you."

"Very well, George, I shall be down in a minute." He took a few turns in his room to quell the storm in his breast.

"Well, Howard, when does she sail?" he asked, when he met and greeted his friend.

"Confound them! I am held back a whole week!"

"Capital! Howie, boy, I may go then."

"No; you are not in earnest?"

"Never was more so!"

"Then three cheers for these fogies and three times three for this good turn!"

"The turn is in my favor, Stanley; it is a pleasure to travel with you."

"Thank you; yesterday you would let me go alone! I fear your mind, Carl, veers as the wind!" Carl bowed.

"If he knew," he thought, "the wind that veers my mind, what would be his judgment?"

That week Carl was more active in his search for Hans. He employed detectives, but no man answering to the description could be found in Baltimore or any of the large cities south. Carl concluded he must have gone East, probably to New York or Brooklyn. Hans, as a rule, allowed several months to pass ere he made a second appeal. Carl might go to Switzerland, remain there a month or two and not be missed by Schaefer, if his line of attack were as in years gone by. So the following week found him and Stanley on their way to Europe.

"Won't the Countess be surprised and delighted to see you?" said Stanley, as they stood on the quarter-deck, looking down on the great ocean. The steamer, ake a proud bird of air, skimmed the glassy surface; the night was still and calm.

"Surprised, yes! Delighted?" Carl shrugged his shoulders.

"That is your view. You hardly believe any one is glad to meet you; yet you will have people believe you are delighted to meet them."

"It is even so." And Carl was silent. The Count and Countess Alworth were delighted to meet Carl. They invited him to be their guest; but he, although deeply grateful for their kindness, returned to his old rooms at the "Belvedere," where he could enjoy his solitude, encounter his thoughts and fight his fears.

He had been only two weeks at Interlachen when he received a letter from Erdhart, dated from Rome. It was more cheerful than usual, but indefinite. "Why did I not ask him for something, written and signed," thought Carl, "but in the confusion I forgot myself."

That evening's mail also brought him a chatty letter from Harry, giving him news of all his friends. "Mr. and Mrs. Schiller have left for Sicily," Harry wrote, "maybe to remain. The Bentleys have gone back to Pennsylvania. We are at home; so are the Landrys—vegetating! I do not think we shall go any place this summer; we need a rest. Barry will come down a while in autumn. I hope you and Stanley will be home then and join him. Capital game on our lands and fine shooting."

Carl allowed the letter to drop on his knee. "Why," he questioned, while some of Harry's brightness shone in his countenance, "why allow myselr to be thus chilled and cast down by shadows; why not hope, since—"

George's entrance interrupted his reflections. "The Countess Alworth, sir, sent this, and requests an immediate reply."

Carl glanced over the delicately perfumed missive, asking him to attend a

musicale to be given next evening at Rosenschloss. He wrote a few lines in the affirmative. It would give him pleasure to meet Herr Sternbach and any other of his former acquaintances; besides it would tend to disperse the gloom of his spirit, which, since his arrival in Switzerland, had daily deepened and had become more difficult to endure.

The hour was rather late when he reached Rosenschloss. "We had almost despaired of your coming," said the Countess, as she greeted him in her own charming way, "and my old friend and yours also, Herr Sternbach, was inconsolable; for I had promised he should again hear you sing."

"You are very kind. The steamer was delayed; hence my late arrival."

"It pleases me to know that it was not by your own choice. Ah, here comes Herr Sternbach, treading on air, each step beating time to an unheard melody sung by his heart."

Very warm was the welcome the old musician gave Wallenstein. "I have not had so pleasant an evening since," he said, referring to Carl's last visit to Rosenschloss. "The voices were superb; where is that Miss Schiller, Mr. Wallenstein?"

"Have you not heard?"

"No; is she married?"

"No, Herr Sternbach," and Carl gave a brief sketch of Bella's illness, conversion and death; never for an instant suspecting his own part in the tragic story. With feelings of regret and joy Herr Sternbach listened. He regretted that one so beautiful, so gifted, so capable of doing good, should be carried away in her early years, but he rejoiced to know that she died a child of the Catholic Church.

"Herr Sternbach," said Stanley, crossing to them; "will you favor us with 'Der Freischutz?'"

The old man's eyes sparkled, this was his own favorite.

"With pleasure; then we must have a song." He looked at Carl, who accompanied him to the piano and remained by him while he played.

"Now," he cried, when he touched the

last chords, "now for a song, an English song." Carl laughed at his childlike impetuosity.

"Yes, yes, a song."

"Or a lied."

"No, no, a genuine English song; German after, if you wish."

"You do not mean English, Herr," remarked Carl, as he turned over some songs he found in a portfolio on the piano.

"What do I mean then, the words are in English?"

"That is so, but the songs and music are Irish."

"Irish!" He swung round on his stool, his hands uplifted. "No! Yes, are you correct?"

"Quite correct; they are the 'Irish Melodies.'"

"You are correct," he bowed to his stool. "I had forgotten."

"What shall it be, Countess? Your ladyship and Howard must kindly help me out."

"Shall we?" laughed the Countess, who sat near, chatting with her brother, "if we shall, then I choose 'Erin, the Tear and the Smile."

"Charming," said Carl. "Then Howard takes bass and I tenor."

"Beautiful," murmured Herr Sternbach, as he ran his fingers over the keys; "these are the songs that speak to the soul."

The voices harmonized, their music rose and swelled to fill the spacious room and adjoining halls; anon a sweet, soft symphony and they became a sigh. So interested were all in the singers, so entranced by "Moore," that none heard the sharp ring at the front door, nor the shuffle of many feet in the marble hall, nor the sound of angry voices when the footman bade the intruders wait below until he called his master. Twice the man essayed to attract the Count's attention; then he advanced and touched him lightly on the arm.

"Excuse this intrusion, my lord; please step into the hall a moment."

The Count turned, to encounter officers

of justice. "These men," began the footman—he was interrupted.

"Pardon this intrusion, Count," said the leader, "we have to obey orders." He produced his warrant.

"There must be a mistake somewhere," said his lordship, and he looked with astonishment from the paper to the officer and back again to the paper.

"That remains to be proved," said a harsh voice over the officer's shoulder. "Big words and big names are not always guarantees of innocence; go on, officer."

"This is a mistake," repeated the Count, confidently.

"No, sir Count," said the same rough voice, "no mistake, let the law take its course." The speaker shoved the Count aside and entered the drawing-room, followed by the officers. Herr Sternbach still played. The singers stood with their backs to the door, so had neither seen nor heard what passed. Carl stooped to catch a remark of the master's, when the sound of his own name attracted him. He turned, to behold the Count, who with pallid face stood close to him and pointed to the group near the door.

The first face Carl beheld was that of Hans Schaefer; behind him were the onicers. He recognized one of them, from having met him in his walks. Carl's face grew very stern. He drew himself up with majesty, crossed his arms on his breast, threw back his head, with a motion peculiar to him, stood silent and unmoved. Even Hans drew back a moment, awed by his lofty bearing, his calm, unangered majesty of mice.

angered majesty of mien.

"Arrest him," he cried, when he recalled his senses, "he is your prisoner."
Countess Alworth, Howard Stanley, the Count and others drew nearer to Carl. "Seize him," cried Hans through set teeth, "do you fear him? Let me—I am not afraid; away with this respect for dignity and rank." He approached Carl. Howard seized his arm with the grip of a vise. "Hold!" he shouted, and turned to the officers. "By what authority do you thus enter this house, commit this out-

rage on the person of a man so highly connected and so honorable as Mr. Wallenstein?"

"Ha! ha! ha! that's a good one," laughed Hans, "see, my young champion, see our warrant, true and lawful. Read."

He placed the paper before him and the Count. Carl already knew its purport. Howard read eagerly, then shrank back, appalled! Carl smiled faintly—would all thus shrink when his name for *murder* went before the world? Hans noticed Howard's movement and chuckled.

"Where's his honor now? These around him have not heard, have ye? Let's see. Ah, your man of honor is arrested for—MURDER! Erl Urford! You knew him. See how his face pales; he is honorable (pointing to Carl) he is! he is noble! he is!" and Hans laughed.

At the term "murder" the Countess for a moment lost courage; but, having recovered self-possession, she turned to Carl, who had been silent, and declared, "Mr. Wallenstein, come what will, we believe in your innocence." She pointed to the paper—"false!"

For the first time a softened look grew in the young man's eyes. He bowed in acknowledgment of her kindness.

"Officers," urged Hans, "what holds you in suspense? Seize your prisoner."

Carl looked very pale, the lines about his mouth deepened; otherwise he was as ever calm and self-possessed. He glanced from face to face of his friends, thanked them briefly and kindly for their trust in his character, apologized for the intrusion of the officers and expressed regret for the pain unintentionally given to his friends; particularly to the Countess. Then he bade adieu to each and turned to the officers.

"Gentlemen, I am your prisoner."

"Carl, you shall never go alone," cried Howard and the Count in a breath. "We go with you; we are convinced it is all one grand mistake."

Without further words they moved forward.

To be continued.

OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE.

SISTER GABRIEL, O. P.

III.

The history of the third apparition is recorded as follows:

As soon as Juan Diego reached the top

bled himself, as before, in her presence and said:

"I have fulfilled thy command. I saw the Bishop again and delivered thy message, and after several questions and



THE WELL CHAPEL.

of Tepeyacac, he again found the Lady cross-questions that he put to me, he said waiting for his answer. The Indian hum-that my simple narration was not suffi-

cient to take a determination on so grave a subject, and that I should require of thee a sign (token) by which he might know that it is thou who sendest me, and that it is thy will that he build thee a Temple here."

The Lady, with kind words, expressed her gratitude to him for the interest and pains he was taking, and bade him come the next day to the same place and that she would then give him a sign that the Bishop would believe. He promised to come back, and went home.

The next day, Monday, December 11th, passed away, and Juan Diego could not come back, because, when he reached home, he found an uncle of his, named Juan Bernardino, whom he loved very tenderly and held him as his own father, grievously ill of a malignant fever, called by the natives Cocoliztli, so on that account he went for the medicine man to apply some remedy. He came back with the Indian doctor, who gave his uncle some medicine; but the patient became worse and worse. Night came on, and Juan Bernardino, feeling very much fatigued and weak, called his nephew and asked him to start early in the morning; before daybreak, and go to the Convent of S. James of Tlatelolco, and tell one of the Padres to come and administer to him the Holy Sacraments of the Church, for he felt he was going to die.

On the day and hour before mentioned, namely, the early morning of the 12th, Juan Diego went for the priest, and, as the day broke in, he was about to pass the hill by the usual road on the east side, when he remembered that he had not come the day before, according to his promise, and therefore disobeyed the Lady, who must have waited a long time for him to give him the "token." He thought that if he went to the place where he used to meet her, she would scold him and delay his urgent message. Therefore he imagined, in his simplicity, that, taking another road by the other side, she would not see nor detain him; and when his uncle would be attended to he would come back, beg the Lady's pardon, receive humbly her reprimand, and take the "token" to the Lord Bishop. So he did; and as he was passing by a flowing spring of water which flows at the foot of the hill and was turning to the right road, behold! there was the Blessed Virgin again before him.

FOURTH APPARITION.

The Indian saw her descending towards him surrounded with a white cloud, and with the halo and brightness of the first time that she appeared. She said to him: "Whither art thou going, my son, and what road didst thou take to-day?" Indian fell on his knees, and, all confused, ashamed and trembling, answered: "My love and my Lady, good morning! art thou to-day? Art thou well? Be not displeased at what I say. Know thou, then, my Queen, that thy servant, my uncle, is very sick with a grievous and mortal disease; he is very weak and fatigued, and in great danger, and I am going in great haste to the Temple of Tlatelolco for a priest to prepare him for death; for, as thou well knowest, we are all subject to die. As soon as I have done that, I shall come back to execute thy orders. Forgive me, I beseech thee, my Queen, and have some patience, for I do not refuse to execute thy command to thy humble servant, nor do I feign an excuse. To-morrow I shall be here, without fail."

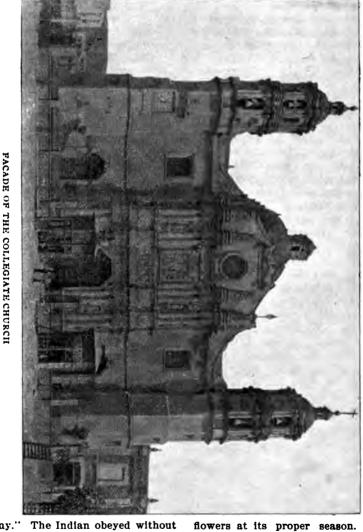
The Blessed Virgin listened to his apology with a very amiable countenance and replied to him thus: "Hear, my son, what I tell thee now; be not annoyed nor afflicted at anything; fear not any disease, accident or pain. Am I not here who am thy mother? Art not thou under my shadow and protection? Am I not life and health? Art not thou in my keeping? Am I not responsible for thee? Dost thou want anything else? Be in no trouble or care about the sickness of thy uncle; he shall not die of this disease; but, be assured, he is now already recovered." And so he was, as was found out afterwards.

When Juan Diego heard these words, satisfied and consoled, he replied: "Then, my beloved Queen, send me to the Lord Bishop at once and give me the token that

thou hast promised me, so that he may believe." The Blessed Virgin replied to him: "Go up, my darling, beloved son, to the top of the hill, where thou sawest and spoke to me first, and pick up the roses that thou shalt find there. Collect them in thy cloak, bring them down to me, and I will tell thee what thou shalt

them in his tilma or cloak, as the natives used to do, brought them to the Blessed Virgin.

She was waiting for him at the foot of a tree that the natives call Quanzabault (which in Indian means "Tree of the Cobwebs"). It is a wild tree, bears no fruit and only produces some white



lo and say." The Indian obeyed without making any remark, although he knew for certain that no flowers or any plant ever grew or would grow on that group of rough rocks. He reached the summit and found there a beautiful garden of Castilian Roses, fresh and fragrant and wet with the morning dew; and gathering

flowers at its proper season. Here the Indian, prostrated in the presence of the Blessed Virgin, showed her the roses, and she, taking them all in her hand, as if to form a bouquet of them, put them back into the cloak which the Indian was keeping open before her, and said to him: "This is the token that thou shalt bring

to the Bishop and tell him that by this he shall do what I order. And mind, my son, what I tell thee. I place confidence in thee. Show not to anybody in the way what thou bringest, nor do thou open thy cloak till thou art in the presence of the Bishop. Tell him all thou hast seen and heard now, and he will take courage and build my Temple." Having said this, she took leave of him. Glad and happy for the success he now expected from his message, the Indian started for the city, carrying his roses with great care, looking at them now and then on his way and enjoying their beautiful fragrance.

APPARITION OF THE IMAGE.

Juan Diego came with his last message to the episcopal residence, and, though he begged of several of the servants to let him see the Bishop, he could not obtain his request for a long time. The servants, already angry with his importunities, noticed that he carried something in his cloak. They wondered and wanted to find what it was, and although he resisted all he could, they succeeded in opening it somewhat, and saw, that he carried roses. Seeing them so beautiful they tried to seize them, but they caught nothing. They seemed to be only painted or interwoven in the cloak. They told the Bishop about it and the Indian was admitted to his presence. He gave his message faithfully, and added: "There is the token thou wantedst, and which the lady sends to thee"; and letting the lower edge of his cloak loose, down fell the roses, rolling off on the floor, and, behold! the image of the Blessed Virgin was painted on the cloak.

Much surprised and astonished, the Lord Bishop contemplated the prodigy. Roses, fresh, fragrant and wet with dew, as if just cut from the bush, in the midst of winter, and, as stated, from a barren rock, and that wonderful image on the crude and rough cloth, woven from the rough palm-tree fiber. He called all his household, paid the Image the greatest respect and veneration, untied the two upper corners from behind the Indian's neck, and, placing it in his private chapel for the time being, fell on his knees and gave thanks to God and his glorious Mother.

The Lord Bishop kept the Indian in his residence with honor and deference, and the next day went with him to see the place which the Blessed Virgin had selected for her Temple. Being there, the Indian showed the localities where he had seen and spoken to her, and then begged permission to go home and see his uncle, Juan Bernardino.

FIFTH APPARITION.

When Juan Bernardino saw his nephew coming, accompanied by Spaniards, and the honors they paid to him, he asked the cause of that novelty.

Juan Diego told him the progress of his message to the Lord Bishop; how the Blessed Virgin had assured him of his recovery; and, having related the hour about when she had said that he was well, Juan Bernardino assured him that just at that same hour a lady of the same description had appeared to him also; that she had cured him, and said that it was her pleasure that a Temple should be built in the place that his nephew had seen, and, also, that her Image should be called S. Mary of Guadalupe. She had given him no reason why it should be so. The servants of the Lord Bishop heard the two Indians and brought them to his He presence examined immediately. Juan Bernardino very closely about his sickness, how he was cured, how the Lady looked, how she was dressed, and, having verified the truth, took them both into his palace.

The fame of the miracle had already spread all over the neighborhood, and the people came in great crowds from all parts of the city to see and venerate the holy Image. Seeing this, the Lord Bishop took the holy picture and placed it over the main altar of his pro-cathedral, where everybody could honor it, whilst they were building a large church on the spot named by Juan Diego, and where it was afterward brought in procession, and a solemn feast established, and where it is venerated up to the present day.

This is the plain tradition without any ornamentation of words; and it is so true,

This is the plain tradition without any ornamentation of words; and it is so true, that any circumstance more or less in addition would be either false or apocryphal; for this is the precise, brief and faithful form in which the most intelligent Indians and the historians of that time write and tell it.

TENNYSON'S RELIGION.

REV. J. R. NEWELL, O. P.

We have been more shocked than amused, of late, at the silly and somewhat scandalous effort of several literary amateurs among our Catholic laity in this country to Catholicise, if not canonize, the poet Tennyson.

The work unhappily designated and violently misinterpreted as the cause entitling him to be regarded as devoutly Christian in sentiment, and in tone and tendency even Catholic, is the poem, "In Memoriam."

This monologue poem is a lengthy eligiac of morbid plaint over the loss of a friend through death; and while in points of composition and rhythm the work is a lyrical masterpiece, it never rises to true poetry; but murmurs along in a uniformly mediocre strain of metaphysical or psychological querulousness, sceptically challenging the meaning of the present and the reality of the future life as solved by the teachings of Christianity.

Had the poet given his thought a dramatic setting, a plausible apology for its anti-Christian tone might stand on the plea of dramatic exigency claiming a license characteristic in drama; but to a personal ebullition and uniformly serious monologue of the author's own sentiments, as this poem is, we allow no such claim.

According to the suggestion of "In Memoriam," all the Christianity extant is an effete nursery legend, while all Tennyson's belief regarding a present Providence and a future life is expressed by a feeble "perhaps" that is infinitely removed from the certitude of Christian faith; in fact, the truth on these issues is for him "the truth that never can be proved!"

With the characteristic inconsistency and unconscious cant of writers who have ceased to believe, Tennyson not infrequently employs Christian phrases and expressions whose exhaustless beauty evokes in his Christian readers enthusiastic admiration; but to the author of "In Memoriam" these are nothing more than the polished and brilliant shells of the lost pearl of Christian faith, and which, with careless and cynical indifference, he proceeds to cast away as of questionable value.

Our outrageously generous and injudicious Catholic literary and critical amateurs have asked us to admire the "germthought" of this poem in the now famous, or rather notorious, lines:

"Better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

Yet this thought (whatever may be the meaning attached to it by the author) is popularly accepted in a much grosser and less elevating sense than that for which the aforesaid easy critics seem to admire it, while, in view of the skeptical contentions of the entire poem, it merely masks a stupid fallacy. For, if his "friend" is, on account of death, lost to him "forever"if death ends all, as he would have us to suspect, then this same "germ-thought" of his is a ridiculous absurdity, and it is clearly a matter of supreme and absolute insignificance whether one has loved or not. The "thought" in question is merely a good sample specimen of modern Agnostic cant.

We have been invited by the same sweetly compliant Catholic critics to admire in this poem Tennyson's "spirit of prayer"; and yet we must keep our temper while reading the following specimen, among the rest, of British blasphemy (not to mention its bad art) which Tennyson mistook for smartness:

"O Mother, praying God will save
Thy sailor! While thy head is bowed
His heavy-shotted hammock shroud
Drops in his vast and wandering grave."
It is this same "prayerful" poet who in
tuneful numbers sneers at
"Man building fanes of useless prayer."

Instead of "progress and tendency to-

ward Christian faith," unaccountably so "perceptible" to these soft-soap philo-British critics, this poem clearly shows the downward course of Tennyson's mind from a generous, early Christian faith to Rationalism, to Agnosticism and to Pantheism; and of this same work the author himself writes to a friend: "I was thinking of adding to it a speculative poem bringing out the thoughts of the higher Pantheism, and showing that all the arguments are about as good on one side as on the other."

Thus much, and a great deal more, afforded by "In Memoriam," must be our warrant for demanding that our aspiring literary critics in the Catholic ranks shall desist from disgracing us by their ridiculous and irreverent efforts to fit surplice and cassock on authors of the Tennyson stamp, and that until they are vastly and consciously more proficient in the laws of sound literary criticism they shall allow their judgments to be guided at least by a sense of Christian veracity and Catholic decency.

SONNETS TO A DEAD BEE.

ALONZO RICE.

Within the golden lily's scented bell, The bold freebooter lies. No royal king Has couch more splendid; folded is his wing

From further conquest down the sunny dell;

His shining shield beside him where he fell,

Reflects no more the glint of tourneying;
No more among the roses will he sing,

in the meadowlands at noontide Nor dwell.

He's dead, this is the only thing we say,

And profitless his busy summer task;
A million others fill the sun's fair ray,
And though he's dead, do any stop to

So Nature, when my steps have passed away

From fields of rhyme, will smile behind her mask.

When first I found you in the lily's bell, And saw that you were dead, I did not know

That you would hum again where roses blow

And feel once more the summer's nectared spell:

That tongues in other lands would stop to tell

The beauty of your song, where all a-row The fadeless flowers of rhyme forever

grow, And where forever young you now shall dwell:

I felt a kindred sadness at your fate, And could I know that when I fall asleep Amid the fields of rhyme, where now elate

I fill song's honeycomb, that one will keep A record of that time, this would abat The ceaseless tears through lonely nights I weep.

OUR LIFE ROSARY.

A DOMINICAN TERTIARY.

How oft mine eyes have dwelt upon the "Virgin and the Child,"
How oft my heart hath lingered in a resting place so mild!
Of all the sacred images, the sweetest 'twas to me,
But now, with what an altered soul its loveliness I see!

I think the Joyful Mysteries are closing in my life,

Because where'er I lift mine eyes to nerve me for the strife,
'Tis on the mournful crucifix their gaze Because

is wont to stay, And though the God still meets me there,

the Child has passed away.

But as the Joys are all but gone, the Sorrows, too, will fly, And then the Glories will come forth, to brighten earth and sky; Till in these crowning mysteries we'll see with glad surprise, With regal font, no more to die, the ancient Joys arise.

THE ROSARY IN ART.

THE PRESENTATION.

ELIZA ALLEN STABR.

The light snows of February allow one to see the prints of a small donkey's hoofs as a group of three winds its way from the stable on the outskirts of the little town of Bethlehem to the gate which opens toward Jerusalem. A special carefulness seems to mark their steps, and the Babe in its mother's arms is pressed with a most loving tenderness to her cheek as if to shield it from the snowy atmosphere. But the days are nearly accomplished which must see the dear little One presented in the temple and for Mary to present, for her own purification, the pair of turtle doves which Joseph is carrying in a small basket among the few belongings of the descendants of royal David. From first to last, circumstances which might seem to claim indulgence have been set aside, and the necessity had been uppermost. Now, as the sharp air touches the cheek of her Infant, Mary draws her mantle more closely around him, breathes over Him as if to warm as well as to console Him.

One might think any change would have been welcome from the discomforts of the stable; but as Mary left it she kissed the rough manger-crib in which she had laid her Babe with such an ecstasy of adoring love; she patted gently the ox and the ass that had knelt so near to her on the stable floor, had even warmed with their breath the December cold of that blessed night; blessed beyond all others to the Virgin Mother of the Messiah. Her eyes took in the scene which looked dreary to others, for every object had been hallowed by the unspeakable grandeur of the mysteries in which she now lived and breathed. The values of external surroundings had been utterly changed to her during those wonderful days in the stable-cave. To its door had come the Three Wise Men on their high-stepping camels, to dismount and prostrate themselves before an Infant of days on her knees, and all, as if by inspiration, had recognized in Him the Promised One of Israel. What other place on the round world could ever be to Mary what Bethlehem had been, would be, as she in some way felt to the whole world as this mystery of the Incarnation dawned upon it. But the parting was over when the cave had been left, for no one seemed interested in their departure. although many a one, by an undefined attraction, followed with their eyes the little group making its way so carefully toward the gate leading to Jerusalem.

To Jerusalem! and how the thought of the temple, of the high priest who had blessed her marriage, of the aged Simeon, of the widowed Anna, drew aer onward, for she felt sure of a welcome from them which would make her forget the indifference of Bethlehem. They had not forgotten her, she was certain, and how the loveliness of her Babe would win every heart! But deeper than this was the wondering if they would recognize in the tender Babe, Him "who was to come"; who was to redeem Israel, His people,

It was this thought which gave a questioning look to the peaceful face of the Virgin Mother; but the look was answered, was, we may say, dispelled, when the holy Simeon took the child from her arms, and with the tremulous voice of age chanted his Nunc Dimittis, "Now, O Lord, dost thou dismiss Thy servant in peace, according to Thy word', that strain of tender praise which the Church, who knows how to set her gems, has woven into her Compline song. Mary recalled, instantly, the questioning look with which Simeon had for years met

every child brought to the temple; but now, led on as he had been by the spirit to meet these humble observants of the law of Moses, the look was one of joyful appearance and Mary was saustied. She knew that her Son had been recognized and she was content. All else would come in God's time, and as if this assurance were to be made doubly sure, Anna, the prophetess, emerges from the shadow of one of the pillars of the temple, not only greeting the Child but "speaking of Him to all that looked for the redemption of Israel."

We are often surprised on the close contemplation of a mystery to see it opening a double significance, either of which may be paramount according to our feeling at the time. Thus, while dwelling upon the sorrows of our Lady, we note with a sympathy not to be put into words that prophecy of the ancient Simeon which succeeded, almost as one breath follows another, that canticle of praise which, to this very hour, which will be through all time, enshrined in the evensong of Compline-for we read that while Mary and Joseph were still in a trance of joy over this recognition by Simeon, the patriarch blessed them and said to Mary-can we not believe in voice so low that Mary only could hear him?-"Behold, he is set for the fall and the resurrection of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be contradicted. And a sword shall pierce thy own soul, that out of many hearts thoughts may be revealed."

At the mere reading of this prediction we quail! The deadly stroke which comes in the moment of highest happiness, carries with it a peculiar aggravation. The canticle of Simeon which had followed the adoration of the Magi must have flooded Mary's soul with an adoring praise well nigh celestial, and we exclaim: "O Simeon, beloved of God, to whom was promised the actual sight of the Messiah before thou shouldst be called to behold the vision of heaven, how canst thou thus break in upon the peace of His Immaculate One

"A mother, yet a virgin still,"

by a prophecy which can never be forgotten, which will fall across her happiest moments like a foreboding shadow?

Well may it be named the beginning of the sorrows of Mary; and yet Simeon knew that Mais's interior peace could not be broken, even by the fulfillment of his prophecy, so utterly one was her will with the mind and intentions of God Himself. With this consoling conviction we remember that the presentation of our Lord in the temple is one of the five Joyful Mysteries of our Rosary, and we enter without reservation into its spirit and intention. And this intention, we may say, is to keep before us the recognition of our Lord as the Christ, as the Messiah, as the Redeemer by Holy Simeon. It was this recognition of her Son for which Mary looked when she entered the temple; it was this recognition which brought peace to her heart, wounded as it was to the quick by the forseeing of all the contradiction to be met with by her Son from the perversity not only of His own nation but of human nature itself, verified as it is in all ages and climes and tribes and peoples; rejecting, as they do, Him who by His very humility provokes, as it were, their scorn. Simeon knew the heart of Mary through the operation of that same spirit which had led him to the temple on that February day, with its sharp atmosphere and the light tracks of a Virgin Mother's feet in the spotless snow, which typified a purity in her soul beyond that which any rite of the old law could bestow.

We turn, then, to our Joyful Mystery, to see how it has been represented by the devout masters of every age; for when Sixtus III. ordered it to be made prominent, to the right on the upper line of mosaic decorations on the Arch of Triumph in S. Mary Major, he was following out the plan of his predecessor, Celestine I., whose inspirations had been kindled by the scenes of the Holy Infancy, as defined in that early catacomb of S. Priscilla of the first century. On the Arch this scene is charmingly enacted in the portico of the temple. We see

Mary, richly attired, bearing her Infant in her arms; at her side S. Joseph, standing before the high priest, followed by other priests as in a procession; toward them are hastening the aged Simeon and devout Anna, while doves and pigeons, in allusion to the modest offering of S. Joseph, are seen in a flock at one side.

The Byzantine period has left one of its most interesting compositions to illustrate our mystery. The aged Simeon, standing on a small dais, holds the Divine Child on his hands as if returning Him to His Mother, towards whom He is stretching one little hand, the mother responding by extending her own to Him. S. Joseph bears the turtle-doves at her side, while S. Anna is seen over the bowed shoulders of Simeon, her hands raised in joy and admiration.

Giotto, in his series of pictures delineating the life of the Blessed Virgin, in the Church of S. Francis at Assisi. gives one of his loveliest groups to our mystery. The venerable Simeon, with eyes raised to heaven in thanksgiving, bears the Child in his arms with an exceeding love, while the Babe leans toward His mother, who stands with outstretched hands to receive Him. Immediately at her side are S. Joseph and several persons, old and young, attracted to the scene; for near to Simeon is Anna, who is addressing, most earnestly, another group of thoughtful persons, one of whom has prostrated herself, with hands stretched forth toward the Child, as if welcoming the Redeemer of Israel.

From this time, we may safely say, every series illustrating the life of the Blessed Virgin—as the twenty-eight compartments in the sanctuary of the Cathedral of Orvieto or the series by Duccio in the Cathedral of Siena—may be understood as giving the Presentation. Van Eyck represents the German schools, giving an elegant version of the mystery without neglecting a single incident. In the presses of the sacristy of the Camaldoline Convent, Fra Angelico has given it to us with an avenue of columns, reminding us of a monastic cloister, with its feeling of deep serenity. There are no

groups in waiting, no lookers-on. Simeon holds the Child-more than this, presses him to his cheek, wraps Him, as it were, in his aged arms. One can hear him chanting in tremulous tones his Dimittis. The Child does not turn from him, but nestles to his wrinkled cheek under the soothing pressure of that holy embrace. Mary's hands are raised, not to call Him to her, but as if she had just laid her Treasure into Simeon's waiting arms. At her side, or rather following her, is S. Joseph, with a sweet smile on his face. Opposite the group we see Anna, hastening forward, her hands joined in rapture, declaring the coming of Him for whom all Israel is waiting. The charm of the picture is one which belongs to Fra Angelico, which we can never explain but always feel.

Perhaps the Presentation as given to us by Fra Bartolomeo is the most perfect of all renderings of the sense of our mystery as a "Joyful Mystery." The picture itself is one of consummate skill in its execution as well as of beauty in its conception. The glorious Child lies on Simeon's arms as in a royal cradle. One little hand, with the very action of an infant, is laid on its breast; the other is raised as if blessing those around Him, while one tiny foot rests in Mary's hand, a token of fealty to her Creator and Lord as well as of the love of a mother for an infant son. S. Joseph stands near in his aureole; a woman kneels at his side, but Anna stands above her, crowned, like S. Joseph, with an aureole. Just above the shoulder of Simeon in a niche in the wall is Moses as Law Giver, thus indicating the obedience of Mary to the commands of the law under which she has been so strictly educated. The fame of the Dominican monk of San Marco, Fra Bartolomeo, may well rest securely on this grand work of Christian art.

It must have been a surprise to Raphael, when called to Rome and to the Vatican by Julius II., to see on his first visit to S. Mary Major, high up on the beautiful Arch of Triumph, a representation of this mystery which tallied so nearly with his own. One of his youthful

pictures was the coronation of the Blessed Virgin. In the predella, or strip of miniature pictures below the principal one, were three, one of which was the Presentation of our Lord in the temple, and, given in the portico of the temple, so as to allow much variety of action. It is, we believe, the most literal interpretation of the scene, just as we read it described in the Gospel of S. Luke, which has ever been painted, and, while we cannot forget Simeon's prophecy, it is a joyful interpretation of a joyful mystery.

As we recall these charming pictures, each one redolent with the most tenderly pious sentiment; as we remember that devotion to Mary, love for the Infant Jesus, as an Infant, was the mother's milk on which each and every one of these artists had been reared, which was woven into every tissue of mind and thought; as we recall how Giotto and Van Eyck and Fra Angelico and Fra Bartolomeo, as well as Raphael, had the devotion to the most holy Rosary deep in their hearts, we understand how reverently, how meditatively, each one of these touched his beads while limning the figures in the group under his hand, and we touch our own beads with a more lingering reverence as their pictures rise up before the eyes of our minds; and we thank God that we, too, have our Rosary and are associated to that glorious company of saints who have, at the hour of death, felt the patronage of Mary, who presented in the temple of Jerusalem Him who is to make our joy in the Para-

CHRISTMAS EVE.

M. N. Goodnow.

In Bethlehem's rocky cave Kneels Mary, driven by the proud world's scorn Of Love that meant to save, On that all-wondrous night when Christ was born!

So young and passing fair! She seems mere nursling! Yet high Heaven's doom Hath kissed her maiden hair!

And lo! as her eyes pierce the midnight gloom With upturned look entranced, Or ere the radiant dawn yet greets the

Earth. Prophetic hour advanced

That sees amid ecstatic joy the birth,

In baby tenderness,
Of Him who all things ruleth in His

might,
And Virgin Mother press
In her adoring arms the Lord of love and light!

S. AGNES' EVE.

EDITH R. WILSON.

The night is calm and silent. So should they festal be! The glamour of the starlight Lies on the rippling sea. The sobbing winds have hushed their

moan,
Their cry the sea-gulls cease;
And earth and sky together blend
To keep S. Agnes' peace.

The ground is white with rifted snow, The stars shine crystal bright, To point the path where far above Gleams God's own throne of light.

Before the Lamb, her Bridegroom, The fair child saint bends low, With lips that move in prayer to Him And starry eyes aglow.

The kiss of God is on her brow, His peace is in her heart— Her lot is with the blessed ones Who chose the better part;

But yet she minds her of the hour She knelt, so long ago, Within the Roman forum To feel the headsman's blow.

Her glad child-heart forgetteth not, Those golden courts within, That earth is very sorrowful And very full of sin.

Of old, they could not find a chain To bind a hand so small, Now, from those gentle hands above Rich dews of mercy fall.

Uplift those small white hands, sweet Saint, And softly intercede

That God may break the chain of sin And save a soul in need.

A SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.

HARRIET M. SKIDMORE.

The Old Year lieth out of sight,
Deep buried 'neath the winter snow,
Where, through the long, dark Arctic
nights,

Weird banners of the Northern Lights Above him stream, with lurid glow.

So let us leave him to his rest,
And hail the New Year, blithe and free,
Who comes in royal raiment dressed,
And fain would be a welcome guest,
And sharer in our festal glee.

Then let our fairest gifts be stored
In sunny hearts and homes, for him—
Heap high the richest banquet board,
And let the beaded wine be poured,
Until it crown the beaker's brim.

How brightly gleams his regal rest
With rainbow hues from blossom
shed!
The "rose of dawn" is on his breast,
And sunset splendors of the West
Are o'er his kingly mantle spread.

Within his crown what jewels blaze!
Rich treasures of the seasons bright—
Spring's moonlit beams, and starry rays,
Sweet Summer's wealth of golden days,
And Winter's gems of crystal light.

What odors freight his balmy breath!
Glad tribute of each blooming bower—
For, when its petals fade in death,
To him fond Nature rendereth
The last pure life-sigh of the flower.

All blended tones of sweetness bring,
The varied music of their lays.
The song that birds and brooklets sing,
The soft low hum of insect wing,
Borne sweetly through the changeful
days.

Then hail the King, as from the East
He comes with Day's Auroral Star.
Ring out the chime, and spread the feast,
And bid the greatest with the least
Unite their welcomes, near and far.

Behold! he flingeth everywhere
His bounty bright in gleaming
showers—
His jewel-moments, rich and rare,
That twine themselves in chaplets fair
To form the rainbow-tinted hours.

O may we set those priceless gems
In golden deed, and word, and thought!
That angel hands may fashion them
Into a glorious diadem,
A crown of light, divinely wrought.

Then while on pinions softly swift
The last swift year of Time shall flee,
Our radiant brows we may uplift,
Encrowned with each bright New Year's gift,
To shine through glad Eternity.

A good and very holy year, all perfumed with the Name of Jesus, all besprinkled with His Precious Blood! May no day of this year, or any year, or any day for many years to come, pass without being sanctified by the merits of this saving Blood, and illumined by the blessings of this sacred Name, from which radiates the fulness of all sweetness, the completion of all joy, the perfection of all that is most holy and beautiful.—S. Francis de Sales.

Time is always young and yet it ages all things. Each of its steps is the advance of dawn, but it leaves darkness and night behind. Restless child of eternity, it borrows unfading youth there, but has no power to communicate it, save but for a moment, to the things measured by its course. It passes, it sheds life; but that life of to-day soon becomes that of yesterday, of the day before, of by-gone times, a remembrance and a relic of the past, and yet time is not impoverished; it is ever fertile and young, causing the new to follow the old.—Lacordaire.

"Time restores all things." Wrong! Time restores many things, but eternity alone restores all.—Abbe Roux.

EDITORIAL.

In the words of Holy Writ (Deuteronomy xxxiii) Dominicana greets its many friends with new year good wishes: "May you be blessed in the city and in the field; blessed in your children and in the fruits of the ground; blessed in your barns and in your stores; blessed in your coming in and going out; blessed in the works of your hands; blessed as a people holy to the Lord your God."

With the issue of this number Do-MINICANA enters on its second volume. Our readers will readily see that we have more than fulfilled the promise of our first number, at least on the score of quantity. Respecting quality, we feel that no indelicacy may be charged against us when we claim that the generous devotion of our contributors, literary friends, not only in California but North, East, South and West, has placed our little magazine on a plane of widely recognized efficiency and influence. That our subscribing friends are in almost all the States of the Union, in Canada and in different European countries, is testimony which we gratefully appreciate.

That publishers throughout the country value the criticism of Dominicana's staff the review columns of our various numbers furnish growing evidence month after month.

Our advertising department has been notable from the beginning as a directory of high-class establishments in San Francisco and in other parts of the United States. The proportion of publishers' notices which we have received we claim as unique and altogether singular in the experience of Catholic periodicals. And yet we are not one year old!

We mention these signs of favor and power with a sense of deep indebtedness to God, to our Lady whose honor we would enhance, and to our Holy Father S. Dominic, whose name our magazine so conspicuously bears. In like spirit we acknowledge our obligations to the big-

hearted men and women, priests and nuns and of the laity, whose contributions have come as constant reminders of a loyal friendship for the Order of S. Dominic which we gladly and gratefully proclaim.

We announce no prospectus for this new year. We bespeak the confidence of our readers, based on the performance of the past year. We are resolved, God blessing, and our Lady and S. Dominic aiding, to make Dominicana a messenger of culture and devotion, along ways Dominican, in every Catholic household to which it will be sent. Instruction in agreeable form, entertainment in a reasonable manner, constitute our platform.

To share in our apostolate we invite all our readers, and we feel assured that to our enterprise thus far so happily sustained, their co-operation will not be wanting. We shall count on their prayers, their commendation to friends, their intelligent patronage of our advertisers, their material help, so that we shall be able to realize during this new year even greater fruits than may be found in the promise of our December number.

Copies of the first volume have been appropriately bound, and may be obtained by our friends according to the annuncement in our advertising supplement.

The encyclical of our beloved Pope, Leo XIII., issued on November 1, is a document of force and wisdom, of spiritual light. Would that all Catholics, and all beyond the visible pale of the Church, could have an opportunity of reading it. The venerable Pontiff's pleading for the maintenance and the spread of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ is as a voice from the Master Himself. From time to time we shall lay before our readers extracts from this most important document. They will afford an occasion for salutary meditation during the first year of the new century.

Our prediction that the holding of Church property in the Philippines would be "regulated"—an euphemism for confiscation—is likely to be fulfilled. From the message submitted by the President to Congress on December 3 we take the following:

"If it becomes necessary for the public interest of the people of the Islands (Philippines) to dispose of claims to property which the Commission finds to be not lawfully acquired and held, disposition thereof shall be made by due legal procedure, in which there shall be full opportunity for fair and impartial hearing and judgment. If the same public interests require the extinguishment of property rights lawfully acquired and held, due compensation shall be made out of the public treasury therefor. No form of religion and no minister of religion shall be forced upon any community or upon any citizen of the islands; upon the other hand no minister of religion shall be interfered with or molested in following his calling, and the separation between State and Church shall be real, entire and absolute."

When this rank hypocrisy will have been translated into the plain deeds that will not then be covered under tricky verbiage, we shall have entered on the millenium of American infamy, under its most sanctified form, among the poor Filipinos and their friends and benefactors for three hundred years—the devoted Friars. Devoted has two meanings in this case.

Comment can now bear little fruit; the time of practical protest has gone. We are in the full swing of "destiny," a world power, worshipping the flesh pots and going to the devil.

The feast of the Circumcision proclaims the commemoration of our Lord's loving obedience and sacrifice for us, while He was yet at the tender age of eight days. Brought to the Temple as the Lord prescribed for the children of Israel, He thereby submitted to a precept that did not bind Him, but this was for our instruction and example. And in like spirit of encouragement to us He meekly accepted the painful conditions of the rite of circumcision and humbly received from the priest His own most precious Name, His by right divine from eternity, and as proclaimed by the Angel of the Annunciation, the most sweet Name of Jesus. And for this Name, blessed above all others, He paid the price of the law as exacted from sinful men.

Devotion to the Name of our Lord, the feast of which is celebrated on the fifteenth, is a special feature of Dominican piety. A solemn expression of this devotion is the organized work of the Holy Name Sodality, the gathering under the banner of Jesus Christ of men solemnly pledged to the noble work of reparation to our Divine Lord for the many insults offered to His adorable Name through irreverence, profanity, blasphemy and other manner of unbecoming and indecent speech. Membership in this society should be regarded as an honor by every Catholic man. A happy and encouraging sign of the activity of Faith is to be found in the ever-increasing multitudes who are seeking admission to the ranks of the defenders of our Lord's blessed Name. In any Dominican Church full information on this point will be cheerfully given to any enquirer.

England's inhuman, yea savage, style of warfare still goes on in South Africa, while the undaunted Boers splendidly defy the numerous forces that seek in vain to break their little bands. The aged President of the Transvaal pleads for his people in Europe. Popular acclaim attests French emotion and sympathy; visits of courtesy are agreeable manifestations, but none of these mean the sinews of war, nor will they crystallize into a deflance or even a rebuke or a protest to the "bully" of the nations. And next to the sympathy that American lovers of freedom feel for the seemingly. doomed Boers is the sense of pain and shame and indignation that Washington is as deaf to the cry for help as is imperial and autocratic Berlin. It is all so sad, so significant of the evils that have come and of other threatening evils that are certain to follow.

The Rosary is the great devotion, practical and serviceable, available for all classes, for all persons, for all times. We suggest, however, one special new year's resolution: Out of each day bringing, as it will, twenty-four hours, every one rich in the possibilities of sixty minutes, take at least ten of these minutes, and dedicate them to the recitation of five decades or mysteries of the Beads in honor of our Lady.

The Christmas of the Gentiles, or the feast of the Epiphany, calls for our special and loving gratitude to God because of the divine gift of our precious Catholic Faith. In the words of Father Faber let us sing:

Oh, glory be to God on high for these

Arabian kings, an miracles of royal Faith, with

Eastern offerings;
For Gaspar and for Melchior and Balthazzar who from far

Found Mary and Jesus by the shining of a star!

Let us ask these martyrs, then, these monarchs of the East,
Who are sitting now in Heaven at the Saviour's endless feast,

To get us Faith from Jesus, and hereafter Faith's bright home

And day and night to thank Him for the glorious Faith of Rome.

The opening month of the new year offers to the lovers of our Lady's Beads for special devotion the beautiful feast of the Finding of our Lord among the doctors in the Temple. Though tinged deeply with the memory of the loss of the Blessed Boy, of the sorrow of Mary and Joseph, of the agonizing search, it is nevertheless pre-eminently a mystery of joy, telling of the holy gladness which filled the hearts of our Lady and her spouse when they found the beloved Child, and, in subordinate fashion, of the joy that is ours when, having lost Jesus by sin, we have recourse to His Church. in penitent spirit, assured that we shall find Him in the restoration of His forfeited grace to our souls. Like Mary, who kept all the words and actions of her Divine Son in her heart, we should bear in loving and reverent memory the

thought of God's exceeding tenderness and mercy, and of our Lady's powerful aid in behalf of sinners.

The feast of S. Raymond of Pennafort, the third Master General of the Dominican Order, is a reminder of a great priest who in his day labored valiantly for souls and for the glory of God. As a preacher and a confessor, S. Raymond is one of the lights of our Order. As a canonist his rank is princely in the Church, a name still famous and venerable in the schools of theology and ecclesiastical law.

The Translation of the Relics of S. Thomas, commemorated on the 28th, is the principal feast of the Angelic Warfare. This beautiful devotion, the love and practice of holy purity, is placed especially under the patronage of the Angel of the Schools. We intend to present to our readers a brief history of the Angelic Warfare, with a description of the shrine in which the relic of his miraculous girdle is preserved. Meantime, we announce our readiness to enroll in this confraternity all who may wish to be received. The conditions for gaining the indulgences granted by the Church to members of the Angelic Warfare are

Have a cord blessed by a priest authorized to enroll in the Confraternity.

Have your name registered.

Wear the cord day and night around the waist.

Application, in person or by mail, may be made to our Fathers in any of our churches. Leaflets containing devotions will be furnished.

S. Francis de Sales, the gentle Bishop of Geneva whose doctrine and practice that "we can catch more flies with a spoonful of honey than with a barrel of vinegar," is so easy of application in every walk of life, we honor during this month. As the patron of the Catholic press-the Bishop was a prolific writer and publisher-his feast emphasizes the power of the printed word, reminds Catholics of the apostolate of good reading, warns them against the insidious and yet widespread dangers of bad books and papers, and to many of our people should bring home the painful thought of their negligence, their indifference, the intellectual and spiritual poverty of their bookless and prayerless homes. "Whosoever is not with Me is against Me," are the words of Eternal Wisdom. Undoubtedly many Catholics are thus against the missionary work which a well-supported Catholic press—books, magazines and papers—is expected to perform.

The miraculous painting of our Lady of Guadalupe has stood the test of more than three centuries of atmospheric changes, kissing, handling and critical examination. It is as fresh and bright to-day as it appeared on the cloak of the poor Indian. The material of which the cloak was made was the coarse fiber of the palm tree and very rough to the touch. The painting, despite all the extravagant conditions of the texture, represents a beautiful young lady of the Indian complexion. It is perfect, and extraordinarily so. Such is the assertion of all the principal painters that Mexico has produced, including Miguel Cabrera, Jose de Ybarra, Chaves, Arteaga, Juares, Becerra, and many others, ancient as well as modern, not excepting the famous Spaniard, Alonzo Vasquez. They all declared themselves incapable of drawing anything equal to it, and were disappointed in their attempts; so that they can tell any incredulous painter, if it be not a miracle, to "go thou and do likewise"—if you can.

The marvelous combination of oil, water color and fresco in the painting has puzzled all artists. No one has yet discovered the process of applying the gold that appears in the painting. It resembles the fine dust on the wings of a butterfly—yet it is hard to the touch and touch and penetrates the fabric.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ALICE E.—Kindly explain the mystic meaning of the frontispiece in the November number of DOMINICANA, entitled S. Cecilia, Heavenly Patroness of Music. Also, is there any historical warrant for giving her this title?

Divine inspiration called forth this masterpiece of Raphael. The original painting—in the Bologna Gallery—is a marvel of spiendid coloring. The majestic attitudes of the noble group and the exalted expression on their countenances betoken the rapture that possesses their souls

S. Paul, resting on the naked sword, symbolizes knowledge and wisdom; S. John manifests the fulness of divine love. S. Mary Magdalen, by the side of S. Augustine, seems to indicate that by their repentance and penitential lives they had obtained divine forgiveness. S. Cecilia, absorbed in the divine harmonies, lets the organ fall from her hands and appears as if her soul were about to wing its flight to the celestial choir.

A legend, which may be traced to the third century, tells us that S. Cecilia excelled in music, wrote hymns and invented the organ. It was said that she had a voice of heavenly sweetness and angels often joined her in song. S. Cecilia was chosen as Patroness of Music in the fifteenth century, and since that time has been represented with musical instruments.

SAN RAFAEL—How many days indulgence on each Hail Mary of a Rosary blessed by a Dominican Father?

Two hundred days, one hundred of which are known as the Bridgettine Indulgence.

Is there any indulgence of the Rosary greater than that given by the blessing of a Dominican Father?

There is only one Rosary—the Dominican—but there are various kinds of beads attached to different devotions. The indulgences granted for the Rosary exceed, in value, those granted to any of the beads to which we refer.

Is it obligatory to say the Mysteries on the days appointed, or may they be said at one's own choice?

It is not obligatory, but the practice is recommended, because it harmonizes with the spirit of the Church, and insures a systematic recitation of the Rosary.

Do we lose the indulgence by lending our Rosary?

No, if we lend merely to accommoddate another person. Yes, if we lend for the purpose of allowing the other to gain indulgences. In such a case the indulgences are forfeited.

MAGAZINES.

Harper's Christmas number opens with a beautiful fable, "The Pilgrimage of Truth." The legend is translated from the Danish by Jacob Rüf, and the different stages of the pilgrimage of the beautiful Fairy of Truth are illustrated by handsome colored full-page pictures, which give us a glimpse of fairyland, as well as some weird scenes on earth. "Bethlehem," a poem by Ruth McEnery Stuart, with a two-page illustration by Albert Herter, is a precious Christmas thought.

Scribner's for Christmas is a fine number. We quote, with much satisfaction, the following lovely bit of verse, so reverent, yet so sweetly human:

When Mary sang to Him I wonder if
His baby hand stole softly to her lips,
And smiling down, she needs must stop
her song

To kiss and kiss again his finger-tips. I wonder if, His eyelids being shut,

And Mary bending mutely over Him, She felt her eyes, as mothers do to-day, For very depth of love grow wet and dim.

Then did a sudden presage come to her Of bitter looks and words and thornstrewn street?

And did she catch her breath and hide her face

And shower smothered kisses on His feet?

The Century for Christmas gives Milton's fine ode, "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," richly and beautifully illustrated, a really artistic production. This alone would make the number notable. Among the other contributions we observed in "The Dream of the Innkeeper's Wife" the flaw that so unerringly declares the un-Catholic sentiment, the

ignorance of the singular and exquisite prerogatives of our Lady. The writer speaks of the Blessed Mother as in travail. The birth of our Redeemer brought joy unspeakable, ecstatic to His beloved and sinless Mother.

The same error which we here mark spoils an otherwise touching Christmas carol in *The North American Review* for December.

Thus we are reminded of the almost ceaseless propagation of false teaching; in these instances, we believe, without unworthy motive, solely through ignorance. But the necessity of a vigilant, energetic Catholic apostolate in the field of good reading is emphasized.

The Christmas number of *The Critic*, among other notable illustrations, contains a full-page reproduction of "The Nativity," by Bernardino Luini, which is prefaced by the beautiful lines of Keble:

Wrapped in His swaddling bands And in His manger laid, The hope and glory of all lands

Is come to the world's aid;

No peaceful home upon His cradle smiled,

Guests rudely went and came where slept the Royal Child.

The December Lippincott contains a frontispiece reproduction of "The Star of Bethlehem," from a painting by Henry R. Poore A. N. A.—an effective representation of the shepherds watching their flocks on the star-lit hills of Bethlehem.

From this number we quote the quatrain by Clarence Urmy, entitled "A Lengthened Year":

Men cried, "O give us time." By God's good grace

The seasons all were lengthened—what befell?

The self-same idlers filled the marketplace,

And souls still thronged the broadening road to hell.

Mr. Joseph F. Wagner, Union Square, New York, has inaugurated a work that should have considerable success. A worthy object and an excellent method are evident in the publication of *The Homiletic Monthly and Catechist*. While primarily intended for the clergy, the devout and intelligent laity could find advantageous reading in the periodical. The current issue of the review is the fourth. Good paper, clear printing, generous quantity and goodly quality and moderate price are features deserving commendation. We note with pleasure that the work of a Dominican Father is prominent in *The Homiletic* review.

The Christmas number of Father Crowley's S. Joseph's Union comes to hand as we close our forms. We shall cordially give space to a fuller notice, and to a specially prepared article on his work, in our next number. Meantime we earnestly counsel all our friends: Be generously mindful of good Father Crowley and his boys during these festive days.

The Christmas number of The Messenger of the Sacred Heart publishes a strong and 'udicious article-the work apparently of the editor-on the recently established "Hall of Fame" in New York. As a general vote of the country, in so far as the public took interest in the scheme, had determined the worthies who were to find their shrine in this quasi-American Pantheon, The Messenger asks why Catholics have been excluded or omitted. A list that contains Henry Ward Beecher's name and has no place for Archbishop Carroll, that takes Martha Washington and leaves out Elizabeth Seton (not to mention other peculiarities), bears strange testimony to the spirit of American fair play, or is a poor manifestation of American "culture."

The Messenger's inquiry (we might add protest) is an excellent and praiseworthy work, the widespread reading of which should serve the cause of truth, even though it fails to topple over any of the American "gods" already enthroned.

The Outlook, twelfth annual Book Number, contains two exhaustive papers on books, "The Greatest Books of the Century," "The Season's Books." They are well worth preserving.

"Ave Jesu" is the title of a beautiful Christmas carol, the words are by the Dean of Ely, the Very Rev. Charles W. Stubbs, D.D., the music by Tertius Noble. An appropriate illustration is given, a reproduction of "The Birth of Christ," from H. K. Sinkel.

The Bookman, with special cover of Christmas bells and bright holly, contains an excellent critical paper by William Wallace on the writings of J. M. Barrie, also an illustrated paper entitled J. M. Barrie's country, by Walter Hale.

We have received *The Catholic Home Annual* for 1901, published by Benziger Brothers. This issue presents unusual features of an interesting compilation.

MUSIC.

E. Witzmann & Co., of Memphis Tenn., have sent us Morceaux Choisie, op. 77, for the piano, by Henri Godard—four separate pieces in Grade II. No. 1; The Shepherd's Dream (valse de salon), melodious, full of esprit and teachable; No. 2, The Song of the Weaver (novelette), a harmonized melody over a drone-like accompaniment in the bass, a good study; No. 3, The Cuban Belle (Danse Nationale), bright and vivacious; No. 4, I Love You, a pleasing minuet de la coeur.

We have received from E. T. Paull Music Co., New York, the following vigorous marches and two-steps: The Midnight Fire Alarm, by Harry J. Lincoln; Chariot Race, or Ben Hur March; Dawn of the Century; Charge of the Light Brigade—all by E. T. Paull; Only by My Side, by E. T. Paull—a popular song, with refrain; Champagne Song, by Ion Arnold; Song of the Hobo, by W. H. Currier. All in a brilliant, joyous vein, which will cause them to fird favor with the public.

We have received from Hugo V. Schlam, New York, the following cake-walks and two-steps: Coon Hollow Capers, by Frank R. Gillis; A RHODE ISLAND CLAM BAKE, by E. S. Jolly; UP BROADWAY, by J. Hoyt Toler; AUNT HANNAH, by Wm. Lorraine; RIGHT OFF THE GRIDDLE (march humoresque), by Warner Crosby. The above-named are also published for band orchestra and mandolin orchestra, are dashing and catchy. THE MICK WHO THREW THE BRICK, a comic Irish song full of drollery; I Ain't Seen No Messenger Boy, by Nathen Bevins; O My DINAH, by Sidney L. Perrin-two humorous coon songs; Mammy's Little Sleepy Coon, a good darky lullaby, by Benj. Jansen; You'LL BE WITH ME ALL THE WHILE, by C. W. Murphy; You're the Only One (song and chorus), by R. A. Keiser; The HOMESTEAD ON THE HILL (song and chorus), by Bartlett C. Costello and Andrew B. Sterling; My Moonbeam Babe (a love serenade), by Geo. F. Smith and R. A. Keiser; Passionaria Danza (Passion Flower), for piano solo by Jose Sancho, in the style and rhythm of the Cuban dances.

We have received from the Windsor Music Co., Chicago (1) MY LOVE SHE LOVES BUT ME, by Benj. Lowen, a pathetic ballad of the descriptive type; (2) OH, LOOK IN MINE EYES BEFORE I Go, by Monroe H. Rosenfeld, a simple, pleasing ballad, with waltz refrain.

We have received from Percy Ashdown, New York, The Anthem Celestial, by Joseph i. Adams, a Christmas Sacred Song for soprano, in C (with violin obligato, ad lib.). Also written for mezzosoprano in B flat and contralto or barytone, in G. A fine, descriptive, noble song, working up to a full, broad climax.

We have received from The W. W. Whitney Co., Toledo (1) MOTHER'S BOW OF WHITE RIBBON, by Arthur Skillton, a temperance song, with a story to it; (2) ROMAN TRIUMPHAL MARCH, for piano, by August Kraken; an effective march of a military character, with strong chords, brilliant octave passages; a good teaching piece.

We have received from the Whitney-Warner Publishing Co., Detroit, the following specialties: Topsy-Turvey Two-Step, by Louise Gustin; I'm a Ragtime Baby, Two-Step, by Fred. L. Stone; Miss Jollity March and Two-Step, by Thos.

Chilvers; HEARTS ARE TRUMPS MARCH, TWO-STEP, L. W. Young; DANCE OF THE BROWNIES (characteristic dance), by Effic F. Kamman, arranged also for mandolin, guitar and piano; X-N-Tric Two-Step, by L. V. Gustin; also arranged for mandolin orchestra; A LADY OF QUALITY WALTZES, by Fred. S. Stone; WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER WALTZES and JANICE MEREDITH WALTZES, by Louise V. Gustin, all bright, catchy melodies. I NEVER LIKED A NIGGER WITH A BEARD, by Monroe H. Rosenfeld; I Don't Care What HAPPENS TO ME Now, by Artie Hall; IF I I ONLY HAD A DOLLAR OF MY OWN, by Bogert and O'Brien; RIDIN' OFF DREAMLAND (Lullaby), by Thos. W. Chilvers. Four bright coon songs that are bound to become popular. If I THOUGHT YOU COULD MAKE HIM HAPPY, a descriptive song, by Monroe H. Rosenfeld; In-DEED, by Arthur Trevelyan; In DAYS GONE By, by Thos. H. Chilvers. Two simple ballads with pleasing melody.

BOOKS.

We have received from George P. Putnam's Sons, New York, The Life of Daniel O'Connell. The revival of national life in Ireland, as graphically portrayed by Robert Dunlop, M. A., is of interest to all students of history. The admirable qualities of the man who formed the high resolve to leave his native land better after his death than he had found her at his birth, are enthusiastically described.

In noble accomplishment of his purpose O'Connell has deserved the title of Irish Liberator! For nearly forty years he played the part of agitator. "And this man, who held the fate of Ireland in his grasp for at least a quarter of a century, who at any moment during that time could, by a single word, have caused a revolution, the consequence of which it is impossible to forecast—what sort of man was he? What was the secret of the power he wielded? What was the lesson his life has to teach us?"

Mr. Dunlop, in his excellent work, gives the answers. His book should be in the hands of some would-be literary people who rant about Ireland's condition, but who cannot give the outlines of Irish history nor the catechism of Ireland's wrongs.

The publishers have made this a most handsome volume—faultless in the details of printing, binding and illustration.

We have received from Houghton, Miffiin & Co., Boston, The Prodical, by Mary Hallock Foote. This pleasing story reverses the order of the Scriptural episode in the fact that the young son of an Englishman is sent adrift by his practical father, so that he may be prevented from squandering his substance. As a sailor lad he tosses about in various latitudes, but finds opportunity to indulge in love's sweet dream. He is reclaimed, however, by yielding to a good woman's saving influence. The scene of the interesting and agreeable denoument is laid in our own city of San Francisco.

The frontispiece portrait, as well as the other illustrations of the text, are by the author.

The publishers have made the volume a creditable piece of work in choice of type, paper and binding.

We have received from Harper Brothers, New York, Women of the Bible, a composite volume by eminent divines of America. The story of Eve is told by Rev. John W. Chadwick, D. D.; the story of Sarah, by Rabbi Gustav Gottheil; the sketch of the Blessed Virgin Mary, by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, who says: "The model held up to woman, from the dawn of Christianity, is the peerless Mother of our Blessed Redeemer. She is the pattern of virtue alike to maiden, wife and mother. She exhibits the virginal modesty becoming the maid, the conjugal fidelity and loyalty of the spouse, and the untiring devotedness of the mother."

The stories of Rebekah, Miriam, Ruth, Esther and Mary Magdalen are eloquently narrated.

The subject of each sketch is illustrated by a full-page portrait designed in accordance with the Scriptural narrative of these heroines of old. The composite Ma-

donna graces the page opposite the beautifully illuminated title-page. The publishers have excelled in the details of paper and binding, producing a cover which is a marvel of artistic workmanship.

We have received from Elder Shepard, San Francisco, Observations OF JAY (A DOG), AND OTHER STORIES. Many pleas are put forth for stories for children and much willingness manifested to place in the hands of the child that which will amuse him most; but Morgan Shepard has given us the unexpected and the best. JAY is a most sagacious philosopher, a rare humorist and a faithful The child will welcome his comfriend. panionship, and grown-up persons may learn from him some lessons omitted in youth. The publishers have printed the book on heavy paper; it is artistically illustrated. It may be obtained in an attractive binding for a child, or in bindings of brocade or silk.

We have received from William H. Young and Company, New York, an incomparable little volume entitled Around THE CRIB, containing two short stories relating to the events immediately preceding and those following the birth of Christ. "Octavius" and "Noeme" are the titles of the inspired thoughts of the gifted young priest, Henri Perreyve, whose early death has deprived us of possible interary achievements. Coincident in pathos is the early taking away of the talented young priest, Thomas Ryan, whose poem, "The Star of the Magi," is appended in appropriate sentiment. "Mary in Egypt," by James M. Hayes, completes this star-like cluster of sacred memories that hover around the Crib.

The snow-white cover, with golden title, suggests a most fitting offering for friend-ship's gift.

We have received from G. Schirmer, New York, in two volumes, Wagner, His Life and Works, by Gustave Kobbè. The author avoids giving a subtle, mysterious analysis of the character of the great musician, and more effectively entertains the reader with a series of anecdotes which enable him to follow the master's artistic career, and to trace the influence of his dominating personality and theories in their effect upon the modern music world.

Echoes from Bayreuth, criticisms, excerpts from Wagner's Literary Essays, brief but complete synopses of the plots of his operas, a descriptive and dramatic analysis of "The Ring of the Nibelung," are features of the work.

The devotees of Wagnerian opera have in the present volumes an admirable treatise. The publishers have printed them in convenient size, and enriched them with portrait illustrations appropriate to the text.

We have received from Wilbur B. Ketcham, New York, MADAME ROSELY, by Mile. V. Monniot. The work embraces the correspondence of a mother and her beloved daughter. It is filled with lessons of Christian virtue. Many noble characters are introduced, the details of whose lives form an interesting story of everyday life.

The translators, Elvira Quintero and Jean Mack, have rendered the original French into simple and familiar English. There is no attempt to make these letters models of elegant literature.

The publishers have printed the book in clear type, and have united durability and artistic finish in the binding.

We have received from R. H. Russell, New York, some books appropriate as gifts for the holiday season. (1) Moon Babies, in the form of nursery rhymes, by G. Orr Clark. All will be interested in the story of the babies who fell from the moon, down "to the purlieus of Chinatown." The interest is enhanced by the lifelike pictures drawn by Helen Hyde of the Moon Babies, "fat and yellow and that, placid and good and gay," that adorn the forty-eight pages of this attractive book.

The publishers exhibit great taste in the arrangement of the volume, which is oblong in form, printed on heavy paper, and illustrated partly in dark shades and partly in the colors and tints that find favor in the Orient. (2) AN ALPHABET OF INDIANS, by Emery Leveret Williams, is an appropriate book for boys. It consists of twenty-six brief accounts of Indian tribes, descriptive of their origin, manner of life and modes of warfare. The book contains fifty-two illustrations of the characteristics peculiar to the savages; it is a model of good workmanship in every detail.

We have received from the Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago, the story of Eros and Psyche. This popular legend, reiterated by Paul Carus, gives us an insight into the religious belief concerning the fate of the soul which existed during the myth-making age of ancient Greece. The illustrations, by Paul Thumann, are beautifully executed after the idea of the classic Greek. The publishers have displayed exquisite taste in the entire make-up. The Grecian temple with a golden statue of Cupid engraved upon the cover, recalls the magnificent folly of a remarkable people.

We have received from John Lane, New York, The DISSEMBLERS, by Thomas Cobb. This is a story of London society. The hero and heroine, by some strange chance, elope without their own knowledge. The situation is extremely ludicrous. The author, however in his usual genial style, extricates the couple from their difficulty, and appeases the wrath of Dame Grundy. The publisher has printed the book in clear type on heavy paper, and bound it in an attractive red cloth. Mr. Lane believes in a body befitting the spirit of the work he brings out.

We have received from Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, Tommy And Grizel, by J. M. Barrie. In "Sentimental Tommy"—to which the present volume is the sequel—we have a melancholy forecast of the equivocal future of that mendacious youth. The companion character, Grizel, in turn attracts and repels, and, worst of all, excites distressing doubts.

It is regrettable that Mr. Barrie did not maim his hero for life, as a condign punishment for his vanity; he might then opportunity to practise at least al, if not supernatural, virtues. strangled Tommy by the aid of le collar-button was unpardon. Barrie's ways are beyond the linary mortals.

cribner's we have also received GENTLEMAN OF THE BLACK ' Thomas Nelson Page. The inakened in the subject of the a old gentleman—is by no means by the young gentleman, minus : stock, and the beautiful girl ters of roses, that appear on the ; is a story of irresistible sweetose chief merit lies in the aumner of telling it. The publishtransported us to the scene of ts in their perfect reproduction ler Christy's tinted pictures. The and paper are of Scribner's best. ling, with symbolic design on in happy agreement with the

ve received from R. H. Russell, k, a volume of MR. DOOLEY'S HY. The frontispiece portrait out on the screen reveals linearresponding in caricature to the m of this powerful humorist. Mr. s unrivalled in his treatment of political events in their peculiar

icans Abroad," "The Future of "The Paris Exposition," "The t's Message," "The Transvaal", are manipulated with effective lation.

, "Education of the Young," Mr. ays: "Childher shuddent be sent I to larn, but to larn how co larn. are what you larn them, so long npleasant to thim. 'Tis thrainin d, Hinnissy. That's all."

ublisher, by the clear print and ality of paper used in the book, a many followers to the philosooley, who otherwise would fail to as he is, in the obscure print of es.

Tective illustrations are the joint rk of W. Nicholson, E. W. Kem-F. Opper.

We have received from Herbert S. Stone and Company, Chicago, A Soul IN Bronze, by Constance Goddard du Bois. The novel treats of events connected with early life in Southern California, in which a highly civilized Indian plays a dramatic part. The heroine devotes herself to a philanthropic scheme for the good of the Indian people.

The publishers have given the book a fanciful dress, adorned with Indian emblems.

.. e have received from the George M. Hill Company, Chicago and New York, THE WIZARD OF Oz, by L. Frank Baum. The wonderful adventures of little Dorothy and her dog Toto, in this novel fairy tale, will delight the hearts of the little ones. Older readers will perceive the force of the moral intended-not only to guard themselves from self-delusion, but, also, to beware of the machinations of ingenious quacks. The illustrations, by W. W. Penslow, are appropriate-in some instances bordering on the grotesque. The publishers have printed and bound the book in excellent style. THE WIZARD OF Oz will be a cheering Christmas gift.

We have received from The Macmillan Company, New York, volume seven of the Caxton edition of Legenda Aurea. In addition to the lives of the saints that complete the translation, this volume contains The History of the Mass—that is, the literal and symbolical meaning of the ceremonies used in the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice; also, an explanation of the Twelve Articles of Faith. We cannot refrain from giving Caxton's conclusion:

"Thus endeth the legend named in Latin Legenda Aurea, that is to say in English, the Golden Legend. For, like as gold passeth in value all other metals, so this legend exceedeth all other books wherein be contained all the high and great feasts of our Lord, the feasts of our Blessed Lady, the lives, passions and miracles of many other saints, and other histories and acts, as along hereafore is made mention. Which work I have accomplished at the commandment and request of the noble and puissant earl, and

my special good lord, William, earl of Arundel, and have finished it at Westminster the twentieth day of November, the year of our Lord, fourteen hundred and eighty-three, and the first year of the reign of Aing Richard III.

We have received from Doxey's, New York, through Elder and Shepard, San Francisco, Jacinta, a California Idyll, and Other Verses, by Howard V. Sutherland. Although

"A hilly sea-coast, cleft in two,

Some rocks, with barking seals at play;" are suggestive of anything but falling petals, pink and white, the singer has imparted some heart messages in language pathetic, however artistically faulty.

From Fords Howard and Hulbert, New York, we have received the third volume of NATURE'S MIRACLES, by Elisha Gray, Ph. D. This volume may be said to be the most interesting of Dr. Gray's familiar talks on physical phenomena as it relates particularly to the history and practical applications of the marvelous forces of electricity and magnetism.

The lectures are enlivened by humorous reminiscences of this veteran scientist.

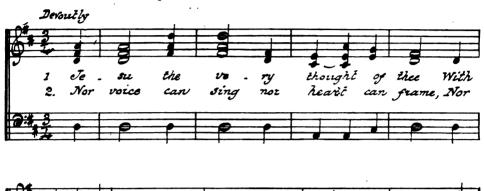
The complete set of three volumes furnishes accurate information to the student of nature.

From W. B. Clarke Company, Boston, we have received Sonos of Sun and SHADOW, by Julian E. Johnstone. These poems and songs evince in the author, a priest by the way, the gift of genuine poetic and lyrical genius. His generous admiration breaks out spontaneously into most truthful description of Nature's beauty and sublimities, while by a happy use of analogies and an energetic expression of lofty thought, tender sentiment and mastering passion, he carries the reader away with him a delighted sharer in his high and large enthusiasm. On every variety of theme he is equal to himself and to his subject—the hills—the sea -the forest-the flowers-the birds-the animals-man-heroes and saints. All are sung with a truthfulness, taste and sweetness which command applause. In a production of such general æsthetic excellence, the admission of so many and such glaring technical faults as are found in these poems is almost unpardonable, because it seems like sheer carelessness on the part of the author and therefore all the more reprehensible as such. Poets are undoubtedly masters and leaders with their captivating who, together sentiment, hand down to uncritical admirers and followers their worst metrical and rythmical blunders, thus doing a detriment to English versification hardly compensated for by the poetic excellence merely of their thoughts. The bare necessities of rhyme can never be excuse for defying all the rules and beauties of metrical composition. Too many feet in a line, causing a halt or a stumble; or, to save the rhythm, provoking the use of outlandish emphasis, accent and pronunciation, are an abomination in English verse not to be forgiven, and the perpetrator of such annoying blunders deserves a reminder something analogous to that which we have seen administered to a soldier of the line when marching out of step-a good blow on the leg from his officer with the flat of his sword.

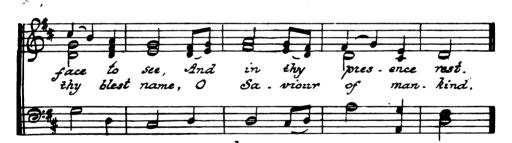
We have received from Benziger Bros. New York (1) THE KING'S PAGE, by Katharine Tynan Hinkson. The story treats of court scenes in the reign of Charles I. of England, and incidentally of the dramatic events that closed the life of that ill-fated monarch. (2) LITTLE Missy, by Mary T. Waggaman, an interesting tale of old Virginia; (3) Old CHARLMONT'S SEED-BED, Sara Trainer Smith, a tale of schoolboy adventure; (4) THE MYSTERIOUS DOORWAY, by Anna T. Sadlier, an entertaining story happily concluded. (5) LIVES OF THE SAINTS FOR CHILDREN, by Th. Berthold. This excellent little work opens with the life of The Child Jesus, which pathetically appeals to every heart. The author relates incidents in the lives of many canonized saints in a manner peculiarly charming to youth. The book is attractively illustrated. The publishers have not only succeeded in making the books durable in printing and binding, but have placed within the reach of all a most appreciable collection of good reading for the home library.

Hymn to the Holy Name of JESUS.

FATHER AYLWARD O.P.







8.
O hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how hind thou art!
How good to those who seek.

O Jesu light of all delow,
Thou Fount of life and fire!
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire!

Thee will I seek, at home, abroad, Who everywhere art nigh;
Thee in my bosom's cell, O Lord,
As on my bed I lie.

CALENDAR FOR JANUARY.

1—THE CIRCUMCISION OF OUR LORD. (Holy day of obligation.) Plenary indulgence for members of the Holy Name Sodality: C. C.; visit church; assist at part of Divine Office; prayers. Plenary indulgence for members of the Living Rosary:

C. C.; visit church; prayers.

2—Octave day of S. Stephen, Protomar-

tyr.

3—Octave day of S. John the Evangelist.
4—Octave day of the Holy Innocents.
Weekly mass for the dead to-day in S.
Dominic's, San Francisco, at 6 o'clock; in
Benicia, at 6:30.

-Vigil of the Epiphany.

5—Vigil of the Epiphany.
6—Epiphany or Manifestation of Our Lord. (First Sunday.) Four Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers for the Pope's intentions. (2) C. C.; procession; prayers. (3) C. C.; assist at the Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in church of the Rosary Confraternity; prayers. (4) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers. A Plenary Indulgence also for members of the Living Rosary: C. C.; visit church; prayers. Communion Mass for Rosarians, 7 A. M. Meeting of S. Thomas' Sanctuary Society, 2:30 P. M. Procession of the Rosary, Sermon and Benediction, 7:30 P. M. 7—Of the octave of Epiphany. Meeting of Rosarian Reading Circle, 8 P. M. 8—Of the octave. assist at the Exposition of the

8-Of the octave.

8—Of the octave.
9—Finding of our Lord with the Doctors in the Temple. Fourth Joyful Mystery of the Rosary. Plenary Indulgence:
C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers.
10—B. Gundisalvus, O. P., Priest.

Requiem High Mass for the Building Association of S. Dominic's, 9

11—Of the octave of Epiphany. 12—Of the octave.

13—Octave of Epiphany. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Holy Name unigence for members of the Holy Name Sodality: C. C.; procession; prayers. Mass for Holy Name Sodality, 7 A. M. Meeting at 3 P. M. Meeting of Men Tertiaries, 2 P. M. Procession of the Holy Name, Sermon and Benediction, 7:30 P. M.

14-S. Hilary, Bishop and Doctor of the Church. Meeting of Young Men's Holy Name Society, 8 P. M. 15—Feast of the Most Sacred Name of

Jesus.

16—B. Stephana, O. P., Virgin. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

17—S. Anthony of the Desert, Abbot.

18—S. Peter's Chair at Rome. Weekly Mass for the Dead.

19—B. Andrew, O. P., Priest. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.) To-day the Novena for the Angelic Warfare begins.

20-SS. Fabian and Sebastian, Martyrs. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary. Meeting of Women Ter-tiaries at 3 P. M.

-S. Agnes of Rome, Virgin and Mar-

tyr.
22—S. Vincent, Deacon and Martyr.
23—S. Raymond, the Third Master-General of the Dominican Order. Plenary Indulgence for all the faithfur. C. C.; visit

a Dominican church; prayers.

24—B. Marcolinus, O. P., Priest. Week-ly Mass for the Dead.

25—Conversion of S. Paul, the Apostle. 26—B. hargaret of Hungary, O. P., Vir-in. (votive Mass of the Rosary.)

gin. (votive Mass of the Rosary.)

27—S. John Chrysostom, Bishop and Doctor of the Church. Plenary Indulgence for all the faithful who have said, in common, five decades of the Rosary three times a week: C. C.; visit any church; prayers.

The devotion of the six Sundays in honor of S. Thomas Aquinas, by way of special preparation for his feast (March 7), will begin on this day. A Plenary Inquigence may be gained on each Sunday on the following conditions: (1) C. C.; (2) Meditation or considerations on the on the following conditions: (1) C. C.; (2) Meditation or considerations on the life or virtues of the Saint; (3) Prayers.

The same indulgences may be gained by those who perform the exercises on the six Sundays immediately following

the Saint's feast.

28—Translation of the relics of S. Thomas Aquinas. Principal Feast for the Angelic Warfare. Members of the Angelic Warfare may gain a Plenary Indulgence: C. C.; visit church; prayers.

Meeting and debate of Young Men's Holy Name Society, 8 P. M.

29—S. Francis de Sales, Bishop and Doctor of the Church, Patron of the Catholic

30—S. Martina, Virgin and Martyr. 31—S. Peter, Founder (with S. Raymond of Pennafort and with King James of Aragon) of the Order of the B. V. M. of Mercy for the Redemption of Captives. Mercy for the Redemntion of Cantives.
The Patron Saints of the Living Rosary

for this month are: For the Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Hilary, Bishop and Doctor; S. Francis of Sales, Bishop; S. Genevieve, Virgin; S. Julian, Martyr; S. Raymond of S. Francis of Sales, Bishop; S. Genevieve, Virgin; S. Julian, Martyr; S. Raymond of Pennafort. For the Five Sorrowful Mysteries—S. Veronica, V.; S. Sebastian, M.; S. Agnes, V. M.; S. Vincent, Martyr; S. Felix of Nola, Martyr. For the Five Glorious Mysteries—S. Adela Widow; S. Titus, Bishop; S. Timothy, Bishop and Martyr; S. Adrian, Abbot; S. Louise of Albertone, Widow.

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THE PRESENT S. DOMINIC'S, BENICIA.

DOMINICANA

FEBRUARY, 1901.

No. 2

DOMINICANS IN CALIFORNIA.

SISTER M. ALOYSIUS, O. P.

III.

mpanion novice of Sister Dominiello was Sister Rose Castro, a of a distinguished Spanish famches of which are still found in parts of our State.

Rose, whose life in the world had nt in a manner similar to that of nd Concepcion, was a religious putation for sanctity may be best d in the words of Archbishop , on hearing of her death: "I



FATHER THOMAS O'NEILL.

t whether we should pray for her r, for Sister Rose was a perfect ." She died in 1878, and was in the feast of Corpus Christi, y significant in its white beauty purity of this chosen soul. Her is in veneration as a Saint, not her own community, but among

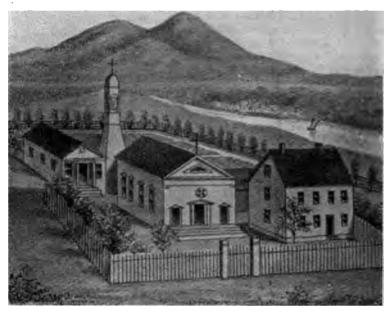
all who knew her during life. No portrait of this holy nun is available.

The first English-speaking student to enter the old Priory at Monterey was Father Thomas O'Neill, at present living in S. Dominic's, San Francisco. This venerable priest is the only surviving member of the Monterey foundation.

On the advice of Bishop Alemany, the young candidate, eager for the priesthood and for the religious state, directed his steps to the community of S. Dominic's, Monterey, in 1852. Cordially received by Father Vilarrasa, the earnest postulant duly passed through all the preliminary stages until he came to the crown of the priesthood, the grace and energy of which he gave unstintedly to God and souls till infirmities compelled his retirement from active duty.

On July 2, 1851, the Most Reverend Father Jerome Gigli, Vicar-General of the Order of Preachers, granted by rescript the petition of Archbishop Alemany and Father Vilarrasa, that a Province might be erected under the title of the Most Holy Name of Jesus, to embrace both Californias. Certain concessions then made were afterwards revoked by Father Vincent Jandel, Master General of the Order, July 30, 1864, but, when Vicar-General of the Order, February 25, 1852, he had made Father Vilarrasa his Commissary, with full Provincial powers, an appointment that remained in force, under successive Generals, till Father Vilarrasa's death. On February 29, 1852, the Congregation of Propaganda, and on February 25, 1864, the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, granted that Dominican Convents might be founded in California. The former decree was directed to Bishop Alemany; the latter to Father Vilarrasa. The authorization included places other than the city of San Francisco.

S. Dominic's Convent, with novitiate, at Monterey, which had been solemnly established February 4, 1852, was transferred to Benicia in 1854. On July 10, 1853, Father Jandel had acceded to the At that time Benicia was considered a town of growing importance, of great promise. Beautifully situated on the Straits of Carquinez, Benicia has been compared to Constantinople on the Golden Horn. This was a favorite illustration with General Sherman. The vessels of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company then anchored in the port of Benicia, whose fine harbor had ample capacity for the largest boats. Situated directly on the way to the Nevada mines, it was justly considered that Benicia town had a most



FORMER S. DOMINIC'S, BENICIA.

petition asking for such removal. In that year the Diocese of Monterey was divided. The northern part of the State was erected into an Archdiocese, under the title of San Francisco. On June 30, 1853, Bishop Alemany was preconized Archbishop of San Francisco, and transferred from Monterey and Los Angeles. Unwilling to lose the Dominicans, whom he had established in the latter diocese, he invited them to remove to his new field of labor.

desirable location. Anticipated results, however, were changed when San Francisco rose to power.

Father Vilarrasa and companions arrived in Benicia on March 16, 1854. The church then in use for the Catholics had been built in 1852 by the Reverend Hugh Gallagher. The altar, a temporary one, upon which the first Mass was said, was the work of a worthy layman. Mr. Thos. Breen now of San Francisco, destined for



the honor of giving a son to the Order. S. Dominic's Priory was duly erected near the little church. In that humble habitation the Fathers lived till 1887, when the increasing number of students necessitated the building of a new priory. The work was happily completed under the direction of Father Thomas Dyson, who was then Prior.

The present church was built from plans drawn by Father Raymond Johns, O. P. It was dedicated March 16, 1890, having been finished during the priorate of Father Reginald Newell.

Distinguished among the first priests of S. Dominic's, Benicia, was the Reverend James Henry Aerden, a native of Belgium. He was born May 15, 1823, and entered the Dominican Order in 1840. Having completed the usual course of theology, he was ordained a priest. Like so many of his countrymen, he was endowed with a missionary spirit, yearning to spend himself for the salvation of his neighbor. Accordingly, he obtained permission to come to the United States.

He arrived in Oregon in 1850, and in



that State and in the country to the north of it he spent seven years, subject to every inconvenience and many hard-

ships laboring amongst the Indian tribes. In 1857 he arrived in Benicia, having been duly affiliated to this Province.

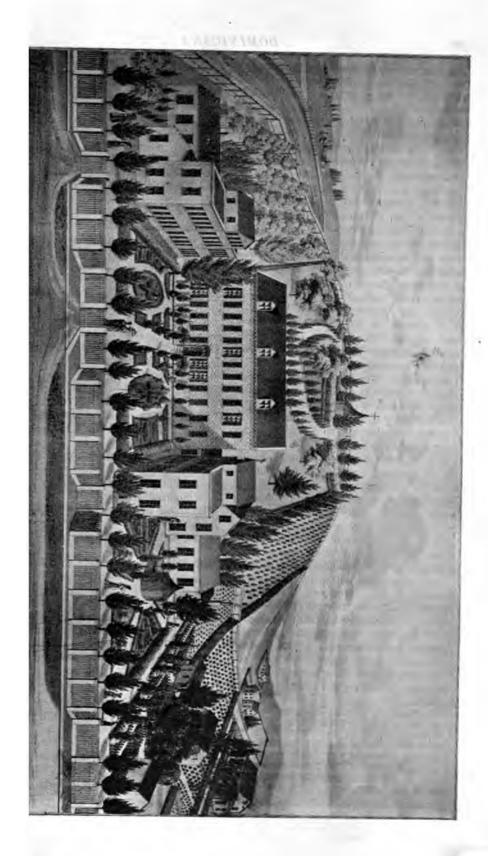
Father Aerden was a man of great zeal, of indomitable energy and intrepidity. fearing no difficulty in the midst of trials and sufferings. A man of fine education, he spoke French, German, Spanish, Portuguese and English with equal facility. He was an excellent Latin scholar, and had also a fair knowledge of Greek and Hebrew. He was an accomplished musician, and composed quite freely for the services of the Church. In theology he ranked high, having successfully taught the sacred science for many years. He was also well versed in the other sciences, the study of which was to him no labor, but a delightful recreation.* That he was naturally a mechanical genius of high rank, his numerous inventions attest.

His spirit was filled with the love of God; he knew no other method of direction than that of love. His constant expression was "Trust in God." And thisperfect trust was the secret of his own serenity.

Father Aerden was the first pastor of S. Brigid's Church, San Francisco, and infact was the designer of the old edifice; he was also the pastor of S. Francis Church, San Francisco, for seven years.**

*As illustrative of his talent we mention the fact that he had constructed aprivate telegraph and telephone, which he personally operated, between the church and railway station. On the occasion of the survey for the road to Mount Diablo, Father Aerden extricated the surveyors from a difficulty that otherwise would have proved insurmountable to them.

**The services of the Order were freely and generously given to the help of the diocesan clergy during the earlier years of Archbishop Alemany's administration, or Archdisnop Alemany's administration, in the management and care of parochial churches. In the year 1863, S. Brigid's Congregation, San Francisco, was organized, and the former church erected by the Dominicans who held the pastorate till 1875. During that period Fathers Aerden, Thomas O'Neill and Mannes Aerden, Thomas O'Nelli and Doogan were successively pastors; Fathers Caldwell, Callaghan, Derham and ers Caldwell, Callaghan, Derham and Horgan assisted at various times. Father Callaghan was chiefly instrumental in in the erection of the old chapel of the Holy Cross, now merged in the present parish of the Holy Cross. From 1867 till 1872 the administration



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He was appointed pastor of S. Catherine's Church, Martinez, in 1875, and discharged its duties till the close of his career. The golden jubilee of his priesthood was fittingly celebrated in S. Dominic's, San Francisco, December, 1895. The sermon on that occasion was preached by the present Vicar-General of this Province, Father Pius Murphy, who had been a pupil of Father Aerden, and could, therefore, fully appreciate the beauty of his master's character.

It was the great desire of Father Aerden to die "in harness," as he was accustomed to express it, and his wish was gratified, as his last illness was only of a few days' duration. He died in Martinez on the feast of his patron, blessed Henry Suso, March 2, 1896.

In August of the year 1854, which had marked the advent of the Dominican Fathers to Benicia, the Sisters arrived, bringing many of their Monterey pupils. The original house which they occupied was a plain wooden building, but around that lowly abode, known, like its predecessor in Monterey, as S. Catherine's Academy, so wide-spread an esteem soon clustered that in a few years there was not sufficient accommodation for all the pupils who applied for admission.

In 1860 the corner-stone of the present brick building, a large, commodious structure, was laid with imposing ceremonies by his Grace, Archbishop Alemany, assisted by the Fathers and Brothers of S. Dominic's Priory.

After the transplanting of the Order in Benicia, a new era was inaugurated. Spanish had been the language of the school in Monterey, but the children of those who came from the Eastern States spoke only English, and so in a short time the beautiful tones of the rich Castilian tongue gave place to our own loved English. Moreover, the Community had

greatly increased, and as the subjects received were no longer Spaniards, the transition to speech and ways American became more pronounced.

Among the first received to the Habit in S. Catherine's were Sisters Raymond and Emily Murphy, sisters of Father Pius Murphy; Mother Joseph Dillon, for many years Mother Provincial; and Sister Mary Thomas Golden, all of whom labored earnestly for many years in the service of the Order.

At that period S. Catherine's shared with Notre Dame College in San Jose the honor of being the foremost educational establishment in California. Great attention was bestowed on the classes. which were in charge of efficient teachers. The music course under Sister Emily Murphy was conducted on European methods while native teachers afforded the best possibilities in the various modern languages. The pupils were also instructed in plain sewing, embroidery, bullion-work and tapestry, which at that period was very popular. In fact, with all our advancement, it is doubtful if many schools are conducted on a better basis to-day. The academy was furnished with every convenience attainable at the time. Its pupils for many years numbered each session more than one hundred and fifty.

Scattered over all parts of the globe today may be found some of the graduates of old S. Catherine's, many of them the children of non-Catholic parents, who had cheerfully recognized the advantages afforded in its well-matured system of training.

Quietly but steadily grew both Communities of the Fathers and Sisters in Benicia, till they were sufficient in number to send out members to establish new Convents in other cities.

From the Priory of Benicia, Fathers are deputed to the pastoral care of Antioch and Martinez, the former having had a resident priest since 1885, the present incumbent being Father Patrick O'Callaghan. Mission churches in Somersville, Todos los Santos, Port Costa, Vallona and other small places are likewise served by our Fathers.

of S. Francis' Church, Vallejo street, San Francisco, was committed temporarily to our Fathers. Their duty was to lift the heavy debt then upon the parish. The task was generously fulfilled by Fathers Vincent, Thomas O' Neill and Aerden, assisted at different times by other members of the Order.



In 1862 it was deemed advisable to open a school in San Francisco. In the pariet of S. Rose of Lima, Brannan street, was the chosen location. The building first occupied by the Sisters for S. Rose's Academy was used as a school during the week and a church on Sundays. The band sent to this foundation consisted of Sisters Catherine. Sebastian. Pius. Francis and Magdalen. The work grew rapidly and soon, as the increasing number of children demanded an increase in the number of teachers, other Sisters were added to the staff.

The following letter from the pen of Sister Catherine May will prove of interest in the history of this foundation:

"San Francisco, May 27, 1862.

"My Dear Sister: Here we are safely lodged in S. Rose's! We reached San Francisco at 4:30 P. M. yesterday, came here directly, and remained till 6 P. M., at which hour we went to the Sisters of Mercy. After supper we joined in the recreation till 9 P. M., when we went to Chapel for night prayers and shortly after retired.

"I was very much afraid that Mother would be ill during the night after her trip, and I was sure that I could never find the Sisters if I needed them in that immense house. But fortunately she kept well.

"Tuesday—We rose this morning at five; Father said Mass at seven. We received Holy Communion, had breakfast after Mass, and then came here. Sister Magdalen and I were busy all the morning sweeping the house. We commenced upstairs and finished at the front door. About ten minutes after we had finished the wind blew such a quantity of sand through the cracks of the floor as to make our work almost useless. The painting is not finished yet; the windows are all washed, and by to-morrow we shall have finished our scrubbing.

"The Archbishop has just paid us a visit. He thinks it would be better to have the kitchen upstairs, but the stove has been already put up downstairs. The domitory is above, so the kitchen would have to be next to it. Mother told his

Grace that it would not be very agr to sleep next to the kitchen and to the smell of the cooking, such a bages boiling, etc., in the sleeping-He said: 'Well, I think the Sisters put up a barrel or two of sour-kronot cook cabbage, so please tell Siz de Ricci not to drink all the vineg fore I get back as we may need so

"In the course of conversation, I asked the Archbishop how muc children should pay for their tuitio said, 'Five Paters and Aves.' W soon be rich at that rate.

"We had two visits from our nex neighbor to-day. She made us a p of a dustpan and some material fo nets. Kind, is she not? Sister Ma, and I had to gather the dust up on a of paper this morning, but we are fine this afternoon. Now, shall I, on I not, give you a description of S. F You have heard so much about it a that I suppose it will be an old st

"Wednesday—We have gone thre great deal since I wrote my last se yesterday afternoon. Before I had to finish, Mother called us to fix the Mr. Kelly put up six bedsteads. Wried up the mattresses, blankets, that is all that is in the dormit yet. After we finished, which took time to do than to relate, we went the Archbishop.

"Well, S. Rose's is one of the macconvenient little houses you ever the front door is behind; you had pass through the parlor to go kitchen, and through the kitchen upstairs; there is one closet large et to stand up in, crooked. Despite that the rooms are inconveniently; they are large enough and have ple light. The ceilings are high enoughment under; you will not be cho any case; if you want a breath of air, all you have to do is to open the windows, and you will have enough to blow you across the be

"Mother would like to know how albs, surplices, altar-cloths, etc made for S. Rose's. It is very for that we do not have to make then although the lady next door said the could use her sewing-machine. I guess she would have to come and use it herself. She is very good to us. Well, perhaps I will finish this after a while. I must send it if possible this afternoon. We have just finished sweeping the schoolroom."

The kind next door neighbor to whom reference is thus made, was Mrs. John O'Kane, the wife of the late John O'Kane, the well-known manufacturer of San Francisco. The difficulties incident to a new foundation gradually were remedied, and the Sisters continued to



SISTER MARY THOMAS.

teach on Brannan street until July, 1878, when S. Rose's Academy was opened on Golden Gate avenue, with accommodations for boarding as well as day pupils. Sister Mary Thomas Golden, who had been Superioress on Brannan street, continued as the head of the new academy. Sister Mary Thomas was born on

Sister Mary Thomas was born on Christmas day, 1840, in New York City, and accompanied her parents to California soon after the discovery of gold. She was of gifted mind and had completed her preliminary studies at the early age of sixteen years when she entered the Order. She was a woman of uncommonly strong character and high literary attainments, which she generously employed in the service of her pupils, directing and encouraging them to the best in the field of letters.

Good literary work under her auspices was done by the society of young ladies called "Rosınas."

She subsequently held the office of Superioress in S. Catherine's, Benicia, and filled a similar position in the Congregation for nearly twenty years. Her characteristic virtue was zeal for souls; but the bodily wants of the poor also claimed her tenderness. She was ever ready to comfort the afflicted. Though suffering for many years from a chronic disorder, she never complained, but kept on duty till within a short period of her death, which occurred in S. Catherine's Convent, Benicia, December, 1896.

On October 6, 1893, S. Rose's Academy was burned; the ruin was complete. The Sisters were offered by the late Father Flood, Pastor of the Sacred Heart Church, the opportunity of resuming their academic work in his parish. Availing of his kind invitation, the work of S. Rose's Academy continued under the shadow of Sacred Heart cross, till the opening of the new S. Rose's on Scott street, in October, 1900.

It is a pleasure in the discharge of a duty of reverent gratitude to put on record the sentiments of devotion with which the memory of this esteemed priest is treasured by the Dominican Sisters of the Congregation of the Holy Name.

On November 25, 1868 Sisters Mary Albert and Henry were sent to S. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, San Rafael, to take charge of the department of house-keeping, as the children had been much neglected by the hired help of the institution. The Reverend P. Birmingham, who was in charge of S. Vincent's, was greatly rejoiced at the arrival of the two Sisters, who were very soon joined by two others in view of the growing work. Archbishop

^{*}Sister Mary Thomas was the daughter of Mr. Thomas Golden, one of our noble pioneers, whose death occurred during the past year.

Alemany considered that the diocese was too poor to recompense the Sisters for their labors, but he assured the willing Sisters that a blessing would rest on S. Catherine's which would be of greater value than gold or silver.

The Sisters soon found that no attention whatever had been paid to the personal cleanliness of the children. They had a hard task to perform and for many days, before they succeeded in bringing this department to becoming order, but their labors were sweetened by the

Croke, who then had charge of the asylum and who assigned a salary to the teaching Sisters.

A few years later, when the charge of the Orphanage was given to Father W. D. McKinnon, the entire school was taught by the Sisters. They continued their work until August 15, 1895, when S. Vincent's was placed under the care of the Christian Brothers, in whose charge it still remains.

Vallejo, a beautifully situated town at the head of San Pablo Bay, and about



ST. VINCENT'S CHURCH AND SCHOOL, VALLEJO.

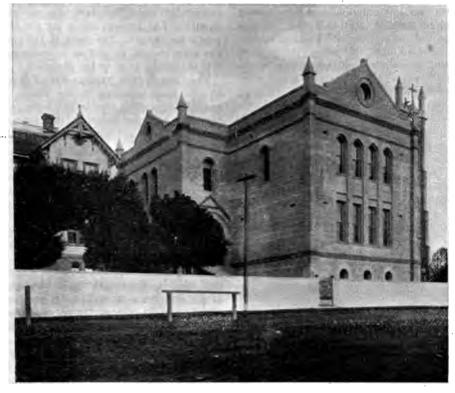
thought that they were working for Him who for us had become a little child, and whose promise that the least service rendered to His poor would be reckoned as done unto Himself was a constant stimulus to their charity. For many years they continued their noble work without any pecuniary recompense.

In August, 1885, two Sisters were sent to instruct the younger boys. This was in answer to the request of Father James seven miles from Benicia, had been for several years served by the Dominican Fathers from the latter place. The first resident pastor was Father Louis Daniels, O. P., who began his labors in 1865. One of his earliest steps was an effort to provide for the education of his youthful flock by establishing a day school, which was opened September, 1870.

Sister M. Raymond Murphy was appointed Superioress. The following

Sisters accompanied her: Sisters M. Alicia, M. Elizabeth, M. Alphonse and M. Angela. Sister M. Raymond, a native of Quebec, was born October 21, 1837, and came to California with her parents in 1849. Shortly after the opening of the Convent in Monterey, Mr. Murphy, her father, acting on the advice of Archbishop Alemany, placed his two daughters, Eliza and Ellen, in the new school. Eliza, subsequently known as Sister M. Raymond, had already made consider-

culty in mastering any subject that she undertook, but her great talent was for mathematics, in which she ranked above the ordinary. She held the office of Secretary and Bursar for several years after her Profession, during which time she displayed such unusual talent for business that her Superiors recognized her special fitness to direct an academy. She was accordingly appointed to the government of S. Vincent's, Vallejo. She also founded the Convents of S. Agnes',



S. VINCENT'S SCHOOL AND CONVENT, VALLEJO.

able progress in her studies, and in a short time finished the prescribed course. She accompanied the Sisters to Benicia when the Convent was transferred from Monterey, and took the Habit of the Order on January 23, 1856. She was the first of the Sisters' pupils to enter the Novitiate. Sister Raymond's intellect was of a high order. She found no diffi-

Stockton, and S. Mary's, San Leandro. Her administrative ability made the institutions in which she labored models of their kind.

Being naturally systematic, she could not tolerate any lack of order in those over whom she was placed. She was of a remarkably cheerful temperament, and dearly did she love to narrate some amusing incident for the enjoyment of her companions at their evening's recreation. She suffered all her religious life from ill-health, but bore her sufferings with admirable patience, amounting even to joyousness, accepting all as being God's will in her regard.

In her last illness those around her, accustomed to seeing her suffer, thought she would again rally, but Sister Raymond felt that for her the hour of death had come, and prepared herself with perfect equanimity of spirit. Her cheerfulness continued even to her last moments. With perfect consciousness she calmly expired March 2, 1891.



FATHER LOUIS DANIEL, O. P.

Having drawn a pen-picture of its first Superioress, we shall proceed with S. Vincent's foundation. The first church in Vallejo was built in 1865, and was named S. Vincent's in honor of S. Vincent Ferrer. When the Sisters arrived the old church building was fitted up for day pupils, and the Community lived in a building adjoining. From the beginning everything requisite for the comfort of the Sisters was provided. General Frisbie, who is yet living in Vallejo, took a lively interest in the Convent. and has

been one of its greatest benefactors. But to attempt to name individual friends in Vallejo would be out of the question, as the Catholic people have ever responded most liberally to every call on the part of the pastor, while gifts to the Sisters were looked upon not as a duty but as a special privilege.

As the school grew new buldings were added till 1893, when Father Louis Daniel, O. P., built the magnificent brick structure, which at present is one of the handsomest parochial schools in California. Prior to 1893 girls only were received, but since that date boys are also admitted. At present about six hundred pupils are taught. The work in the various departments, as well as in music and art, is in the hands of the Sisters.

The Church of S. Vincent Ferrer is one of the most imposing in our State. It has a commanding site on the brow of a hill, and to those entering the town It forms the most attractive feature of the view.

Father Louis, who was pastor for nearly thirty years, was one of those characters that impresses itself upon us as being chosen for a special work. He was a model priest, the "good shepherd" of the Gospel narrative; no burden that he did not lighten, nor trouble that he did not soothe. He was a devoted religious, and though living out of his Priory through obedience to his superiors, he faithfully practiced nis conventual rule so far as conditions permitted. He was most exact in the performance of duty and an example of punctuality. Of a kindly, sympathetic nature, gentle and refined in manner, he had a strong power for gaining friends and retaining them. Only on the accounting day will it be known how much misery has been relieved through his generous and charitable efforts, for he ever kept in view the Scriptural injunction, "let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

His death occurred June 17, 1896, in the midst of those he loved so well. His successor is the present incumbent, Reverend M. Doogan, O. P.

THE SECRET OF GROSSMEISTER CLIFFS.

MARGARET D. O'BRIEN.

CHAPTER XXIV.—RETROSPECTIVE.

Le Petit Rugen stands near the Aar, in the baliwick of Interlachen. In its neighborhood are several granite cliffs, which seem to have been upheaved by some strong internal paroxysm of the earth's bosom. From many of these you have charming views of the Interlachen plains, with their two lakes, the mountains towards the south, Jungfrau in its beauty and the magnificent ruins of Castle Unspunnen a little to the north. The domain of this castle at one time extended from the entrance of the gorge Lütschiners to the shores of Lake Brienz.

We know nothing of the origin of this castle, nor the precise epoch at which it ceased to be inhabited, nor when a new castle sprang into being in sight of its battlements and towers; but towards the close of 184— it was inherited by Count Guy Urford, a remote descendant of the House Unspunnen, who immediately took up his abode in the new castle.

Guy Urford had two children, a son and a daughter. His son was named after himself, Guy. He married Mary of Weissenbourg, who died shortly after the birth of their child, Erl. His daughter became the wife of Wallenstein and the mother of Carl. The young Erl was Carl's junior by two years. Upon the death of Lady Urford, Mrs. Wallenstein and her husband went to live with the Count. Mrs. Wallenstein was a mother to Erl up to his ninth year, when her health began to fail and physicians ordered her to try the climate of the new world. This was a great trial; it would separate her from her brother and his child, whom she loved as her own son, but the Count, her brother, urged her to go, and she felt it was due to her husband and her son to make this sacrifice to prolong her life.

Mr. Wallenstein sailed some months before his wife and son, purchased a place in Virginia, and there he received them with hope and love. Mrs. Wallenstein rallied for several years, when one bright morning, fortified by all the blessings of holy Church, she passed from earth to her home, we trust, in Heaven! Mr. Wallenstein was deeply grieved and the young Carl sorely orphaned, for the bond between mother and son was stronger than that which existed between him and his father. Carl was then sent back to his uncle. Erl and he were to study together at the castle under tutors until ready for the university. loved his books and made rapid progress, while Erl cared only for sports; give him horses, dogs and guns, but keep all books out of his sight. He was a handsome lad, tall for his age, lithe and graceful, brilliant dark eyes, golden hair and a sunny smile-generous and kind naturally, but of an impetuous disposition, overbearing and passionate. Even as a boy his anger, while it lasted, rendered him a maniac. He was wont to obey no will but his own. His whim was his law to those who served him. The old Count knew this, yet made no effort to correct him. "He is but a lad, brave and manly," he argued, "by and by reason will teach him better."

Years passed; Erl was twenty-one. Carl twenty-three; both had completed their university course. One came out with his mind richly stored, his heart pure as the snows of the mountains around him and laden with honors; the other, knowing little of any science, but more desirous than ever for pleasure.

A few months previous to the boys' return, the overseer of Unspunnen died. Count Urford wished to engage the services of a man expert in modern improvements and methods to fill the place of the late overseer. A knowledge of engineering and surveying were necessary, as the Count had agreed with the government to build a road from Unspunnen to Berne. This would be diffi-

cult, he would be obliged to blast some granite boulders. The person employed must be worthy of trust. His salary would equal his responsibility; no one would interfere in his business so long as he carried out the conditions of the contract. Thus Count Urford wrote to Mr. Wallenstein Sr., in Virginia; the thought in America to find men fitted to undertake the work. Wallenstein, as we have seen, was given to solitude; he wished to have no further intercourse with the world; so he mailed the Count's letter to the office of Pierson & Co., Baltimore, with a few lines begging Mr. Pierson, as his agent, to attend to the matter. Mr. Pierson advertised, and from the many who presented themselves he chose Hans Schaefer, then about forty years of age, an expert engineer. The day on which schaefer called was a busy one at the office, so Mr. Pierson had not much time to study his physiognomy. Hans promised to be ready for the "Hamburg." which would sail in a few days. This ship would bring him to the port nearest "Le Petit Rugen"; thence he would travel overland to his destination.

About three years before he left America Mr. Schaefer had married a pretty, frail German girl, who died shortly after the birth of a daughter, Lell, their only child. This girl's mother, Mrs. Fernbach a widow, with her little grandniece, Ida Stern, and a nurse, Baubet Hesse, had come from a small town on the Elbe to Philadelphia; thence they moved to Baltimore. Here Schaefer met Louise Fernbach and married her. About a year after, Mrs. Fernbach died. On her death-bed she asked Baubet to promise that she would never desert the two girls. We have seen, in part, how Baubet kept her promise.

Hans Schaefer, with his baby daughter, Ida Stern and Baubet, settled down on the farm prepared for them at Unspunnen. Ida was about seventeen, bright and virtuous, but very easily led, either by fear or love. Her grand-aunt had her well educated for a girl of her means. She was fairly accomplished; she could sketch, play piano and guitar and sing with the ability of the average girl of her

age and circumstances; she was domestic in her tastes. Home had charms for her that she found nowhere beyond its threshold; solitude was her second nature; hence the transfer from a crowded American city to a picturesque Swiss farm was a source of joy, not of sorrow.

Mr. Schaefer's management of the work entrusted to him at first gave satisfaction to the Count and to the government employees, who came from time to time to see what progress was made. Everything promised well; the hands spoke highly of his justice and moderation; he paid regularly and was not exacting in regard to labor. When difficult labor was in question and great skill was required, he gave a hand himself and made the work easy. By degrees matters changeu. No one could tell exactly how or where the change began, but all were cognizant of the fact. Hans Schaefer was cheating, either the government or the Count. The men knew not which, nor could they decisively point out wherein. Some thought themselves prejudiced against him and they determined to banish it from their minds. An incident, however, related by a fellowlaborer, revived and strengthened the impression. Several of the men, old retainers of the Count, went once to represent matters to him; but he refused to hear them. They resolved to let things take their course. Thus it was when the young Count and Carl returned from the university. Hans Schaefer read both at a glance; he could master the younger, he thought, but the elder; he shook his head—he was a "stiffener." Carl read Schaefer fairly, and the latter instinctively felt this. From the first hour he nursed enmity for Carl, who had never done him any wrong.

During his rides Erl frequently met Hans, chatted carelessly with him; learned where the best shooting was to be found, what streams had most fish and such other matters as amused his fancy and gave additional zest to his sports.

One afternoon Erl and Carl, on their way from Berne, took a "short cut" to the castle; this led them by some solitary

rocks, favorites of Ida's. At the time she was seated there reading. Very beautiful she looked amid soft ferns and silverwhite blossoms, while the shadows of tall trees close by played hide-and-seek about her.

"Is she not pretty?" said Erl, when he passed.

"Who?"

"Why, that girl among the rocks. What hair and eyes!"

"I merely knew a person was there. I never noticed."

"Eyes and no eyes," Erl whistled. Carl smiled.

A few times afterwards Erl passed Ida in his rides; he raised his cap, and, boylike, rode faster, trotted or paced to show off himself and his steed. One day Ida took her work-basket and began to ascend a steep hill in sight of some men then at work. Baubet had given her a message for Schaefer, and she knew he would have to pass that way to reach the men. She had nearly reached the summit when a ball of silk she had been using for crochet dropped from the basket and rolled down. In her girlish way she laughed as she saw it disappear round the corner of a projecting rock. "Naughty ball," she said aloud; "I will not go after you, I shall wind you over." Seating herself, she began to wind the silk. This went on nicely for a minute or more, when all at once it was caught. She bore gently on the thread, turned it first one way, then another; in vain, she was obliged to descend. "You obstinate little ball," she apostrophized, as she came near the rock, her brown curls tossed about her neck and shoulders, scarcely held back by her tiny velvet cap. "You obstinate, saucy ball, I shall meet you again and punish you." Turning the corner she looked up, before her stood the heir of Unspunnen, a bright smile on his handsome face, the apostrophized ball in his hand and his dogs lying panting at his feet.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Stern. I could not forbear availing myself of Ariadne's clew to gain a long-desired introduction. I am Erl Urford, at your service, and the cause of this poor ball's ebstinacy."

Ida felt embarrassed; how was she to act? Erl's quiet self-possession soon set her at her ease; he, too, wanted Schaefer; he would walk up the hill and wait for him. There he stood for a while, watching the men and chatting of the scenes around. Ida wondered afterwards at the courage with which she expressed her opinions of persons and places.

Thus Schaefer found them. He appeared annoyed at the acquaintance; but when he noticed the respect with which the young Count treated Miss Stern, his spirits rose and he began plans for the future. Here was a means of getting into power, and woe to the man that should counteract his designs. From that hour Hans contrived a daily meeting between Ida and Erl.

A friend of the Urford family saw through the engineer's manœuvres and mentioned the subject to the old Count. He pshawed the whole matter; it was a mistake. Erl, his son, would never lower the honor of his house by marrying beneath him; much less by choosing Hans Schaefer's niece. The friend shook his head and looked grave; the father was indignant. "His son, the heir of Unspunnen, the direct line of the Urfords, was mate for a princess." The old man drew himself up proudly and dismissed the subject.

CHAPTER XXV.—FATHER AND SON.

Carl was then studying law under the Count's lawyer, Mr. Hermann Erdhart. One day both were in the library over their books, when Erl came in with his gun, walked around a few times, hummed the latest waltz, then threw himself into an easy chair, looked on for a while at the two men earnestly working, and finally exclaimed:

"Say, Carl, can't you put away that eternal book and talk awhile to a fellow. I am dead tired!"

"Doing nothing," said Carl, as he closed his book and glanced at his watch. "Thank you, Mr. Erdhart, I shall come back on that point; our time is up." The lawyer bowed and stepped into the garden.

"I don't know how you like that man," remarked Erl, when Erdhart was out of

hearing, "I can scarcely tolerate him."

"He is honest," Carl said, slowly; and added: "I reciprocate your feeling in regard to Schaefer."

"Oh, let Schaefer be." Erl's face assumed a dogged expression.

"No, Erl," pursued Carl, in his firm, even tone. "I gave up my work and dismissed Mr. Erdhart in order to speak seriously to you of Mr. Schaefer and of one related to him."

"I am deeply grateful for your interest, fair cousin; pity you are rich, else my gratitude could assume a tangible form."

"No scorn, Erl, nor sarcasm; you know I love you as a brother. I have proved it more than once, and I come now in spite of your anger, perhaps indignation, to—"

"Why, man, what are you at? I care naught for your love-making; speak out as a man."

Carl, being stung, notwithstanding previous resolutions, spoke more pointedly than he had intended.

"Then to the point. Do you intend to make Miss Stern the future Countess of Unspunnen?"

"Ha! ha! ha! Who appointed you my master? Why should I account for my actions to you? What authority have you? In title—"

"I am of your blood, though untitled: your equal in birth and in physical and intellectual qualities, and above you in fortune. I say this to remind you of the man with whom you speak. It is for your sake I broach the subject. to save the dignity of your family, which you seem willing to bring low!"

"And suppose I am proud of my dignity and yet willing to bring it to what you term low; and suppose I do choose to marry Hans Schaefer's niece, who shall prevent me? Who shall stand between me and my will? You? I would shoot you down as a sparrow! The old man within? Let him dare—"

Erl's face was purple. Carl, seeing his passion growing, seized his arm.

"Erl, he calm; listen to reason!"

He shook his hand off. "Reason! Who reasons? You? I will not reason. Miss Stern shall be the Countess of Unspunnen. I will tell him," he pointed

to his father's study, "now, now. You shall not have the first tale; he is yonder." He strode to the old Count's study and entered. The father at the moment being occupied with papers of great importance did not look up, so he was happily ignorant of what he might expect had he seen his son's face. With a harsh laugh Erl leaned over the back of his father's chair and said in his most careless voice:

"I have news for you, old man!"

"News, my boy, let us hear it."

"Ha! ha! ha! hope it may please. Tomorrow I marry Miss Ida Stern." The
old man leaped to his feet; a spasm of
pain shot across his noble countenance,
but he quickly recovered his dignity,
then turned toward his son. "In that
case to-morrow I have no son—Unspunnen no heir of my name." He resumed
his seat and his writing. Erl laughed;
took the words as a joke; hummed his
favorite love song, turned out on the
veranda, whistled for his dogs and went
to seek Hans Schaefer.

The old Count struck a gong.

"Ask Mr. Erdhart to come to me," he said to the footman, "and send word to Schaefer that I want to see him immediately." Mr. Erdhart came.

"A few days ago you drew up my will, supposed to be my last."

"Yes, my lord."

"Here it is; burn it." The lawver cast the parchment into the flames. The old Count paced, while, with bursts of anger and indignation, he told of his son's resolution and dictated another will. by which he disinherited Erl and left all his possessions to Carl Wallenstein. This document was so claused that no counterwill of Carl's could restore the properties to Erl. When it was settled to his satisfaction he said, "Make this codicil: 'Upon the death of Erl Urford the said Carl Wallenstein or his heirs will be at liverty to pension the widow and family, should there be any. The amount to equal the rent of Unspunnen Farm at Spitzen. This pension must not be vaid until Carl Wallenstein, or his heirs, have positive proof of the said Erl Urford's death."

ichaefer?" suggested Erdhart.
'er! The sc—!" The door
n the word. Schaefer stood, hat
before his lord; he overheard
il and the reference to himself.
cried the old Count beside himrage. "Go, be off my lands imr. Pay him a year's salary in
Erdhart. Let him begone."
t you. May it please you, my
know that I overheard the kind

ou were about to apply to me!" vesdropper ever heard anything himself. Begone, man, begone; age my presence."

or left, vowing vengeance on llenstein. Erl had said, "Only things might have gone off "

xt morning a carriage and suite waiting to bear the young Count nearest chapel. Ida Stern was rsuaded to consent to the hasty; both Erl and Hans said it was ood, the old man would relent. only to sue for pardon, when all forgiven and forgotten.

will be Countess, Ida! Think the you owe me; this is a proof tratitude, to lift me into power." axed and wheedled, overruling flection. He then rubbed his id chuckled. Baubet held out to only Ida's misery had any force. She despised Hans Schaefer trained very slight regard for the ount of Unspunnen; but, seeing

Ida's happiness threatened, she remembered the promise made long ago to that frail mother, who, in her agony, besought her to see to the welfare of these children, given to her as a precious charge. Today the cry rings in her ears; that woman's agonized face rises before her, and, swayed by its pain, she turns to the weeping girl, and says: "Yes, I consent. Dress; I shall go with you."

Oh! how bitterly Baubet rued this weakness; how often she recalled with anguish of heart the first day Erl Urford set foot on her floor.

As Erl crossed his father's hall to the carriage, Miss Stanley (afterwards Countess Alworth), her brother Howard and Herr Sternbach entered to visit the old Count; they noticed the galety of the suite in the courtyard and the attire of the young Count. Too well-bred to give any outward expression of surprise, they exchanged greetings and went their ways. Count Urford received his guests with his usual courtesy. No word or action led them to suspect that his heart was crushed by the ingratitude of his son; that a few seconds previously his yearning eyes had looked their last on him whom he loved most; nor that he had just signed and sealed a document that rendered him childless. Afterwards. when circumstances of that day and hour became public they recalled, with emotion, the old lord's urbanity and calmness.

To be continued.

THE ORIGIN OF THE SNOWDROP.

HARRIET M. SKIDMORE.

r brought Poverty's tribute-sign, lowy doves for the lawful rite, to the Temple its Lord Divine, ed to prophetic sight.

dimittis!" glad Simeon cries—
rapture thrilleth in each fond
rd!)
tht of the Nations hath blessed
ne eyes,
y lifelong prayer is heard."

e Maiden-Mother, the Undefiled, , went out from the Sacred ice,

And she held the Form of her blessed Child

In a reverent, fond embrace.

But a marvel follows her holy feet!

They melt the snow from the winter's sod,

And a Miracle-Flower, most fair and

And a Miracle-Flower, most fair and sweet, Is blossoming where she trod!

In the Faith-bright ages, when Poesy
Could souls with heavenly light illume,
'The Snow-Drop of Mary," thus named
they thee,
O winter-time's brave, white bloom!

THE ROSARY IN ART.

THE FINDING IN THE TEMPLE.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

The joy of finding! Our Lord Himself dwells upon this in His parables, a joy which has at heart the pathos of a never to be spoken anguish outlived, triumphed over, and which has the charm of April sunshine after an April shower; of tears on the long lashes of eyes that now beam with untold happiness. Our Lady's joys and sorrows lay so close together, side by side, giving a tenderness to her joys which has something exquisitely human in it, and which draws our hearts by the subtlest charm of sympathy. We can rejoice with her, for have we not sorrowed with her? Have we not kept at her side during that three days' search through the holy city for Him who was more than a son, who was her Creator, her Redeemer, her one Hope as He is ours?

It is hard to understand why our Blessed Lady was subjected to this great sorrow, for there had been no neglect of duty to her son to be expiated by this inexplicable grief. Why should Mary's heart be pierced before the time and at the hand of her own son? Why could He not have appeared in the temple, have joined Himself, as it were, to the group of doctors whose office it was to explain the sacred Scriptures to all who were disposed to hear but intended, during the great festivals, to attract strangers from distant countries who might have at home few opportunities to have the signification of the prophecies set before them-and still have given to His mother the satisfaction of knowing where he was? These are questions which rise naturally to our minds, while there flits before our imagination the figure of a boy of twelve years, with a form so ethereal that we might take the figure for a spirit descended from Paradise; invisible, we can believe, to the eyes of those nearest to him; without any mortal necessities; gliding unseen into the chambers of the sick, of the dying, to leave a mysterious

relief from pain, an unexpected brightening of the flame of life; leaving everywhere consolations and the step untiring_ It is as if the Omnipotent will in that child of twelve years, subject with such docility to the will of Mary and Joseph, had suddenly asserted itself: but when on that third day the invisible One became visible, who could hope to give the charm of that youthful face, the grace of the youthful figure, drawing modestly near to the group of doctors, as if to be instructed by their interpretations of the Sacred Writ? There was not the shadow of self-assertion; it was youth seeking knowledge; knowledge which is the sweetest of nutriment to the young as honey is to the bee. What pharisee or saducee, what rabbi or master, could be indifferent to the face turned towards them with such diffidence? First the eyes of the Boy questioned, then his tonque; = and then, as naturally as drops of rain fall into each other, the Boy had joined the group of doctors, "hearing them and asking them questions." There was no challenge to disputations unbefitting His age; but as His inquiries grew on His tongue, as the wisdom of His answers to their own questionings addressed to sowonderful a child filled them with as. tonishment, a place on the bench of doctors was ceded to Him instinctively; until they seemed to be learning from Him, even while requiring Him to explain the weighty matters of the law, as the pupil to his masters. It was at this point, when the doctors had forgotten to address themselves to those who had come to hear them, when all present were in admiration at this prodigy of wisdom, that two figures moved, at first slowly, through the crowd gathered around this unheard of group, then, catching a glimpse of the beloved face which they had sought in vain for three days, their first impulse seemed to be to

oward Him, until the unwonted of that Boy of twelve years held 1em for a moment. Never had never had Joseph, beheld such a tation of divine wisdom as shone 1e countenance, the entire figure, youthful Jesus. The first thought have been one of almost impasreproach, but a gentle awe stole e soul of Mary before her Child. d suffered, oh, how cruelly, we say; but the sorrow of the prosearch, the anguish of what a vain search, the agony of loss tore ner soul, were all forgotten, e could only stretch forth her while a joy past believing, almost e living through, quivered through nerve of her body, held, transevery faculty of her soul, and as as when she roused Him from the cave of Bethlehem she said. 'hy hast Thou done so to us? Behy Father and I have sought Thee ng."

.nnotations upon this scene as narthe second chapter of the gospel t Luke, by the Most Rev. Francis Kenrick, D.D., and also the comupon it by the Abbé Constant in his life of our Lord, translated rge F. X. Griffith, give the key to interpretation of this event, and ough so many ages, through its es, so docile tot he voice of the gives the same interpretation. iged to one of our own day,* to it our Lord in this scene with the doctors as a forward boy, bold, erting, contradicting utterly the ion given by the gospel narrative; icting also every tradition of art: s at this very point that art has ossession of our mystery.

gin with Giotto, whose wonderful at conceiving and executing was I by his fidelity to traditions and his piety, which gave the key interpretation of events. Four are seated on benches, full of atlistening to a demonstration, it

would seem, of some question proposed by them to the youth seated on an elevated bench indeed, but with a gentleness in His mien, a deference to those wise men in Israel, although crowned with His nimbus, that we feel as if the place had been for some reason assigned to Him rather than taken by Himself. His right hand and arm are quietly extended, not disputatiously but through earnestness, and the attitude of His listeners shows the intense interest with which He is followed. It is upon this scene that Mary and Joseph appear; the Virgin Mother in her mantle, on her shoulder a star, both hands raised and gently extended toward her Son, expressing admiration as well as joy. At her side is Saint Joseph, to whom one of the four doctors seems to be pointing out the wonderful youth who has so won their hearts by His wisdom and gentleness. The simplicity of conception, a literal rendering of the words of the gospel, in this picture, might well give a type to succeeding generations of artists.

A picture by Giovanni da Udine, the friend and co-laborer of Raphael, gives an ideal representation of this scene, treated altogether as a mystery, and throwing wonderful light upon the significance of the mystery itself. The young Redeemer sits among the Jewish doctors, while in front of Him stand the four Latin Fathers of the Church, who flourished between the fourth and sixth centuries of the Christian era, holding their books, but looking or pointing at Jesus as the source of their wisdom. This is in the Academy at Venice.

In the gallery at Vienna is a charming picture by Spagnoletto, which gives the youthful gentleness of the Divine Boy. How beautiful the ager face, the hand grasping the arm of the chair from which He has half risen in earnestness, the right arm and index finger raised heavenward while He inclines toward a turbanned doctor scanning critically a book on a table, around which press five heads of doctors, all distinguished and scholarly, while a crowd presses forward from the rear eager to listen. The Virgin Mother and Saint Joseph are both noble, both

man's (we are sorry to say) popuure of what he calls the "Dispute e Doctors in the Temple."

entering sympathetically into this wonderful manifestation of a wisdom which each one felt to be superhuman.

Among the Düsseldorf series of religious prints is one of this subject by Ittenbach. The youthful Christ, modest, no more than twelve years of age, is on a bench of honor. His robe is most quietly disposed, as well as the one raised hand, which is supremely gentle in its pose; the hair parted in the middle of the forehead falls in waves to the shoulders, and the serene eyes meet tranquilly the sharp, searching ones of an eager questioner, who is leaning on the arm of the raised bench with the index finger pointed toward the youth as if to insure His swift reply. Around them, on each side, are groups, standing, sitting, but all awaiting the reply to the question propounded with the most profound interest. One to the right in the foreground, whose back only is seen, but with a volume on his knee, seemsto have been distracted by the coming of Mary and Joseph; the Mother in a rapture of admiration, Saint Joseph at her side, his joyfully clasped hands just noticeable above her shoulder. The whole scene is one of exultation on the part of Mary, of youthful modesty, veneration for age and wisdom on the part of the youthful Jesus; of profound reverence for a wisdom surpassing theirs in a way not to be understood on the part of the Jewish doctors. And these doctors? "This congregation," writes the Abbé Fouard, "was not unworthy to hearken to Him, for it was made illustrious by men of most venerable authority; Hillel, revered as the peer of Moses, habited still in all the majesty of a noble old age; the unyielding Shammai, who bound all that Hillel loosed; Jonathan, son of Uziel, whose speech was so flery that the birds (says the Talmud) as they passed above his head were either burned or were transformed into seraphim. Grouped about these, the parents of Jesus might have seen Rabban Simeon as well, he who had foretold to Mary her future griefs; probably there, too, were Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, whom grace was soon to allure. But even more than the aspect of this company did the part played by their Son overwhelm them with amazement. He in whom thus far they had seen only a thoughtful, recollected Child, sedulous to conceal the Divinity inherent in Him—now discloses Himself suddenly as a superior Being, overawing by His questions and replies those old men of consummate learning."

Overbeck gave two masterly renderings of this scene; one which expresses as no other picture we know of does the anguish of the three days' loss, and another which gives, with a sort of supreme tenderness, the joy of the finding. The Child Jesus is sitting on a pile of tomes on the floor. Some of the doctors are seated, with profound attention, on their benches. One seems to have withdrawn from the group to study out the subject propounded for solution from an ancient authority; two, in a desk or rostrum which overlooks the group, are searching earnestly in another tome for this same solution. submitted to the Boy of twelve, one indicating to the other some passage in point; but to the left, so as to leave the Child. Jesus to be seen, stand four venerable figures, deeply, seriously, candidly intent= upon the answer which He is giving, the one in front bending over Him with an almost pataetic anxiety to know what this supernatural Child, with His calm face: turned upward to meet his anxious one, can teach him. To the right as we look at the picture appears the glad Joseph; his staff is in one hand, and his right = raises the cap on his head in salutation, his face radiant with joy. At his side, but one step below him, comes Mary, her hands lifted quietly in the excess of her happiness, the beautiful young profile just visible, in which is a tender meekness not to be put into words, the whole charming figure inclining towards Him who is her only joy. A festive look is even further given by vases full of flowers in the alcoves on each side of the rostrum.

But our school of to-day, our Beuron, Benedictine School, has given an illustration to this mystery too precious to be omitted. The youthful beauty of the Child Jesus is entrancing. No conception yet embodied in any picture I know re-

The oval face has the length 's of twelve; the simplicity of the altogether as youthful. He is n the high base of a double colmected by classic garlands to two plumns. It would seem to be a an instructor, intended for some which lead four steps all richly To one side are five doctors, who en occupied with the rolls beside hile in the hand of the Boy Jesus. on his knee, is an open volume. either Boy nor doctor is now occuh grave questions, for directly op-) them appear the Virgin Mother it Joseph. She comes close to the ises her rapturous, yet still queshands, looks into the eyes of her One, and the sweet words, "Son, t Thou done so to us?" come from The Boy's eyes meet His Moth-1 the hand is raised slightly in expostulation, as if saying, 'Did know that I must be about My business?"

narming as this representation of stery is, in conception and techhere is one nearer to us, dearer ne of which we see the blank res we lift our eyes from the paper, en the interior is illuminated its nd tints are distinct to the eye; all its resplendent color every ; at Mass; for it is a window in tutiful Holy Name, our parish executed by the John Hardman y of London, whose chief designer . Powell, a man of the deepest nd whose imagination was literped in patriotic love, to whom the of the church was as familiar as lar calendar. This window erectnor of the Holy Family, has seems, ever since its coming, as the autiful in its designs, as well as t significant in its decorations, of idow this side of the Atlantic. 3 not the space of two inches un-I by a form which has a sacred s, and this without breaking the ty of the groups. The middle porgiven up to the workshops at Naz-

areth. Below this is the "Return from Egypt." the Blessed Virgin riding, we may believe, on the same donkey which bore her and her still unborn fruit from Nazareth to Bethlehem, from Bethlehem to Jerusalem, thence to Egypt on their flight, and now returns with them to Nazareth, led by the Boy Jesus, to whom the donkey keeps ever a head bowed in worshipful reverence, while the Mother, with clasped hands, gazes ever upon her Divine Child, now her adorable Leader. Below, in a narrow compartment, is that yoke of obedience which the Child Jesus bore for thirty years with such loving sweetness.

But our mystery stands above all these in two traceries of the Gothic print. On one tracery's space are the doctors, seated, in richly embroidered robes and phylacteries, while before them stands the Boy Jesus, emphatically the modest Hebrew Boy before the venerable scholars of His nation. There could be nothing lovelier than this youthful figure, fixing on itself the attention of those who are proposing to Him questions. The other tracery's space is given to the Blessed Virgin and Saint Joseph, who have just caught sight of the Divine Child, and are pressing toward Him with all the ardor of adoring affection.

The ancient yoke resting among thorns is one of those delicate allusions to a great fact which Mr. Powell knew so well how to introduce into a design, and brings us to that touching close of the Gospel narrative: "And He went down with them and came to Nazareth, and He was subject to them." What a lesson to the intellectual pride so natural to all ages, the youth and the sage Well may we try to picture to ourselves the wonderful Boy of twelve years, meekly leaving His auditors between His Virgin Mother and Foster Father; the uplift of supernatural wisdom still on His brow, and the sweetness of supernatural obedience in his gesture, with which He lays His hand in that of His Mother. Truly, our mystery is full to overflowing of what makes the glory of childhood and the crown of age.

SAINT CATHERINE OF RICCI AND SAVONAROLA.

REV. CESLAUS BAYONNE, O. P.

I.

One of the great means employed by S. Catherine to animate her disciples to works of Christian perfection was devotion to the Blessed Jerome Savonarola. He was a bounteous father to her. Twice he had come to her from heaven to heal her of serious illnesses, and since then he had not ceased to visit her, appearing to her full of glory giving her counsel and fatherly warning, and heaping consolations upon her. It was very natural that she should, in return, draw out the sympathies of her children toward him.

Moreover, Savonarola was, in her eyes, the providential man of these latter days, the Reformer-Apostle of Tuscany, the prophet sent from God, who had brought about the most magnificent movement for the regeneration of souls which had been seen in the Church since apostolic times. and who, after the example of the earliest preachers of the Gospel, had sealed his work on earth with his blood only to become its crowned protector on high. To whom could she better direct souls to cause them to enter upon this course of generosity? She had, beside, had the consolation of seeing the remnants of this marvellous apostolate, in the persons of old Piagnoni, whom the sweet odor of her devotion for their master had drawn to her feet. She was captivated by the beauty of this ideal. The Piagnoni, compound of evangencal fervor with unselfish patriotism, seemed to her a reflection of Jesus weeping over Jerusalem, a venerable type of the perfect Christian living in the midst of the world. Could she conceive a more beautiful model whereon to form her disciples? And how was she to make Piagnoni of them unless by teaching them to draw their life from the same source, from the bosom of the same father?

From all these motives, she urged souls toward devotion to him by all the means

of propaganda at her disposal. She considered it a duty to make nim known; her monastery possessed several manuscript histories of his life; she placed them at the disposal of all, and especially of newcomers. She encouraged them in this reading, making them give her an account of the impressions which they gained from it, and she rejoiced with each over the fruits unto salvation which they tasted therein. Then she informed herself carefully from the Sister Librarian as to whether the manuscripts were returned in perfect condition, in order to consider their restoration. She acted in the same way with the spiritual works of the holy doctor, of which the monastery possessed a rich collection. She used to put these into their hands one after the other, in order to fill their souls with the wholly apostolic spirit of Savonarola, as the reading of his life had penetrated them with the holiness of his example.

This study made them so familiar to most of her disciples that it was often the case that she would cite in her letters certain passages in his works, or to allude to them without indicating their source, well knowing that she would be understood. Since the doctrine of certain treatises is extremely elevated and put in very concise form, it could only be generally understood and appreciated by learned men and theologians, always a limited class. In order to render these accessible to all cultivated minds living in the world, she entrusted them to a skilled and pious Dominican, that he might annotate them and develop them more fully and clearly. Similarly, we have seen her confide a like work to Father Nicollo Fabroni, her fervent and well-beloved disciple, and so devoted to Savonarola that he completed these labors of love with these words: "Praise to the Most High God, One in Three Persons, to the Most Glorious Redeemer Jesus Christ, to our Most Serene Lady Mary, Mother of God and ever Most

Virgin, to the holy angels of God, to lessed martyrs Jerome, Dominic and ster, and to all the saints of Para-

it did not suffice for her to show Savonarola in the dead letter of the y of his life and of his spiritual igs; she was bent on setting him s them in a form more vivid, more atic and more idealized, such as is by the fine arts. The greater part r sons, as we have seen, were great the possessors of immense fortunes. ike all Italians, amateurs in the fine One of the most celebrated of these, : Ludovico Capponi, had quite rer been employing one of the most ated contemporaneous artists on a ificent scale, to enrich with paintthe cloister of Santa Maria Novella. nurch of Santa Felicita, and his own e of Lung'-Arno. To him S. Catheridressed herself to obtain a fine picof Savonarola. The noble Count ned to obey and spared nothing with rtist that the work might be worthy r who had commanded it. Under fortunate sky of Italy a work of art it be announced as forthcoming ut attracting numerous and ardent athizers. It became a passion with from its first sketch, and each fresh e of brush or pencil becomes the of the day. Thus it was with the e of Savonarola. The disciples of rine rushed to the studio from its ning. They followed its progress the most lively interest and each f their opinions was echoed among isters of Prato. The saint wrote to : Capponi: "The news of the picwhich you have ordered has filled · Prudenzia and Sister Maria Jacopi joy. They have spoken of it, and d! all our Sisters are only sighing ie happiness of seeing it."

er, the enthusiasm had increased, mpatience to see the work finished to possess everybody. Catherine if felt it, but she resisted it prudented one must hear her speak herself ow with what exquisite sense of the te exigencies of art she advised that adependence of the artist should be

respected if they did not wish to run the risk of his producing an abortive work of art, or at least an inferior one. "They tell me," she writes, "such interesting details of the picture that they are giving me an extreme desire to have it in my possession. But here it is necessary to resign oneself to patience; it is for us to submit to the demands of the master. What he does in his own time and with his mind at rest will be so much the more beautiful."

They lost nothing by waiting. The picture, when finished, excited universal admiration. "Bellissima pittura!" was the cry of Count Capponi. It was, indeed, a splendid canvas, whereon the artist had reproduced divinely the Savonarola of the vision of Count Giovan Francesco della Mirandola, from the following account which was found among his papers and which S. Catherine had sent to Ludovico to serve as the theme of the artist's inspiration: "Then appeared to me a man clad in the habit of S. Dominic, wearing a crown of gold on his head and carrying a book of ivory in his hands. He hastened to tell me to have no fear, and asked me if I knew him. As he received no reply, he opened the book, where appeared to me, magnificently written in letters of gold, these words, so resplendent that they shed a great light afar: "This man is truly prophet, doctor and martyr." After having left me time to read it, he closed the book again and added: "Soon I shall be recognized as all that thou hast read."

At the bottom of the picture S. Catherine had inscribed the golden words of the vision, and Capponi had added to them the following, which form a prayer to the saint to obtain reparation for the injustices and calumnies of which he was the victim:

Justitiam et veritatem adjuva.

Post tenebras, proebe lucem justitiae veritatis.

(Come to the aid of justice and truth! After the clouds, show forth the light of justice and truth.)

Not contented with this picture, and encouraged by its success, she had another one made representing Savonarols as a martyr. Her dear Ludovico always negotiated with the artist, but she herself always gave him the subject. "You will take care," she wrote him. "that vivid flames are seen at the feet of the saint, as if rising from the stake; that his cope is sprinkled with little golden flames and that he bears the martyr's palm in his hand. But, above all, see to it that the expression of his countenance breathes as far as possible the religious sentiments of his soul."

But their devotion to Savonarola already began to break out into all those acts of respect and confidence which are inspired by the blessed ones in heaven. Already, the only question among them was of formulas of prayer, invocations, anthems and hymns in his honor. They had Masses said, preceded by novenas of prayer, to obtain from him cures or other special graces. All these customs of private devotion Catherine herself practiced with her daughters at Prato, and nothing rejoiced her more than to see them adopted by her sons outside.

She especially loved to follow them from a distance, going away mysteriously, to privately celebrate, sometimes in one place, sometimes in another, the feast of their well-beloved saint. She wrote to one of them, on the occasion of the anniversary of the martyrdom of Savonarola and his companions, "I have learned where you are to meet on the morning of the 23d of May, and I am greatly rejoiced. May God grant you, through the intercession of these great saints, special graces and many consolations for your salvation."

She was soon to reap precious benefits from their devotion. They brought her in return all the relics of the Blessed which they could find. While filling the heart of their mother with joy, they themselves were happy in the thought that nowhere would these precious relics have found a sanctuary more worthy of them or purer and more devout homage than in her monastery. She first received, in this way, a finger of his hand. This is the way in which, according to Razzi, in his life of Savonarola, this hand escaped the flames which consumed

his body: "At the first touch of the flames, the bonds which held his hands were consumed, and then they saw hisright hand stretch out over the crowd with two fingers raised, in the position. in which a priest gives his blessing. At this sight some children, urged by inconceivable and insane rage, began to hurl stones furiously at the body of the sufferer. Under the violence of their blows this hand, which blessed friend and foe alike, was, with the arm, detached from the half-burned body and fell at the foot. of the stake. One of these children, less wicked than the others, hurried to pick it = up, and ran to take it to his mother. whom he knew had a great reverence for Savonarola. "We do not know the name: of that fortunate disciple of Catherine who brought her a finger of this hand.__ # but the saint always venerated it as the most noteworthy relic of her blessed father. Her monastery is still in possession of it."

She also obtained the iron collar with which the martyr was attached to the stake. The man who had drawn it from the midst of the ashes took it to Messer = = Benedetto Bambelli, Vicar-General of the Archbishop of Florence, who received its with veneration. He only parted with its at his death in favor of Maestro Bandini. his friend and physician, to whom he willed it as the most fitting recompense for his services and his devotion. Some years after having received it from the hands of Maestro Bandini, a fervent disciple of Mother Catherine, Giovanni della. Palla, wishing to rejoice her heart, gave it to her on the Vigil of the Feast of S. . Thomas Aquinas in the year 1545. They relate that while this relic was still in the hands of the Vicar-General, they sent one day to fetch it in all haste for the benefit of Andreolo Nicollini who had just been wounded by a violent sword thrust at the hands of the noble, Malatesta Baglioni. They applied it devoutly to the wound and in a few days he was

Later, she received the prophet's walking-stick. Duke Alexander de Medici was at first its indifferent possessor, permitting it to be used for ordinary pur-

healed.

about his room. Antonio de Muzzi, moner of Florence, had a sister, a widow of extraordinary beauty, requented the palace for unworthy One day, learing that this stick elonged to the celebrated Jerome irola of holy memory, this woman ded it of the prince, who gave it to thout any difficulty. She carried it her house, guarding it respectfully utting it under her pillow every that she might receive some blessom Heaven. And behold, a great transformation wrought in her! having been a subject of scandal to she became an object of edification whole city of Florence, through ample of her holy life, to the point ay the chronicles of the conventembling another Saint Mary Mag-

her death, Michael de Prato. d, in the absence of the brother deceased, with the duty of maka inventory of her goods, took sion of this stick and gave it sister, Marguerita Modesti, who tterly devoted to the memory of irola. Antonio di Gondi did not ll he had it from this pious lady, ke an offering of it to Mother ine and to enrich her monastery. r she obtained the portrait of this man. Vasari relates in his life of della Porta, who later on became r Bartholomew, that this famous r had so much reverencee for irola that he wished to give hime satisfaction of painting his pornd that he made of it nothing less a masterpiece (1596). Taken at) Ferrara, it was not long in comck to Florence, to find a place in alleries of the Salviati Palace. ng what Mother Catherine had beto Phillippe Salviati, we are not sed to see the masterpiece leave his for the humble cell of the saint. does not rob himself in giving to ther. The Sisters of S. Vincent alpreserved it, up to the suppression ir monastery in 1810 by Napoleon peror of the French and King of

But the time had come for the sons of Catherine to show themselves given to devotion to Savonarola, not only for their own sakes but for that of others: for the old Piagnoni were reaching the end of their course and their task was accomplished. Certainly, if there is a grand and beautiful sight in the history of Florence, it is that of the admirable fluelity of the immediate disciples of the generous sons of the prophet to the memory of their master and to the devotion to him. From the day after his death we see them, publicly scoffed, scorned and ridiculed in the streets of Florence, thrown into prison, put to the torture, so odious to the magistrates that they pronounced sentence of ostracism on the bell of S. Mark's which had summoned them to the sermons of the apostle remain immoveable in their reverential love for their father and their devotion to his cause; and we see them, after the storm, tranquilly again take their way to S. Mark's, publicly honor his memory, throw flowers upon his place of execution, celebrate the anniversary of his martyrdom as a feast, and, above all, imitate his virtues and the holy austerity of his life.

Thirty years after, in 1527, when a hostile army, hired by the Medici, threatened the ancient institutions of the country with complete ruin, it was they who first gave the alarm, and who, calling up the memory of all that Savonarola had done for the liberty of Florence, relit the sacred fire in the souls of its citizens. All Florence rose and showed herself standing to arms upon her walls. The city never did herself so much credit as during that memorable siege. Her valiant citizens displayed in this supreme struggle so much intrepidity, greatness of soul and such heroic efforts that, in spite of their defeat the most remote posterity will proclaim the glory of the vanquished, to the everlasting disgrace of the victors. An end was made of the liberty of Florence. But something yet grander and more divine remained to her-the religion of her ancestors and the kingship of Jesus Christ over souls; and now these two great things were menaced by

the rising tide of social corruption and of doctrines destructive of faith. All the Piagnoni who had escaped from the bloody combats of the siege rallied themselves round the holy ark to defend it by word, by example, by the devotion to Savonarola, and to strive thus to lead souls to ardent and generous love for Jesus Christ. It will be everlastingly to the honor of this great memory that no sincere disciple of his was ever reckoned among the number of those lax and luke-Christians who incline more warm toward the world than toward God. Any one who embraced devotion to him was either a Christian crucified to the world or ready to become such. For almost forty years Florence was yet to possess valiant Christians, because devotion to Savonarola still continued to keep alive in souls the most generous aspirations. But time, which destroys all, was to achieve its work here too. In 1570 there no longer existed a single Piagnoni in Tuscany. The sons of the prophet had gone down, one after the other, to the tomb, and his memory, no longer fostered by their breath, was growing dim in souls. In 1572 it had nearly died out. This was the moment in which Saint Catherine sent to the aid of her blessed father the youthful army of her spiritual sons. Formed to lofty Christian virtues and to the same unselfish love for Jesus Christ as the disciples of Savonarola, the saint had infused into their souls all her own admiration and love for the glorious martyr, and, inflaming them with her own zeal, had made them apostles of the cult of the Blessed, propagator of his devotion among the faithful.

Soon Florence saw the spirit of faith and the piety of her ancient days revive on every side, while the name of Savonarola was in every mouth. Thus a well-informed witness, not an admirer but an avowed enemy, declared. Here are the terms in which the Cardinal Alexander de Medici, Archbishop of Florence, denounced to the Grand Duke Francois, in the year 1583, this reappearance of what we call devotion and what he styled the political fanaticism and the "superstition" of "Savonarola," "Through the

obstinacy of the Brothers of San Marco, the memory of Father Jerome Savonarola, which, for ten or twelve years, has seemed to be nearly extinct, has revived all at once, is propagated everywhere and is becoming more flourishing than ever. They relate and publish his extravagances among monks, religious, seculars, and even among young people, on whom they have already produced the most lamentable results.

"They secretly celebrate his office, as if for a martyr; they preserve his relics, as those of a saint; the venerate as such the remnants of the post to which he was fastened, the iron collar which bound him to it, his habits, his cowls, his haircloth, the fragments of his bones which they have drawn from the fire and his ashes. They preserve wine blessed by him; they give it to the sick and they recount miracles wrought through it. They print and carve his likenesses; they make them in gold, in bronze, on cameos, and, worst of all they place on them inscriptions of martyr, prophet, virgin and doctor. . . If the inquisitor knew his business, it is impossible but that he should find these things, for they are scattered abroad in the hands of a number of people. But I have no longer an confidence in his capacity, since I have noticed that he paid no attention to the images which he found in the possession of Zanobi Nicolini, released from the prisons of the Holy Office. He dismissed his case, it is true. on the ground that he was insane; but these images were not made by the man himself, and he cannot be ignorant of the fact that they all come from the hands of the religious of San Marco or the Sisters of S. Vincent, at Prato. There is the center of the Frate's influence."

While stating the fact of the renaissance of the devotion to Savonarola with this precision and abundance of detail, the eminent prelate is far from being as perspicuous and as exact when he attributes its cause only to the "obstinacy" of the Brothers of San Marco. For, if they had been as powerful as he supposes, why should they have let this cult fall into disuse and die out entirely for

ten or twelve years? And if they ot sufficient prestige with or ascy over the people of Florence to them to preserve this devotion it was in active use and good how could they have enough to them to take it up again when it ad and universally forgotten? No, luce all at once, in the religious of the people, so widespread and ed a movement of return toward rgotten devotion, something more edded than the interested and univitative of the Brothers of San

ing less was needed than the action of a mass of new and rested men, living separately in ldst of the world, and having in n only the religious work which

they desired to accomplish: nothing less than men possessing all the advantages of birth. fortune and intelligence. crowned by that incomparable ascendency bestowed by the majesty of Christian virtue, united to the charm of its modesty and gentleness. We do not resist such men. We take their word when they point out an end to us, and when they go before us to its accomplishment, we follow them. And to group together men like this for a work of such a character was needed nothing less than the action of a great saint, to sweep them along with her into the generous tide of light and a love wholly divine. Thus is explained this prompt and universal revival of the devotion to Savonarola through the action of the spiritual sons of Catherine. The daughter raised up around her father his last Piagnoni!

SNOW DROPS.

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

east.

they spring from the wintry mold and graceful and fair of face, ast of the Virgin most pure to race;

ough of our garden pets the least, ier, they dare sleet and cold.

ow the push the earth aside, illy robed in their garb of green idestly bending each shapely head, the fragrance of violets is sweetly hed,

e carols of song-birds echo wide, offer their incense unto our ueen.

as of purity, white and fair, ol meet of the stainless Maid, rought to the Temple the God of ove,

overty's offering, a snowy dove1 for Him who came to share
3 woes, and rich ransom for manind paid.

MARY, MY MOTHER.

J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

Mother! Lead my footsteps on,
Lead me, cheer me on my way!
With thy Love's sweet, hopeful ray
Lure me on till Life is done!
Mother! Come and bless thy child
For the night looms dark and wild!

Mother! Though I wander drear Far from thy maternal care, Bless an exile's aching prayer. Lead me, Mother! Come, oh, hear—Bless that voice that echoes far—"Be to me a guiding star!"

Mother! For by this fond name,
Long I've called thee! Saintly Queen!
With thy mother-smile serene,
Oft you dried my tears that came,
While thy pure, bright, beaming eyes
Shone so star-like through the skies.

Mother! When my fingers steal
O'er my beads, so worn and light,
Wafted on the wings of night
Listen to a prayerful 'pel!
Bless the Ave-laden air,
Hearken, Mother, to my prayer!

Mother! When the shadows creep
And Life's breath is failing fast,
Bless! Console me to the last!
Bless me in my dying sleep!
And when all my suff'rings cease
Grant me sweet, eternal peace!

EDITORIAL.

The consecration of the new century to our Blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ by the Sovereign Pontiff, and his Encyclical, "Jesus Christ our Redeemer," are significant facts and pledges of great blessings to come in the meriting of which the Sodality or Society of the Holy Name should be foremost. As dedicated to the special honor and veneration of the all-holy and most sweet Name of Jesus, the members of this organization should labor zealously to make our Blessed Lord better known.

"It is rather ignorance than ill-will," we quote from our Holy Father, "which keeps multitudes away from Jesus Christ. There are many who study humanity and the natural world; few who study the Son of God. The first step, then, is to substitute knowledge for ignorance, so that He may no longer be despised or rejected because He is unknown. We conjure all Christians throughout the world to strive all they can to know their Redeemer as He really is. The more one contemplates Him with sincere and unprejudiced mind, the clearer does it become that there can be nothing more salutary than His law, nothing more divine than His teaching.

DOMINICANA, true to the traditions of the Order of Preachers, to which, in a special manner the Church has committed the apostolate of reverence to the Holy Name, the campaign against blasphemy and profanity, appeals to the members of this noble Society, and urges them to be strenuous, particularly during this year's jubilee, in their efforts for the honor of Jesus Christ.

With great pleasure we recently received the application of the Right Reverend Bishop of the Hawaiian Islands for the establishment of the Rosary Confraternity in his Cathedral at Honolulu. The petition was duly presented to the Most Reverend Master-General.

DOMINICANA will cheerfully assist in

the work of organizing of the Rosary Confraternity any of the Reverend Pastors who may desire its establishment or that of the Holy Name. This announcement is made in view of the temporary absence of our Very Reverend Vicar-General, Father Pius Murphy, O. P., to whom ordinarily all such applications should be addressed, at S. Dominic's Priory, San Francisco.

The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Cardinal Newman, which will occur during this present February, should be a day of special celebration among English-speaking Catholics. As a champion of the Faith, as a spiritual leader whose influence and power grow with the years, as a master of English undefiled, the memory of the gentle and saintly Cardinal deserves the homage of all who love purity and truth, of all who believe in the power of the spiritual, in the reign of Jesus Christ, whose Kingdom of minds and hearts is not of this world.

As the month draws to its close we shall enter on the penitential season of Lent. Serious thoughts should be ours, of life with its many sins and death with its inevitable judgment. The exercise of prayer, fasting, almsgiving, the more frequent reception of the sacraments, a more generous share in works of mortification—these should mark our Lenten days. Let the church services be well attended, that our unity and public devotion may invoke blessings upon all the faithful. May the innocent continue their innocence, and may sinners cast away their burden of sin.

The threatened persecution of the Religious Orders in France, by an insidious method of taxation which means eventual confiscation of their property, is a blow intended to strike down the work of Catholic education as carried on by the Congregations dedicated to this holy

The remonstrance of our Holy directed to the French Governis been answered by insult. This ous ingratitude of the Jews and who rule unhappy and seemingly g France may yet bear legitimate the overthrow of the regime that thirty years has added little to lit or honor of France, that has s energies almost unceasingly in nt efforts to blot the Name of i of His Divine Son Jesus Christ e mind and heart of the generared under the rule of the Repubance will yet revert to her former she will not forever hold a place onor and shame, as contrasted e condition of affairs prevailing in fficially Protestant, as England many, or with the happy lot of 1 in our own free country, where iber not more than one-sixth of ulation

pecial feasts of this month are the Presentation, the Prayer and of our Lord, the Espousals of our l. Catherine of Ricci, and Ash day. We bespeak the devotion of lers, Rosarians and lovers of our hat these days may be devoutly

py thought for the Lenten season proaching is that of B. Henry "If thou art wishful to behold Me reated Divinty, thou must learn know and love Me here in Myg humanity, for this is the it way to eternal salvation." tow Jeus Christ, to love Him, to Him, in pain and anguish, is to the sure way of eternal life.

Dominican Sisters in Havana are steady progress in the mission to Bishop Sharetti invited them last

work of our Fathers in Cien-Cuba, also grows apace. Spanish ench Fathers are there engaged ery prospect of restoring at least ire of the Order's former prestige "ever faithful" isle. From our Cuban correspondent we shall later receive details.

On the feast of the Holy Name of Jesus, January 20, the canonical erection of the Sodality of the Holy Name was effected in the Church of S. Raphael, San Rafael, Cal., Father Thomas Phillips, Pastor. The authorization of the Master-General had received the cordial sanction of His Grace, the Most Reverend Archbishop of San Francisco, whose encouragement of this Apostolate will bear good fruit. Father Louis O'Neil, O. P., officiated on the occasion. This zealous work of the devoted pastor of San Rafael is one of the permanent results of the Advent mission conducted in his church by our Fathers under the direction of Father Reginald Newell.

MAGAZINES.

The January number of The Nineteenth Century and After (the new, twentieth century title of the famous Ninetcenth Century) publishes an admirable paper on Indulgences, contributed by the learned Benedictine who fills the See of Newport and Menevia, Dr. Hedley. The occasion calling for this article was the appearance in the November issue of The Nineteenth Century of "a shocking piece of ignorance or malice," as Cardinal Vaughan justly characterized the utterance of a certain Miss Morant, whose name appears in the list of November contents credited to an account of the Passion Play at Oberammergau. Miss Morant's slander that the Church granted pardon for nuture sins has served as a fortunate peg on which the editor of The Nineteenth Century hangs a manly apology, after impaling the dishonorable woman "on her own petard." The Bishop's excellent treatise will shed light in dark places.

The Nicaragua Canal Question is vigorously and cleverly discussed by an Englishman. "Varying Ideals of Human Beauty" is another good paper in this very interesting first twentieth century number of The Nineteenth Century and After.

The sage utterances published in

Worcester, Mass., on twelve occasions during 1900, have assumed an sesthetic form in the first bound volume of *The Erudite*. Mr. Albert Lane has out-distanced many of his competitors in the field of the so-called "fadazines," by reason of his original work, his judicious comments on men and books and passing events of importance, so that *The Erudite* is not unworthy of its name.

"Our imports from the Philippines are principally American soldiers in coffins. Two thousand came in the other day on the Hancock."

Thus pointedly and painfully suggestively does Father Crowley put it in his 8. Joseph's Union. What a mockery of religion and civilization is this colonizing and conquering which our "Republic" is carrying on against the unfortunate Filipinos! But it means "contracts," "supplies," "boodle," "opportunities," and mere men are cheap!

Among other articles of especial merit in Harper's for January is the first installment of Woodrow Wilson's "Colonies and Nations; a Short History of the People of the United States." English sovereigns and English colonization are freely discussed. The article is beautifully illustrated with portraits of explorers, characteristic scenes of the seventeenth century, and fac-simile engravings of signatures of Elizabeth, Hnery VIII. and other notable personages.

In the January Review of Reviews Hon. Hugh Lusk lucidly sets forth the gradual development and political importance of "The Australian Commonwealth — Its People, Resources and Outlook."

In conclusion, Mr. Lusk says:

"The influence of the new federation will, from the first, inevitably be great, although it will not at first be pronounced. It will be seen in all that takes place in the South Pacific, and it may, ere long, make itself felt even farther from home. The new commonwealth, it will be found, will not be too modest in suggestions in any matter that affects its own interests, and its ideas on the subject will

expand. The result will be inevitable before many years of the twentieth century have passed—England must find a way of taking into formal and administrative partnership the people, already one with her in the partnership of sentiment and interests."

Scribner's January number contains the first paper of George Horton's "Modern Athens," attractively and appropriately illustrated by Corwin Knapp Linson; a sketch of Auguste Rodin, with illustrations of photographs of the works of the famous sculptor, by W. C. Brownell. Short stories and select poems, in addition to the third interesting paper of "Russia of To-Day," by Henry Norman, M. P., supply enjoyable reading.

The January number of The Critic marks the twentieth anniversary of that popular periodical's energetic enterprise and literary achievement. The present issue not only emphasizes the results of yearly improvement, but promises marked success for future decades.

"Up from Slavery," by Booker T. Washington, and "The Pictorial Side of the Exposition of 1900" by F. Hopkinson Smith, are two cleverly illustrated articles in .ne Outlook of January 5, 1901. An important article on "The French Novel and the Young Girl," by Th. Bentzon (Madame Blanc), is of deep interest. Madame Blanc's attitude is endorsed by the very able views of the editor in an earnest comment entitled "Morality in Fiction." "The Book-lover's Library," in the advertising department of The Outlook, is a fair specimen of excellent work in ornamental printing and dainty illustration.

The North American Review for January opens with an article by Benjamin Harrison entitled, "The Status of Annexed Territory and of Its Free Inhabitants," wherein the ex-President considers some of the popular phases of the great problem of expansion. Mr. Harrison's views gather force from his experimental knowledge and practical application of constitutional and international law. In con-

; his article this able statesman

who has retired from the service, : from the love of his country, must loned if he finds himself unable to in the acquisition of lands and , and mines and commerce, at the the abandonment of the old Amerlea that a government o. absolute is an intolerable thing, and, under nstitution of the United States, an ible thing. The view of the Conn I have suggested will not limit wer of territorial expansion but it id us to limit the use of that power ons that may safely become a part United States, and to peoples whose an citizenship may be allowed. It en said that the flash of Dewey's ı Manila bay revealed to the Amercople a new mission. I like rather ik of them as revealing the same ssion that we read in the flash of igton's guns at Yorktown.

forbid that the day should ever when, in the American mind, the t of man as a consumer should subthe old American thought of man 'eature of God, endowed with 'unle rights.'"

New Power in the South Pacific,"

1. Hugh Lusk; "Some Interpreters mer," by Amherst Webber, and "A ad Years of American Verse," by Howells, are papers of great inscientifically treated.

MUSIC.

Lave received from Wm. A. Pond & W York, the following selections no: Souvenir de Wollenhauft au de Genre), by George A. Nemclever stringing together of some pearls of Wollenhauft, and a welddition to the teacher's material; the brayoura work; Tiftoe (Air de, Op. 9, No. 2, by Frances C. on, a well-named, dainty composibounding in charming effects and fficult; Willielmina Gavotte, by ick A. Hoschke, a cheerful and ly piece. It calls for sharp accent, phrasing and discrimination in

touch. An excellent teaching piece for interesting the pupil.

From the same firm we have received the following vocal selections: ECCE PANIS, or MY SOUL INSPIRED WITH SACRED LOVE, baritone or contralto solo for Offertory, by Joseph P. Burns, arranged by Prof. A. Gross, a sweet, melodious hymn, very devotional in character; AVE MARIA, No. 2, for soprano or tenor (violin or flute obligato), by Joseph P. Burns, a fine, sympathetic song, with a dignified, sacred rythm, is a distinct acquisition to a choir's repertoire; AVE MARIA in E flat, by Edward Mahon, a smooth, flowing melody.

We have received from The Catholic Music Company, Cincinnati, a compilation of several HYMNS IN HONOR OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS, by Fr. Ignatius Wilkins, O. F. M. Included in the collection are an O Salutaris, Tantum Ergo and a Laudate Dominum, the last named Gregorian in form. The hymns are choral in form, with sweet, devotional, easily sung melodies. The text of some of the hymns comes from the pen of the reverend composer himself; some are translations from the German, and others from the gifted pen of Eleanor C. Donnelly and the Reverend P. B. Hammer, O. F. M.

We have received from The Boston Music Company, Boston, SLUMBER SONG, Op. 7, No. 2, by Ethelbert Nevin; a splendid transcription of this lovely song for the organ by Edwin H. Lemaire should be acceptable to all organists; SONATA, Op. 1 by F. A. Converse, for violin and piano, a good and melodious study; MAZUR, by Emile Mlynarski, for violin and piano, a beautiful melody and worthy of conscientious study; FETE CHAMPETRE (Marche e. Polonaise a quartette for four violins, by Chas. N. Allen, very fine, effective and musicianly; CRADLE Sono, a good study on demi-staccato, arpeggioed chords and singing melody. Three songs by the popular song-writer Clayton Johns: THE MILLER'S QUEST, for alto bass in E flat, also for mezzo-soprano in F; OH, LIKE A QUEEN, for soprano or tenor in D. mezzo-soprano or baritone in C; This Is

THE HOUR, for soprano or tenor in B, mezzo-soprano or baritone in A flat; all good concert songs with beautiful accompaniments. Afterward, for contralto, in two keys (C moll. and D moll.), by Frances Allitsen, melodious and pleasing, with a simple dignity; SPRING SONG, for high soprano, with violin obligato, poem by Thomas Moore, music by Frederick Barry, a fine, stirring song, full of vigor and youth; THE BUGLE CALLS, in E flat, by Leonard Kane, a soldier's song for baritone, with a taking melody and military swing in its rythm, well worth a baritone's notice, written also in D major and C major; Forever Dear, by Anton Strelezki, for soprano, a beautiful love song, written also for mezzo-soprano in F and for contralto in E flat; CHRISTMAS (It Came Upon the Midnight Clear), by A. Strelezki, a sacred song for medium voice of broad, rich, harmonic structure; WHAT HAS COME OVER THE SUNSHINE? for soprano or tenor, a lovely, bubbling song, and A Song of HER Love, a good encore song, both by Harry Hale Pike; a series of sacred quartettes and choruses by Chas. Gounod: Cross of Calvary, trio (soprano, tenor and bass); PEACE of God (soprano solo, duet and chorus); ROCK OF AGES (hymn anthem); Cross of CALVARY (quartette); GENTLE, HOLY SAVIOUR (hymn anthem); SANDS OF TIME ARE SINKING (hymn anthem, with bass solo), all very beautiful and emotional; CHRISTMAS, by A. Strelezki, a magnificent harmonization for soprano, alto, tenor and bass of the beautiful solo; Now the DAY IS OVER (full anthem), very effective; HANNAH, humorous baritone solo and male chorus, by G. L. Osgood; THE LAND OF YESTERDAY (quartette for mixed voices), by G. A. Mascheroni, delightful; CHORAL, by John Seb. Bach; O SING UNTO THE LORD, Op. 22, with organ accompaninent, by Vincent D'Indy; I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES, for soprano, alto, tenor and bass, by J. W. Elliott; Give Her BUT A LEAST EXCUSE TO LOVE ME (four voices), by Geo. C. Gow; GERMAN DANCE (three voices), with piano or orchestra, by Franz Schubert, dainty and lovely beyond words; A Song of Ancestry, by C. Saint-Saëns, baritone solo and male chorus; While Shepherds Watch, by Percy Goetschius; O Little Town of Bethlehem (soprano, alto, tenor and bass), by Arthur H. Ryder, O Rest In the Lord, hymn authem), soprano, alto, tenor and bass), by Mendelssohn.

We have received through The Rudolph Wurlitzer Company, Gincinnati, the following military marches and two-steps: Battleship Oregon and Fall Festival, by Jas. Fulton. The Elite and Princeton University, by Chas. A. Zimmerman; The Official Golden Jurilee, by Theodore Burck; New York Life, by Geo. Schleiffarth, all brilliant, rollicking and effective, arranged also for bands and orchestras. Adjutant Collins March, by A. La Guardia; The Belle of the Boulevard March, by Jas. M. Fulton, both sprightly and vigorous.

Through the same house the following works were also received:

THE KENTUCKY BELLE, MARCH AND TWO-STEP, by H. F. Yaunt, well-marked rhythm (Philip Küssel, Cincinnati); PIKE'S PEAK MARCH AND TWO-STEP, by A. C. Maier, a strong composition for piano, written also for band, orchestra, violin and piano, mandolin and guitar (Grau & Hiltbrand, Colorado Springs, Colo.)

Broadwell & Wolf, Detroit, have sent us Some Day I'll Return, by Thos. Chilvers, a song for medium voice in the popular ballad style.

BOOKS.

Napoleon: The Last Phase, has been received from Harper & Bros., New York. With the brilliant author, Lord Rosebery, the world may well question "Will there ever be an adequate life of Napoleon?" From the mass of conflicting Napoleonic records will there ever be evoked a consistent appreciation of the genius of this martial conqueror or a proportionate apology for his downfall? "At the mere shake of a peasant's head" Napoleon's mighty empire was transformed into a lonely rock lashed by an angry sea.

Whom England fears she banishes.

poleon in exile is perhaps the only f a phenomenal career that will he permanent sympathy of pos-

mmenting on the different ver-'England's motives in "The Den" of Napoleon to St. Helena, sebery says:

to possible we would ignore all rature, as it is peculiarly painful Englishman to read.

nust regret that his government dertook the custody of Napoleon, must regret still more that the ould have been discharged in a o ignoble and through agents so nate.

. Helena recalls painful memories French, much more poignant are lat it excites among ourselves."

a critical discussion of the posisumed by England in matters of tion of Napoleon's title of Emhe amount of his annual allownd the most painful of all his ces—the humiliating surveillance pprehensive Governor—Lord Rosenalyzes the conduct of Lord rst towards the prisoner. The ith chapter, The Conversations of in betrays many contradictory of this extraordinary character.

Rosebery concludes his study of on in these words:

name represents so completely and uously dominion, splendor and ophe. He raised himself by the druined himself by the abuse, of man faculties. He was wrecked extravagance of his own genius. powers than those which had efhis rise could have achieved his

Rosebery's impartial attitude will the commendation of every fairreader

publishers have printed the book a-heavy paper with uncut edges t top. The binding, in red and royally attractive.

Humphrey Ward dedicates her latrk, ELEANOR, in loving tribute to classic, sunny Italy. Amidst enchanting scenes of rural loveliness, in the constant companionship of her gifted cousin, Edward Manisty, whose tastes and pursuits harmonize with her own, Eleanor's love is awakened, fostered, and—cast aside. And all this at the mere advent of a raw, uncultured Puritan maiden, with a penchant for blue cotton frocks, and an assertive display of self-disciplined righteousness.

Perversity controls the hero—Edward Manisty; he ever fluctuates between love and duty—politics and religion; talks much and accomplishes little.

The excessive fondness of Eleanor and Lucy for each other after they had discovered that they both loved the same man is an unnatural phase of feeling rarely depicted, even in fiction, between female rivals. Mrs. Ward's professed admiration for the grandeur and solemnity of Catholic ceremonies fails to cloak her sinister antagonism to Catholic dogma and ancient discipline. She is more successful in disguising the emaciated form of the dying Eleanor with Parisian drapery than she is in concealing the weakest spot in her philosophy. Mrs. Ward's literary ability is widely recognized.

Harper & Brothers are the publishers of ELEANOR. The paper is of light weight, superior in quality. The absence of heavy headlines on each page and numbering of pages in center of lower margin has a decidedly agreeable effect. ELEANOR, as a frontispiece engraving, excites sympathetic sentiment. The binding is in corresponding character to the style of the book.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston, are the publishers of the latest poems of Francesca Alexander. The former literary achievements of the gifted authoress have merited the highest enconiums, both in England and America. The present collection of stories in verse, entitled The Hidden Servants, and Other Verses, is founded upon legends of sunny ltaly. They abound in beautiful lessons of Christian faith and Divine charity.

The publishers have printed the poems in clear, heavy-faced type, with frontis-

piece of the Divine Infant. The binding is in brown anl gold.

THE HOUSE OF EGREMONT, by Molly Elliot Seawell is a most interesting novel. consistent in detail and energetic in narrative. Roger Egremont, a loyal subject of King James II., suffers imprisonment at the hands of William of Orange. Upon his release he joins the King in his voluntary exile at S. Germains. Life under the protection of His Most Christian Majesty, Louis XVI. is not without charm for the English exiles. It is there that Roger Egremont meets the charming heroine, Michelle, to whom he surrenders his heart. The Duke of Berwick is a noble specimen of manhood. Bess Lukens, niece of the jailer of Newgate, who had befriended Roger during his imprisonment, is an admirable characterization of true womanhood, honest affection and heroic selfsacrifice.

Miss Seawell's portrait of James II. has challenged discussion from a historical standpoint. The authoress, however, in the *The New York Saturday Times-Review* of January 5th ably maintains her attitude by citing authorities to throw a favorable light upon the acts of that unfortunate and much maligned monarch. Miss Seawell is to be commended for her indefatigable research, and congratulated upon her felicitously artistic blending of truth and fiction.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, the publishers, have, as is their custom, given due consideration to printing, binding and illustration. Six full-page pictures, displaying some costumes of the seventeenth century, by C. M. Relyea, have been excellently reproduced.

THE BOOK OF SAINTS AND FRIENDLY BEASTS is the title of a collection of legends which beautifully illustrate the great tenderness of holy men for the living things of God's creation. The story of Saint Cuthbert's Peace and the history of Saint Francis of Assisi contain beautiful lessons of love and kindness for animals. The power exercised by these saints over even savage beasts was the reward of that wide charity that included

all in a common brotherhood. Abbie Farwell has put in a new light the old truths that w... undoubtedly appeal to the fortunate reader of her interesting book.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, have happily combined good workmanship with artistic display in their selection of paper and binding, and have faithfully reproduced Fanny Y. Cory's appropriate sketches.

Guy's Fortune, by M. B. Eagan. The fortune, or rather the misfortune, of the hero of this story commences in his babyhood, when he is deprived of his parents by the cruel intrigue of mercenary relatives. The continued success of villainous schemes and the number of tragical deaths occurring in the story have a decidedly depressing effect upon the reader. However, we are gladdened in the closing chapter by the turn of fortune in favor of Guy, then a young man of few years and many virtues.

The publishers, Herder & Co., St. Louis, have printed the book on good, heavy paper. It is attractively and well bound.

In The Fortune of a Day, and several other brief, bright sketches of life in modern Italy, Grace Ellery Channing, in her graceful way, vividly places before us various phases of passion, power and pride characterizing the actions of apparently humble people.

Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago, have published the book, in clear type, on extra heavy paper, deckle edges and gilt top. The cover, though of attractive design, is, however, too light for the weight of the paper.

GENERAL HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN ERA, by Father Guggenberger, S. J., is a work in three volumes, of which only the first and third have come to hand. In its arrangement it is a very convenient and a remarkably complete class book of the history of civilized nations since the dawn of Christianity, a history very evidently affected by and affecting the Christian Church. The author's style is

direct, concise clear and trenchant, giving, in happy and choice language, very much in short compass.

Regarding the third volume, justice impels us to remark that, while, as mere history, it is equally well done with the first volume, there is, in most of it, a lack of any suggested connection between the events recorded (for the most part warlike) and any interests peculiarly Christian. That such a connection exists, we firmly believe. Man moves, but God directs, and His object is the development and perfection of Christ's Kingdom on Earth. But the author, we think, here loses sight of this divine and only philososophy of human histor; whereas, his title and avowed plan led us to expect from "A History of the Christian Era" something more than a bare narrative of events occurring merely in Christian times and countries. To give a single instance among two many, while pleasingly narrating the history of our civil war, the author says not a word in any way connecting that event with Christianity; yet, we remember to have read that Lincoln, while sincerely deploring the necessity of the war to save the Union, expressed his "profound conviction that the hand of God was clearly discernible in that bloody effacement of the crime of slavery committed by a free and Christian people.

B. Herder, St. Louis, publishes the work in good style.

THEODORE PARKER, PREACHER AND RE-FORMER, by John White Chaqwick, is from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, and is a worthy specimen, from the book-maker's view-point, of this celebrated New England house.

Observing no signs of renewed interest in Theodore Parker, we fail to see the opportuneness of this latest "Life" of that rabid New England infidel preacher who strutted on and off the Unitarian stage some forty years ago.

Parker preached his emasculated "Christianity" in and around Boston for a period of about twenty years—from 1849 to 1860—and died in Florence, Italy,

rejected by his sect and dissatisfied with his own life and work.

He was in no sense a great man. Lacking the intellectual consistency and moral courage of his contemporary fellow-transcendentalist, Emerson, who, to save his Pantheistic notions, withdrew from the "ministry," Parker whined and cringed to his sect, and vainly trimmed his German infidel doctrine until he had to be ignominiously ejected.

An insatiable and unreasoning devourer, from early youth, of the late German sophistry, pompously termed "criticism," in the name of which Strauss and company were attacking Christ and the Sacred Scriptures, he sought to pose here in America as new, striking and original, but in all that he has left there is nothing on which he can rest a claim to independent thought or that would even indicate an intellectual digestion, on his part, of the raw and sauer garbage he fed on.

Though a Unitarian minister, he never was a Christian. From a mere youth he rebelled irrevocably against the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, inclusive, even, of the few tenets then professed by the Unitarian sect; and as he advanced in age he kept widening the scope of his sweeping negations until there was little left to deny, or to distinguish his "Christian" preaching from the pages of his master, Strauss, or that later fraud, Renan.

True, the name and praises of Christ, as became an American "Christian" minister (who must "hold on to his job") were ever duly on his lips; but in this he merely followed the hypocritical method of his German leaders, who extolled the humanity of Christ at the express expense of His Deity, and imprinted on the cheek of the Saviour the treacherous kiss of Judas.

Of course Parker committed a great mistake in advocating his new German importation too much in advance of the prevailing "Christian" thought in America; and for this he paid dearly at the hands of his sect. Yet it seems that with the advancing times and the varying years Unitarianism has also "advanced" and considerably varied, and the poor fellow, if living now, would be hailed by the "progressive" of that sect as its greatest apostle and principal mouthpiece.

It may, perhaps, be counted to Parker's credit that he initiated the healthy revolt that is widely spreading against the principal blasphemous absurdities characterizing the peculiar form of Lutheran and Calvinistic "Christianity," such as Total Deprarity. Infant Damnation, and the Creation and Predestination of men in order to be damned.

As a youth he was taught these horrible tenets as a portion of Christian Revelation, and his outraged sense of justice urged him to break away from so terrible a faith, and to maintain a life-long battle for its overthrow. Yet, hopelessly deficient in Christian learning and other requisite equipment for successful controversy, he has left us only pages of declamation in which one looks in vain for a line of strict or serious refutation.

LOVE OF COMRADES, by Frank Matthew, has been received from John Lane. New York. The heroine of this romance, "Peggie of the songs," suddenly appears before us dressed as a man, riding into the forest. "It was the time of the beginning of leaves. In the cool grass the tender flowers were alert. Overhead the birds sang to one another, 'Come, look at Margery Talbot, wearing big boots and a long sword at her side.'"

This is a well-told story of exciting events in Ireland during the year 1640, in which the heroine, disguised as a man, performed wonderful deeds of valor.

The publishers have printed the book in superior style. The boy-like heroine, mounted upon her horse under forest green, is a lifelike production and a graceful design for the cover.

Assimilative Memory, or How to Attend and Never Forget, is the title of an excellent work by Prof. A. Loisette.

The author claims that his system must, of necessity, make "better observers, clearer and more consecutive thinkers and sounder reasoners, as well as surer rememberers; that, in short,

the fundamental principle of his system is learn by thinking, and that his achievements as a mind-trainer are completed when he has helped the student of his system to acquire the habit of attention and the habit of thinking on that to which he is attending on all occasions, which two habits combined constitute the habit of assimilation; and that when this habit of assimilation is thus established in the pupil's mind, the system, as such, is no longer consciously used."

This original teacher has divided his book into short chapters by which he gradually leads the student to the "Acme of Acquisition"—the ability to master arts, sciences, histories, etc., in one thoughtful study."

The publishers, Funk & Wagnalls, New York, have made this volume a creditable piece of work in all its detatils, and have presented an autograph frontispiece portrait of the learned author.

We have received from Heath & Co., Boston, six volumes of the "Heart of Oak Books," edited by Professor Charles Eliot Norton of Harvard University. The contents in prose and poetry are selected from the works of eminent writers, and are peculiarly adapted for the formation in youth of a true literary taste.

The books have received merited recognition by their introduction into many of our Catholic schools. The publishers have placed them within reach of all by the moderate prices asked for these substantially bound volumes. No home larrary should be without a set.

Heath & Co. are also the publishers of The Arden Shakespeare. The Tragedy of Macbeth, which we have received, is edited by E. K. Chambers, B. A. The chief feature of this edittion is the presentation of the drama in its literary aspect. The editors have attempted to supply a long-felt need of the Shakespearian student—that of suggestive hints for the interpretation of Shakespeare's best. Much space, therefore, has been allotted to the consideration of the dramatic value of each scene. Each volume is supplied with a glossary, an essay or metre

and an index. In addition to these, copibas historical notes are appended.

The book is attractively bound and of a size convenient for pocket use.

We have received from the Pilot Publishing Company, Boston, THE WAY OF THE WORLD AND OTHER WAYS; A STORY OF OUR SET, by Katherine E. Conway. This interesting novel portrays vividly and truly the deadly effects of social Scandal-mongers. That the female gossip Still lives in all grades of society is a lamentable truth. No amount of culture. no strictures of religion can restrain the tongue of this moral pest, whose mere presence exhales contagion. The very vagueness of a charge excites credence in the minds of many. Mrs. Jones, however, is not the worst of the species; she vociferates loudly enough to be heard even by the young artist herself had she mot been absorbed in her work. Much more to be dreaded is one of the slimy sort, who poisons to the death the character of his fellow-creature and blandly ssmiles on. A character like Arthur Esmond, though not uncommon, is beneath contempt-having neither the courage to defend his betrothed nor the justice to prove her innocence.

Miss Coway's writings have a helpful influence on all; the present volume we cordially commend. The publishers have given the book, which is well printed, an attractive dress of red.

Notes for the Guidance of Authors, compiled for the Macmillan Company, New York, by William Stone Booth, is an invaluable compendium of the technique of publishers. It might deservedly become the pocket companion of aspirants for perfection in business correspondence.

In his admirable work, entitled WITH BOTH ARMIES Richard Harding Davis gives to the world the result of his personal observations of the inhabitants of the Boer country. It is particularly gratifying to read Mr. Davis' impartial verdict of a people that have been represented by the yellow journals as semi-barbarous, sitting in the squalor of their homes,

blissfully ignorant of the degradation of their position, sturdily refusing the civilizing influence of invincible Britain. "The British," says a recent writer, "stand for all that is good and humane and right and just." "It must be," says Mr. Davis, "because the English are so conscious of the injustice of this war that they rail as they do at the Boer. The Boer, with his independence threatened, might be excused if he railed at the men who are trying to rob him, but he does not. He is only somewhat hurt and a good deal dazed at the charges they make against him, but he is still good- humored, calm, and determined.'

Compare the humane acts of the two peoples. The wife of one of the chief men in the executive called upon Mrs. Kruger. three days after the battle of Spion Kop, and found her weeping and in a state of complete dejection. "The President," explained Mrs. Kruger, "has just received a telegram from General Botha. He savs the English have not buried their dead at Spion Kop. It is three days now, and they are still lying there. I cannot understand why it is so. Even the birds respect a dead body so much that they will not touch it for three days. Then tell me why is it that these English have no respect for their own dead. I cry when I think of the mothers and children of these poor men. You will excuse me, but I have been so miserable I have not changed my dress. I cannot sleep to-night if I think those men are lying there yet."

Mr. Davis continues: You remember the Queen's message, beginning "My heart bleeds," and so on, "for my soldiers." Mrs. Kruger's heart bled, too, for the Queen's soldiers, the men who had been sent to rob her of her home and of her country. Compare the two, the good Queen sent to Ireland, after neglecting it for fifty years, to encourage enlistment, and the wife of the Boer President, weeping over the soldiers who had tried to kill her countrymen. Which shows the greater unselfishness, the more Christian spirit, the nobler charity?

On British methods of civilized warfare we have the following:

"The charge of the Fifth Lancers was described by an officer of the regiment in a letter home as 'good pig-sticking,' and consisted, so the Boers say, of the Lancers stabbing the wounded Germans and Dutch volunteers as they lay on the ground waiting for the ambulances, and as they raised their hands for mercy."

"But in this campaign everything seems to have been done to degrade war, to make it even more brutal man it is; to callous the mind toward it; to rob it of all its possible heroism and terrible magnificence. We have the incident of the British officer who protested loudly against General Cronje's receiving a cigar when he asked for one; of another who distributed Mrs. Cronje's wisp of false hair as a souvenir to his brother officers; of Captain C. of the Scot.'s Greys, who photographed the Boers while the Tommies bayoneted them. These incidents make the war worse than brutal."

Charles Scribner's Sons have printed the book on extra heavy paper; it contains thirty-five full-page illustrations, and is handsomely bound in red. The flags of the contending armies adorn the cover.

Styles & Kiersted, Newburg, N. Y., are tne publishers of Henry Abbey's latest poems, entitled Phaeton, Veera, The TRAITOR and MORO. In "A Contention," which prefaces his poems, the author says: "Poetry is an art so far as it is dependent on style and meter, and just so far it is unmoral; but, if style and meter be good, it is an artistic poem, whether the sentiment expressed be moral or not. But bad or immoral sentiment is not to be tolerated in any art, and will soon drag into oblivion whatever of art is used to express it. The Stream of Good that flows down the centuries is divine, and soon runs clear of the evil thrown into it."

True to his high ideals, Mr. Abbey has realized in the present collection of poems musical moral meanings charmingly intelligible to the many and subtly fascinating to the fastidious few.

The little volume is well printed and bound.

The Catholic Truth Society, London, has sent to us Daily Readings for a Month, a series of delightful spiritual excerpts on charity, kindness, self-government, etc., a very practical compilation, neatly bound and well printed, which we cheerfully commend.

The Bishop of Clifton continues his series of pamphlets on Church history, the fifth having been issued. The Gospel of S. Mark, similar in style and purpose to that of S. Matthew, previously noticed by us, The Basilica of San Clemente in Rome, Father Wilberforce's edifying sketch of the late Canon Bathurst, Wilfrid Ward's The Conservative Genius of the Church, Lady Talbot's Rescue Work and Father Norris' Help of the Laity, are among the recent issues from the press of the London Catholic Truth Society, which are sold for the paltry sum of one penny—two cents.

It is a pleasure to announce and applaud the good work done by this worthy society.

We have received from William Beverly Harrison, New York (1) Abstracts of the Elements of English Grammar, by H. C. Symonds, West Point. This is one of a series of books prepared to meet the needs of candidates for West Point, Annapolis, colleges and medical schools. Mr. Symonds' twenty years' experience as an instructor has enabled him to condense in about one hundred and fifty pages each, the essentials in arithmetic, geography and United State history. No important point is omitted. Teachers in secondary schools will appreciate the thoroughness of the treatment of each subject; (2) The Le Roy Method, French series; (3) Tales of the Anglo-Saxons; Siegfrid, The Hero of the North; History of the World; and Frithjof, the Viking of Norway, by Zenaide A. Ragozin, an eminent literateur. The author has arranged these tales of poetic fiction especially for young people, with the view of preparing them for the study of history and of its attendant branches, based upon ancient myths and heroic legends. The books are illustrated by George T. Tobin; (4) The Stories of intrinsic interest to children on historic subjects. The publisher has made these text books models of good taste in workmanship and durability.

THE FIVE SORROWFUL MYSTERIES.

A DOMINICAN FATHER.



CALENDAR FOR FEBRUARY.

1-S. Ignatius, Bishop and Martyr.

2—Candlemas Day or Purification of the Blessed Virgin. Feast of Devotion. Two Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; Prayers (and may be gained once during octave): (2) assist at Procession (to-day or during octave.) Plenary Indulgences for members of Living Rosary. Blessing of Candles and Mass at 9 o'clock. Benediction in the evening.

3-Septuagesima Sunday-Three Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers; (2) C. C.; Proc. visit; prayers; (3) C. C.; assist at Exposition of Blessed Sacrament in Church of Rosary Confraternity; prayers. Communion Mass for Rosarians, 7 A. M. Meeting of S. Thomas Sodality, 2:30 P. M. Rosary Procession, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M. Blessing of Throats in honor of S. Blase at 3 and 8 P. M.

4-S. Andrew of Corsini, Carmelite and Bishop. Anniversary Solemn Requiem High Mass for the fathers and mothers of members of Dominican Order. Plenary Indulgence: C. C.; assist at Office and Mass: prayers.

Meeting of Rosarian Reading Circle at 8 P. M.

5-Our Lord's Prayer in Garden of Gethsemane. First Sorrowful Mystery of the Beads. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians: C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers. Requiem High Mass for Building Association of S. Dominic's Church, 9:30 A. M.

6-S. Dorothy, Virgin and Martyr. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

7-S. Romuald, Abbot.

8-S. John of Matha, Priest and Founder of the Order of the Most Holy Trinity, for the Redemption of Captives. 9-S. Bernard Scammaca, O. P., Priest. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

10-SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY-Plenary Indulgence for Holy Name Confraternity: C. C.; assist at Procession; prayers. Mass for Holy Name Sodality, 7 A. M. Meeting, 3 P. M. Meeting of Men Tertiaries, 2 P. M. Procession of Holy Name, Sermon and Benediction, 7:30 P. M.

11-Espousals of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Meeting of Y. M. H. N. Society, 8 P. M.

12-Commemoration of the Passion of our Lord.

13-S. Catherine de Ricci, O. P., Virgin. (Benediction.) Plenary Indulgence for all the faithful: C. C.; visit a Dominican Church; prayers.

14-Translation of the Relics of S. Catherine of Siena, O. P., Virgin.

15-B. Jordan of Saxony, Second General of the Order of Preachers.

16-B. Gregory X., Pope. (votive Mass of the Rosary.)

17-Quinquagesima Sunday - Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary. Meeting of Women Tertiaries, 3 P. M.

18-B. Lawrence of Ripafratta, O. P., Priest.

19-B. Alvares of Cordova, O. P., Priest. 20-Ash Wednesday-Blessing and Imposition of Ashes. Mass at 9 A. M.

21-B. Aimo Taparelli, O. P., Priest.

-Chair of S. Peter at Antioch -S. Peter Damian, Bishop. (

23—S. Peter Damia Mass of the Rosary.) (Votive

24—First Sunday of Lent—Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians who recite in common a third part of the Rosary at SUNDAY OF LENT-Plenary least three times a week. 25—B. Constantius Fal

B. Constantius Fabriano, O. P., Meeting of Y. M. H. N. Society, Priest.

8 P. M.
26—S. Brigid, Virgin—Patroness of Ireland. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)
27—Ember Day—S. Philip of Jesus, O. F., Priest and Martyr. 28—B. Villana de Bottis, O. P., Widow.

28—B. Villana de Bottis, O. P., Widow. The Patron Saints of Living Rosary for this month are, Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Brigid of Ireland, Abb.; S. Severinus, A.; S. Peter Damian, B. D.; S. Dorothy, V. M.; S. Andrew Corsini, B. C. For Five Sorrowful Myesteries—S. Mathias, Apostle; S. Valentine, M.; S. Apollonia, V. M.; tle; S. Valentine, M.; S. Apollonia, V. M.; S. Agatha, V. M.; S. Blase, B. M. For the Five Glorious Mysteries—S. Finstan, A.; S. Scholastica, V.; S. Joseph of Seonissa, C.; S. Ignatius, B. M.; S. Alice, Abb.

DOMINICANA

Vol. II.

MARCH, 1901.

No. 3

THE ROSARY IN ART.

THE FIRST SORROWFUL MYSTERY-THE BLOODY SWEAT.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

And when they had sung a hymn they went forth to the Mount of Olives. This is the record by Saint Mark, the spiritual son of Saint Peter, at whose dictation he may be said to have written his gospel; Saint Peter, whose tender heart received the most delicate impressions. They, no doubt, sang often together, Jesus and His disciples; but the memory of this last hymn-sung after the touching scenes between Him and His apostles at the Last Supper, just celebrated, when He announced to them that one of them should betray Him-must have been cherished by Saint Peter with a peculiar tenderness, thus to have been mentioned by him to his young disciple Saint Mark, as they sa. together in Rome, whither he had accompanied the Prince of the apostles on his first visit to the Eternal City. And after these more than eighteen hundred years the pathos still clings to the short sentence: "And after they had sung a hymn they went forth to the Mount of Olives."

In the touching musical recital of the Lord's Passion as given during Holy Week, every word spoken by our Lord is uttered in a minor key, contrasting with the shrill voices of the multitude and even o. His diciples. But in this last hymn sung by Him upon earth that minor voice must have had a charm never to be forgotten by those who heard it. And Peter? Who can say with what emotion he dictated this incident to his disciple!

Passing through the streets of Jerusalem, in whose homes the passover was

being eaten according to the law, our little band of eleven, with their Master (for Judas had already left them on his treacherous errand), crossed the brook Kedron. The disciples had often come over this same way with their Master, for on the further side of the narrow stream was a garden at the foot of the hillside called Gethsemani, because of an olive press which formerly stood there, its seclusion unbroken at night, and the deepest shadows of this olive grove they had again and again seen their Master retire by Himself. As they walked onward, each one felt oppressed by some foreboding of evil, and the silence of their beloved Master, unusual when in company with them, a sorrowfulness in His whole mien such as they had never beheld in Him, deepened the apprehension in each one's mind. Scarcely had He entered the garden, when, as the Abbé Fouard expresses it, "Jesus felt the awful throes of an anguish, like the icy chills of the death struggle," and he said to his disciples: 'Sit ye here, while I go yonder and pray'; and the rock is still pointed out near the gateway of the garden where, tradition says, the apostles found a resting place." The chill must have entered their own hearts; for, pathetic as was the Lord's voice when he led their evening hymn, it had now a tone which revealed the awful anguish of His soul, while He quietly motioned to Peter and James and John to follow Him still further into the deepest shadows of the grove. The awe-struck disciples saw their Master growing heavy

with sorrow, then as if seized with an awful fear, until He said to them, as if the human heart within Him craved their sympathy: "My soul is sorrowful even unto death." But immediately, as if He felt their inability to sympathize with Him, He added: "Stay you here and watch."

"Watch!" O ye disciples, feeble or faithless, which shall we deem you? Which shall we deem ourselves when our Lord calls us to turn from brooding over our own sorrows, to sound His? Feeble, let us say, but not faithless, and with hearts broken with humiliation let us follow Him in imagination, as going forward from them a little He fell to the ground! He who made the worlds, He who had appointed these worlds to their several places, He who held the deep oceans in the hollow of His hand, fell flat to the ground, praying: "Father, if it may be possible, let this hour pass by me." Then, with a new cry of anguish: "Abba, Father, all things are possible with Thee; remove this cup from me." Was there not a pause, a pause on earth, a hush in heaven? Then, in the feeble voice of the dying, we hear: "Father, not my will, but Thine be done."

When the angel came to announce to Mary the Virgin of Nazareth, that Christ, the Redeemer, was to take flesh in her virginal womb, heard those sweet words: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord. Be it done unto me according to thy word!" he knew that his mission had been accomplished, and he departed from her with joy, to heaven. When the Son of Mary, Son of God breathed feebly. "Father, not my will, but thine be done," the same angel, Gabriel, the Strength of God, winged his way from the very heart of the Beatific Vision, the heart of the Eternal Father, with a cup of strength, of endurance, for the last assent needed for the redemption of the world had been given. There was no lifting of the burden, no relief to the anguish, only the human strength was given to endure it, for the gospel says: "Being in an agony, He prayed the more intensely, and His sweat became as drops of blood trick down on the ground."

What wonder that the seven an olive trees standing in the garde Gethsmane are still venerated as nesses of the Agony of Christ, our deemer, for they have been nourished only by the dew and rain from he but by the life blood of the Saviour self! The Paschal moon sent its shing rays through the olive branchelight the drops that reddened the sparsely covering the earth on which fallen the Son of God and the Sc Mary, and fed the roots of the trees trembled with awe at the agony of Creator.

There seems to be an impression o minds of many, familiar, too, with gospels narrating this scene, that the ing of Gabriel brought consolation, r whereas, the evangelist goes on to "He prayed all the more intensely so His sweat was like drops of blood." can repine, when the prayer of the S God is answered, not by a relief of sing, but by strength to bear it?

When He arose from His prayer returned to His diciples, he found three chosen ones sleeping! Can we in our own human way, feel the hu His already lacerated heart? out one reproach, He says: "Why sleep? Arise. Pray, lest ye enter temptation," adding the gentle ex "The spirit indeed is willing, but the is weak"; then, without rousing then ing away again, He prayed: "My Fa if this cup may not pass away, but I drink it. Thy will be done." Agai came to find them still sleeping, for eves were heavy.

Leaving them He went away still and prayed, saying the self-same very the third time He came to find them sleeping, the very disciples who had to drink of His cup, who had said, He spoke of going to Lazarus not standing the threats of his enemies, us go with Him to die with Him! not these repeated visits show the jing of His divine Heart for the sym of His creatures? He had the sym

of the Eternal Father, of the Eternal Holy Ghost, of all the ranks of angels and archangels in heaven, but this did not satisfy Him. He would have the sympathy of the human souls which He was , even then, redeeming at such a cruel cost, and His only word to them was: "Sleep on now and take your rest; behold the hour is at hand, and the Son of Man shall be delivered into the hands of sinners." Then, as if the cry of the hunters for this innocent Victim had come to His ears, He says: "Rise, let us go; behold, he that will betray me is at hand."

Who that will read these sentences has not knelt by a deathbed, perhaps of the nearest and dearest, or even of one comparatively a stranger; but, whichever it might have been, how unweariedly the watch was kept, how gently every alleviative was given; how, hour after hour, the hand of the sufferer was held to assure him of a sympathizing presence! But during the hours of our Lord's agony not one human alleviation had been proffered. not one sigh of compassion had mingled with His. For the moment, we lose our faith in human nature, and exclaim, "To what heartless wretches did He not commit Himself when He chose twelve mencountrymen-from out the entire world, to be His friends and disciples!

Of all the scenes in our Lord's Passion perhaps this has been the most difficult to represent to the eye; its very hiddenness, its interiorness, forbidding to make it actual and objective. The subject must have had a charm for the artists of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries when great preachers dwelt so eloquently upon the awfulness of our Lord's sufferings; yet we find a singular lack of great pictures embodying it. The most touching of all the early representations is a miniature reproduced by D'Agincourt. Our Lord is kneeling with an expression of the most agonizing supplication on His face and stretching forth His hands toward the angel who stands most worshipfully before Him, one hand carrying a staff, the symbol of support, the other held toward the Divine Sufferer with a sympathy all the more expressive for the

simplicity of the gesture. The agony is there, the cry for help to endure. In the foreground our Lord is seen approaching His sleeping apostles, the suffering still on His face; a very literal rendering of the story, and for this all the more effective. Gaudio Ferrari and Carlo Dolci both gave elaborate representations of this scene, yet they seem far from having fathomed the real agony or its cause. Rembrandt has caught it in a sketch, an etching. We have Jerusalem in the backthe Paschal moon breaking ground. through clouds, the whole in a midnight gloom. To one side are the sleeping disciples, but directly in the foreground kneels the agonized Christ, wringing His hands in the sharpness of His anguish. His eyes closed, the whole figure a struggle with the overwhelming interior distress, while before Him the angel, on one knee, sustains the sinking form, with such love, such sympathy, as our poor human hearts can never resist. There is no cup, no floating downward, but an actual contact, such as all of us long for in the struggle with overpowering grief, and the humanity of our Lord appeals to us in a way which is heartbreaking.

Later representations by Mosler, Hoffman—even Führich, in his admirable illustrations of Thomas a Kempis, give us Academy studies. There is no sympathy in them, and they rouse none. That undefinable quality in the artist which alone can give any true representation of this scene is lacking. There is no hint of the sweat of blood, of the cry "Abba, Father!" Better, a thousand times better, the little miniature of the thirteenth century, when there were no academies, or the sketchy etching by a master who knew how to deliver himself up to the emotion of a sympathetic heart.

Yet, strange to say, in this our own day, in this almost our own generation, the story of the Agony has been told, put before the eye, in a way to quicken our sensibilities, let us into the very heart of our mystery, set a picture in our minds that may well come back to us whenever we reach the first decade of our Sorrowful Mysteries, by a master whe, with all

his knowledge of the technicalities of his art took for his Academy meditation and prayer; who entered into this mystery as one would enter the hushed, dimly lighted room of the dying, only with an infinite solemnity, an infinite pathos, and, moreover, with as deep a realization as belongs to us mortals of the source of the suffering and its necessity, remembering that our Lord suffered not for Himself, not for the sins of one, however guilty, but for the aggregated sins of the world. from Adam to the time of His passion, onward to the day of judgment; all had been laid upon Him, all were to be borne, all were to be expiated. When Frederick Overbeck laid his hand to this work, he put himself straightway into the gospel narrative, until it was indelibly imprinted upon his own mind, his own imagination. To the extreme right hand side and upper corner of the picture our Lord is bowed to the ground, one hand on the other; the head, the lines of the whole figure, showing forth an unutterable woe. In a glory which touches the bowed head, the bent shoulders, the clasped hands, comes the angel, bringing with him the halo of Paradise; but how full of awe-stricken sympathy is the figure bending over the prostrate One; how still are the wings, the head bowed in sorrow, adoring sorrow, on the breast; the very hands holding the cup of strength full of adoration for the Godman, each and every line telling the same story of redeeming anguish!

This scene is cut off, as it were, from

the great picture, as if in a cave; in the foreground appears our Lord, when, His prayer ended, He comes a third time to His disciples. Have you ever seen the dying one, utterly spent when the hours of agony are over, to be succeeded by a treacherous calm, a mortal langor, all the lines of suffering still on the pallid face? It is thus that Jesus comes to His disciples. The left hand gathers up feebly the drapery of His mantle, showing the tottering step as He bends over them, but His right hand is raised with a gesture of God-like majesty, as He says: "Arise, let us go; behold he that will betray me is at hand"; while far beyond, in the background, we see the wattled fence, showing the site to be a garden, the open gate, one figure holding a torch, and we know that the sacrilegious multitude is, indeed, at hand.

As we have written these pages, a precious rosary of olive berries and a bunch of leaves gathered by a dear relative from the seven ancient trees in the garden of Gethsemane, all having been laid on the Holy Sepulchre, have lain by our side as an inspiration; as an inspiration, also, to that devotion to souls in their agony, which grows so naturally from a meditative recitation of our mystery. As no one should end the night prayer without a De Profundis for the suffering souls in Purgatory, so no one should forget to add to this an aspiration, at least, for souls in their agony, thus remembering, with a fruitful compassion, our Saviour Jesus Christ and His bloody sweat in the garden of Gethsemane.

THE BRAVEST SOLDIER.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

Not he who fights on gory battlefields
When War's grim flag is loosened and
unfurled;

Not he who steadfast fights and seldom yields

Is the great captain who shall lead the world.

His fame may last in history through years

When you and I are numbered with the dead,

And men may drop their unaccustomed tears

For him, when memory of us is fled.

But one to me is braver far than he,
One who is never sung in any song—
The man who does his duty patiently,
And fights a constant battle with the
Wrong.

Who wages war alone and undismayed, Yet sheds no blood on crimson fields apart;

Who draws the sword of Conscience from its blade,

And wins a triumph over his own heart.

THE SECRET OF GROSSMEISTER CLIFFS.

MARGARET D. O'BRIEN.

CHAPTER XXVI. - COUNT URFORD AT HOME-THE PLOT.

Mr. Schaefer rented a double cottage near Le Petit Rugen; one side he fitted up for Erl, Ida and Baubet; the other for himself and Lell. Erl had inherited a small income from his mother, Mary of Weissenbourg, whose house was royal in blood, but poor in riches; hence the allowance for the beautiful, gentle Mary was small and its income but a stipend for her extravagant son. Carl generously placed a sum at Erl's disposal, which, he said, the latter might refund when he pleased. This Erl considered a loan, and in his gracious moments felt grateful for the kindness and consideration with which his cousin sought to supply his wants and to prevent suffering.

Erl was naturally fickle; in a few months he tired of the cottage. He could scarcely breathe; the rooms were too small, the ceilings too low; he wandered for days among the mountains, with no companion but his dogs, sleeping and eating where he could. Ida was sorely distressed; he that had said, "Every hour away from you is an age," seemed to find time reversed. Her bright, girlish ways no longer pleased him; when she tried to amuse him, he frowned and roughly bade her talk sense; silliness wearied him. Baubet looked on and wrung her hands in silence. What was done could not be undone. Could she have foreseen or even dreamed of such results, never had her consent for the marraige been gained. Once, when Ida knelt by Erl and playfully drew away the hand that shaded his sullen face, he sprang to his feet, his eyes flashed, his lips trembled.

"How dare you!" he muttered, "is it not enough to endure your presence without being obliged to receive your caresses? "He strode past his wife's kneeling form, out into the night, and was absent for days.

The poor young wife went about her duties, pale and calm; she wept much, but never uttered a complaint. The next evening she said to Baubet:

"Why did I destroy his happiness? Only for me-"

"Hush, child; the brute-"

Ida placed her small white hand over the woman's mouth; she could silence her words, but she could not extinguish the fire of hate that flamed in the honest eves.

Schaefer and Erl frequently spent evenings together, walking on the cliffs or sitting in the former's dingy parlor. They were thus closeted one dull, drizzly evening: the winds howled and the cataracts roared. Baubet trembled; these men, she felt, were bent on evil.

Schaefer thought it a fitting season and hour to hint to Erl some ideas he had long entertained; he approached the subject warily, as he knew the irritable disposition of his companion. Both men drew close to the fire.

"It will be an awful night," remarked

"A bad one for the works." Schaefer looked out on the gloom, "but that bore is all right."

"Yes." Erl poked the fire.
"The fuse can be lighted in any weather."

"Yes." Another poke and silence.

"Mr. Carl walks up there, very often until a late hour."

Erl shrugged.

"Sometime when he is there-Schaefer paused and moved his chair. "Well?"

"As I was saying, when he is walking there the cliff might blow up, you know! "How?" Erl's face was dark.

"By accident, as it were; we've heard

of such things. Mr. Wallenstein might be found dead!"

"What has that to do with me?"

"Yes, that's it; what has that to do with you?"

Erl stared into the coals and his brow derkened. Schaefer leaned back in his chair, shielded his face with his hand, as if to keep off the heat, but actually to watch the play of countenance before him. According to the character of that play he drew up resolutions for the future. Then he sighed heavily, as if afflicted by his thoughts, and said:

"He, Mr. Carl seems to be satisfied, now that he is heir."

"Will you be silent, you demon!" Erl seized him by the throat, "you drive me to desperation!" He swung him back into his chair.

"Gently, boy, gently. What do you mean?" cried the astounded Schaefer when he recovered breath.

"I mean I am beyond control when you bring up this matter. You know this, yet eternally harp on the subject." Erl turned on his heel and strode to his own room.

"He'll come round after a while," thought Schaefer, as he straightened his collar. "I may take my time; I need not mind the fuse. He'll do the job himself, else Hans Schaefer is a dolt!" and he laughed.

At first Erl held Schaefer's calumnies in contempt. He knew Carl better; his was a noble, generous nature, above the meanness attributed to it by the overseer. Hans leered; he was in no hurry; time and repetition would effectually accomplish all that he desired. He calculated justly. It was not in Erl's character to resist such innuendoes. In a few months his hatred for Carl and the passion roused by what he deemed his cousin's craft and greed for gold became so absorbing, so forceful, that were Carl to come in his way he would there and then shoot him down as a dog.

Twice Ida overheard the remarks of her uncle, followed by her husband's oaths of vengeance, and she resolved, cost what it might, to save Carl from death and her husband from crime. She was inexperienced; but she would meet Carl, make known how matters stood, and rely on his prudence and forbearance; if possible, extort from him a promise to avoid Erl.

She met Mr. Wallenstein, as if by chance, told him what she knew, and what she hoped from his great heart. Carl readily promised all except avoidance; this he felt hard, as it might imply actual fear or guilt; but, when he looked into the pleading eyes of the loving young wife, for her safety, he set self aside and promised even this. The flash of joy that illumined her wan face at his word rewarded his sacrifice and often imparted a ray of brightness to his gloomy hours of the future.

Several times Carl remonstrated with the old Count in regard to Erl, but he was inexorable. Twice had Erl forced himself into his father's presence; then harsh and stormy was his language, insulting his insinuations; yet no word could he extort from him whom he once knew to be a loving, over-indulgent father.

A year and some months passed. Erl still lived at Rugen, brooding over his imagined wrongs; he was often instigated to wild, wicked deeds by the vile whisperings of Schaefer.

One evening, after a long conversation between them, Erl put a pisto; into his pocket and both walked out. Ida noticed her husband's dark, dogged look and besought Baubet to follow them unperceived. Erl turned towards Unspunnen; Schaefer went towards the quarries. Climbing the hills and rocks, Erl reached a ledge that had been partly blasted and partly quarried; the face was sheer, with here and there a sharp projection. At the foot ran a railroad for trucks, handcarts, wagons, etc.; it also served as a short cut from a small chalet to Rugen; engines, levers and other implements used by the laborers were lying as they had left them when the day's work was finished. These Erl scarcely noticed; he only saw that the cliff ran sheer above him, with an occasional sapling springing

out from its crevices. A narrow path was before him and a second sheer breast below him. He walked forward, his arms crosed on his chest. Once he took in his position, he fixed his eyes on the pathway, absorbed in thought. Suddenly a man leaped from a projecting rock, stooped to pick up something that lay in his path, examined it—then moved towards Erl, whom he did not perceive. It was Carl. Erl stood until his cousin was within two steps. Then he laughed, a low, flendish laugh, and buried his hand in his breast. So unexpected was the sound that Carl started and uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Ha! ha! glad to meet you, cousin. You have kept out of my way a long time; now we must settle old scores." Carl remained cool and determined. Erl knew his cousin's strength and tried to curb his hot, blind passion.

"Erl, we have no scores to settle," he said quietly. "If you refer to my refusing to intercede for you with your father at an unpropitious moment, I fear you may give me a chance to repeat my refusal." Erl mopped his brow and muttered. The evening was bleak and chill and yet he was overheated. Carl continued, "I have interceded for you and shall do so again when I find a favorable opportunity."

"But you must promise to intercede to-night—this night. I'll brook no delay! Promise!"

"Erl, you forget yourself!"

"Forget myself! You forget yourself! Dare I trust you! Promise!" Carl was silent.

"Coward! Sneak by nature, whiner by practice, fortuned by tale-bearing—out on your cowardice!"

Carl's face paled, his lips tightened, but he uttered no word nor moved a step.

"Aye, parade your calmness! What of your looks I say, man," Erl grasped his shoulder and shook him, "I say, promise to speak for me to-night—I must have money. Do you hear, to-night, or, I swear you never leave this cliff alive." He drew his pistol.

"Erl, I am unarmed. I have never been

moved to action by threats, nor shall I be now. I shall plead for you when and where it suits me."

The demon leaped into Erl's eyes.

"Is this your answer?" He was hoarse with rage.

"This is my answer!"

"Then dic!" With a tigcr's leap he sprang upon the defenseless man, With the agility of the antelope Carl leaped to grasp a sappling that grew above him. The ball whizzed by him. Erl, in his blind impetuosity, stumbled, and with a loud cry fell over the cliff. It was the work of a second. Carl had to run some distance to find a descent. When he reached there Hans Schaefer was beside him.

"So you have done for him!" sneered Schaefer.

"Monster!" exclaimed Carl, and rushed on.

"Who did it then?" shouted the engineer. "All Rugen shall hear of this."

Carl was stunned. Still he ran on to where Erl lay. As he approached he saw the venerable Cure of the parish kneeling by the fallen man. A boy about fourteen stood near. The Cure wrote a word or two. Then he and the boy signed.

"My God!" cried Carl, as he threw himself on his knees by Erl. "Is this my work?"

Erl opened his dying eyes, looked kindly on him; a word formed on his lips, but was never uttered. The priest raised his hand for the last absolution, and the soul of Erl, Count of Urford, went forth to meet its God. The priest drew oarl aside.

"My son, on my visits to different stations I take with me reading materials. Many times strange things are revealed in death that, by direction of the dying, need record. To-day these stood me in good time. "Read."

He opened the paper, and handed it to Carl.

"Good heavens!" The young man dropped the paper and shuddered. The Cure picked it up, and placed it carefully in a leather case which he always kept about him. Then he turned to Carl.

"If ever trouble come to you, call on

me. Remember this." He touched the case.

Carl inclined his head. He was stunned, stupefied. Strange clouds already began to overshadow his life, and, grasping the Cure's arm, he whispered hoarsely:

"Will the courts believe Schaefer?"

The Cure did not know. The engineer, at the moment, was questioning the boy.

The news of the young Count's death had reached Rugen. Already crowds began to rush to the cliffs. Hans had not said it was murder. No. He felt his way he hinted a quarrel, harsh words, a fall; then a shake of the head, a knowing look, a gestured indication that foul play would be discovered—if not immediately, later on. The chief magistrate and the coroner—both men older than the elder Count Urford—came to look upon their young lord. The magistrate wept when he thought of what a heavy blow this would be to his old friend.

Carl stood at Erl's head, cold and hard as the granite boulders that rose above and shadowed them. Every eye was upon him. In the minds of the crowd, he was already judged and condemned as a murderer.

"We never liked him," they murmured.
"We know not why. But we loved our young lord, with his pleasant word for us and his coins for our little ones. Now he is gone—he is gone!" And the women sent up a wail that stirred the staunchest hearts.

The winds bore it down to Rugen, and Ida, who crouched near a decaying fire, started, rose to her feet and listened. Then, with a great dread in her heart, went out on the stoop to wait. Carl Wallenstein heard and shivered. For an instant he shrank from the cruel gaze of the crowd.

"You had better retire, Mr. Wallenstein," whispered the magistrate.

This roused him. Conscious of his innocence, he smiled faintly, lifed his head, tossed back his tangled hair, and, with a cold haughty glance, met the angry faces of his accusers. Yet he saw only one that he remembered forever, because of its woeful look of love and anguish. Its owner was a woman who stood apart and silent. No wail escaped her lips; the heart within was too strongly moved to permit of sound. Baubet Hesse met Carl's glance with a strange question in her eyes—a doubt, as it were, that this was his work. Still her eyes put the question: "Did you murder him? Is Schaefer right?"

Carl's eyes drooped; he lifted them no more. The magistrate was mystified. All condemned Wallenstein. Circumstantial evidence was against him, and this witness certainly believed him guilty. The officers were about to claim him, when the Cure stepped up to the magistrate and allowed him to read the paper he had before shown Carl. The old man read.

"What must we do?" he asked, looking at the Cure.

"Give the man justice," replied the priest.

A few moments consultation, and the Coroner declared Erl's death was the result of accident. This enraged the people. They hissed Carl and the magistrate; muttered threats loud enough to be heard.

"His makey bought them over," cried some. "His day will come."

Others: "Murder will out. We'll live to see him swing."

"Look to it," cried an old dame, shaking her closed hand in their faces; "your day is nigh. Gold cannot buy God's justice. It must overtake you."

"We'll see, we'll see," responded her neighbors, and they took their way home.

Meantime, Baubet had gone to prepare Ida.

We draw a veil over the days that followed. During their hours of grief and anguish little Guy came to be his mother's comfort and consolation. On the day that Erl Urford was laid to rest in a grave apart from his ancestors Schaefer and his child disappeared.

It was Carl's painful duty to make known Erl's death to the Count. On the day previous to the funeral he entered the old man's study and drew a seat beside him, as he was wont, and said, very gently:

"My lord, uncle, Erl is very ill."

A quiver-it might be of scorn or it

might be of pain—moved the Count's proud face. Carl perceived the lips tremble, and the eyes failed to meet his.

"Erl is very ill," he repeated.

The Count wrote on.

"My lord, and dear uncle, will you hear me? Speak!"

Carl laid his hand on that of the old man. No reply.

Carl turned away. The Count, apparently unmoved, resumed his writing. The young man remained looking out of the window. He thought that the Count might relent, might question him. One hour passed, and part of another, and yet no word. Carl came again to the deek, fell on one knee, seized his uncle's passive hands.

"You must hear me, uncle" (in a tone intense from his efforts at self-control-. "Uncle, your son is dead, and—and—it is said that I killed him."

For a second the iron frame recoiled. The feeble hands shrank within the clasp of his that held them. Then the old man slowly drew them away, and said, with dignity, and a look that Carl never forgot:

"Go! I had no son. Therefore, you could not kill him."

"Uncle, you will see Erl before he is laid in the grave?"

"I had no son. Go, go, man! I command you!"

His voice was raised, and he stamped his foot in anger. Carl went. Scarcely had he crossed the hall when he heard a heavy crash. The sound was in the direction of the study. He returned quickly. His uncle had fallen. Carl called for assistance. The physician was instantly summoned. The Count's chaplain entered. The old man lived only a few minutes. The physician pronounced it a case of apoplexy. But, Count Urford's friends well knew, it was a case much rarer—the case of a broken heart!

Thus in the same week father and son were gathered to their sires. When the funeral was over Carl gave power of attorney to Mr. Erdhart, and left for the East. He knew the Urford estates were his. He knew, also, that he could not dis-

pose of them, and this knowledge was a burden. The place was rented, and the money put at interest for Guy, who was then an infant a few weeks old. Ida was allowed the income specified in the Count's will. Mr. Erdhart removed the family to a distant canton. He concluded that Hans Schaefer might at any moment return and take up his abode with them. To this Baubet was opposed, and Erdhart was determined to prevent its possibility. Before Schaefer left he told Ida and Baubet that Wallenstein would make away with Guy as he did with Erl, in order to make sure of Unspunnen! Ida did not know of Carl's being independent of his uncle's bequest, and so was in constant dread of the child's being stolen. Baubet vainly tried to reassure her; for the strong-minded, faithful woman partly saw through Schaefer's designs, and never feared his threats nor relied upon his promises.

Some years afer, Hans came back to Rugen. He found that the family had gone, none knew whither. He sought, and after many weary months, one bright day, hailed Baubet from over a hedge that separated their garden from a wagon road. She was cutting vegetables for the noonday meal. The woman looked at him, but never moved to open the gate, nor invite him in.

"I suppose I must make myself at home."

He raised the latch and walked in. Noticing Guy, who played near, he continued: "Fine boy, that; quite a gentleman, I swear."

No answer. He walked up to the house, entered, seated himself in their sunny parlor. Baubet remarked that the place where he sat seemed dark for days after his departure. Ida came in. He wanted money; they were well off; little Lell suffered. Ida had none to give. She was sorry for the child; he ought to work. Work, indeed! And all the money that should be his and theirs lying idle! Why not join with him in bringing Carl Wallenstein to justice? It was time they should do something. This was the chief object he had in view when returning to

these parts. He could bring the fellow to justice, if they would aid him. He had proofs that would condemn him in any court. If he had them not, he would in a few weeks. Baubet would not consent. Neither would she listen to his proposals on any point. This incensed him, and truning his vindictive face towards the timid, frightened Ida, he laid his hand on her boy, saying:

"You may miss him some day, and regret for life not having agreed to my plans."

Baubet heard him and saw his action. With flashing eyes, she confronted him.

"Villain, dare to touch him, or bring Mr. Wallenstein's name before the world, and I'll denounce you. I, too, was out that fatal evening."

His face paled.

"Indeed! No wonder! Ha, ha ha! You were out! That is nothing! What does it concern me?"

"Doesn't it, though? It might be made to concern you."

"You are a pleasant woman, Baubet." He rubbed his hands. "Always was. Nice to defend the orphan and the widow. Yes, indeed! But here, Baubet, it is not needful. He, he, he! No bad joke! No!"

"Get out, man!" cried Baubet, opening the door. "Go!"

Hans delayed.

"Have you no ears? Are you a sneak, coward, as well as——"

He raised his clenched hand, his face contorted with passion.

Aye, strike! It befits the coward to strike a woman. Go! the dead sometimes give up their secrets."

He went.

"From to-day," he muttered, sh his clenched hand at the house, geance is mine."

"Do your worst," shouted Baubet the gate. "Your day is well nigh ru Shortly after this Mr. Erdhart bu cottage near Thun, where the famil; up their abode. The same day on Baubet met Carl among the rocks sl earlier met Schaefer, who had als deavored to make friends with Guy knowing what might have occurre mistrusted both, as she met them at the same hour and so near each The poor, faithful creature feared they had leagued to destroy the bes boy whom she loved as her life.

From his position among the Schaefer watched the direction she and followed her at some distance. was who rang the bell while she r strated with her mistress in regarduy's training. He was as unwe now as he was before, but he seemed determined. To find them alone with what brought him back to the cathe wished to find the Cure and the who were with Erl at his last more All his actions depended upon finding what they knew.

"The old man is dead, may be Swank—yes, Joe Swank, that's the name—he signed a paper. He ma remember precisely what was writt may be able to help him out. I mafind him. But what does this w mean? He must have destroyed paper. I could not find it, though I so much. Pshaw! leave it to time Swank, now."

To be continued.

At morn, at noon, at twilight dim, Maria, thou hast heard my hymn: In joy and woe, in good and ill, Mother of God, be with me still. When the hours flew brightly by, And not a cloud obscured the sky,

My soul, lest it should truant be, Thy grace did guide to thine and Now, when storms of fate o'ercast Darkly my present and my past, Let my future radiant shine

With sweet hopes of thee and thi

-Edgar Allan

THE PROFESSOR'S THOUGHT.

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

The summer had flown by. It was gone, lost to sight in the past, as if some brilliant fire-bird had flashed across the blue. The glories of October and paler splendors of November, the month of parted souls, had flown also. Miss Dormer's summer charities were things of the past, and she had returned to her good friend, Mrs. Asquith, for the holidays. Every moment of her visit was precious, for it gave her a much-needed rest and to the Asquiths a little of her sweet companionship. For she was soon to leave them again for her mission field. There were voices calling, which she heard within her soul. To make answer would be her Lenten sacrifice. The poor, her beloved poor, needed her and she must go. In vain Margaret Asquith pleaded, "And we need you, too!" Her reply was prompt, "Wealth has many friends but poverty few. Ah, so few!'

The Birthday Book was still a pleasure to Margaret Asquith. It had become a sort of mental telephone, speaking to her and voicing the thought of many friends.

One day she came in with a brilliant smile. "The good Professor has been writing in my Book, mamma!" was her glad announcement.

"And what did he write, my dear? Something good, I know, 'to the use of edifying,' as Scripture says."

"A thought from Goethe in only one sentence, mother! I do not quite understand it, either." And Margaret read slowly and musingly the following sentence: "It is with Renunciation that life, properly speaking, may be said to begin."

"How came Goethe to see that?" cried Miss Dormer, quickly.

"Because of his greatness," replied Mrs. Asquith. "His intense, many-sided intellect, endowed with the profound instinct of the poet—over and above its general power—led him to clear visions of truth such as other men arrive at only

by slow processes. Here he lays hold upon the root-principle of Christ's great demand upon the world."

"Yes; renunciation, springing from love as a divine motive, is the Christlesson. How far Goethe may have felt that motive, within himself, is not quite clear—his character seems a sort of enigma—but his mighty intellect grasped tne genera. fact. It is not the renunciation of the stoic that he has in mind, either, for he connects the fiery, vital principle with it."

"Our Saviour brought the twin and often identical ideas of sacrifice and renunciation into intense prominence—the Cross dominating all—and yet He said, 'I am come that ye might have life, and have it more abundantly.'"

"But," said Marguerite, "there are any number of cheap people who are willing to renounce or give up things for the sake of getting something more or something bigger. It is not religious at all, and there is no life of the soul in it! The miser gives up the comforts of existence to get gold; the drunkard will pawn his own clothing and that of his children, go cold, hungry and penniless, in order to get strong drink. And so on."

"Very true, my dear. That is why I laid stress on the divine motive. Yet even many of these same cheap people do perceive the great love which vivifies their self-denials, though in a very dim way, as we see things through a mist or purple haze. The man who marries, if he be poor, as always renouncing some pleasure of his own for the sake of his family. But he gains the larger life of love—and through that home-love he gets a vision of the Divine. His own children teach him the filial relation of man to God; from his own fatherly affection he learns the Fatherhood of his Maker.

The man who sacrifices much to

carry a life-insurance lives a freer and happier life because of it-love of others being again the motive. The man who seeks applause and makes renunciation of his own ease and comfort to win the approval of his fellow-men, finds a larger life in the larger measure of their admiring love. Thus he dimly sees the everlasting significance of the Divine 'Well done!" The Apostle said of the winners in the ancient games, where the training was severe, 'They do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible!' The man who gives in charity the smallest coin which represents a personal self-denial, has drawn nearer to the Divine life of our Lord in that one gift. Even commonplace people feel this in some, dull, uncomprehending way, and are happier for the small renunciation. No, every-day people are not shut out from this fuller life! They are the very ones who need it most and to whom, from the very simplicity of their motives, it is most likely to come!"

"It is not a love-motive, though, with some people; at least, not consciously. It hardens into a duty-motive."

"Yes, the sweetness seems all pressed out of it! You know, my dear Mrs. Asquith, as well as I do, that with some people all love to God becomes duty. It is the old Puritan spirit. Its efforts are hard, dry, conscientious, often severe even to rigor, without any sensible warmth or outflow of feeling. That is temperament."

"It is a great thing to gain more of the Divine Life through the channels of love and duty. The pleasure of renunciation consists in the quick inflowing of that vitality, answering as the piano-string does the touched key. This explains the attraction which self-denials of all sorts have held for the saints. It is the secret of Lenten joy for thousands of souls."

"Just as we crush and bruise roseleaves," said Margaret, "in making potpourri, to extract more of its sweetness."

"You hear Protestants say that they have the Holy Sacrament without the Sacrifice. It is, they claim, commemoration and a channel of grace; this, they

say, being all-sufficient. But even from such a ceremony you can not take out the sacrificial idea! It is in the broken bread and poured wine of this supposed Sacrament, for it partakes, in appearance, of the claims of a sacrament, which implies sacrifice. Every sacrament does. Baptism, for example, means for us renunciation of Satan. Penance, renunciation of sin, and so on. The Precious Blood of the Holy Eucharist is the very acme and essence of sacrifice; therefore the Divine Life inheres. 'Without shedding of Blood is no remission.' A mysterious Divine law this-to be simply adored--ne**ve**r questioned, still less understood. At times we, too, shed our hearts' blood in is renunciation—filling up 'that which behind of the afflictions of Christ,' adds Paul, the Apostle, thus hinting at another adorable mystery."

"Saint Paul seems to be referring here," said Mrs. Asquith, "to the higher and deeper renunciations of life, such as few have grace to understand—such as the heroisms of the cloister or the Sister dedicated to works of exterior mercy and cnarity, or the priest of the Father Damien type."

"Perhaps; ye. there is always unknown sainthood and unappreciated charity. The Lord may see much silent sacriff ce on earth and much self-surrender where we never dream of it."

A pause ensued, in which Marga et looked very thoughtful and Miss Dormer seemed lost in some rememorance.

"No greater instance of renunciati on can be given, it seems to me, than on Lord's Eucharistic Presence. This nunciation is infinite. His abiding in earthly tabernacles—nay, even in own Divine glory, which awes us, where ever we think of it. Yet this is included the of Love, whose thrills a outpourings vitalize our own. Think this infinite condescension to the single and the dying. I do not wonder that in Catholic lands men adore the Blesseed Sacrament when it passes in the street.

the Protestants would, too, if a little more faith and really **d!**"

something curious and very ie other day in one of the said Margaret, eagerly. "It account of certain dance and ames, popular among the Cathren of Spain. After giving a of these, the narrator adds: supreme solemnity of the Host ough the kneeling streets can-. the trustful gaze of childhood.' gives the following song-I am Lord Jesus, who loved little when on earth, does not deem it iar or at all irreverent. It is ple vision of His pardoning

re you going, dear Jesus; int and so gay?"
ng to a dying man h his sins away. find him sorry evil he has done is sins are more than the sands he sea lon every one."

re you going, dear Jesus; int and so gay?"
ing back from a dying man sins are washed away. found him sorry evil he had done, his sins were more than the is of the sea, doned every one."

s very quaint and curious," said iith. "Can you not give us an-

s! 'Strangest of all,' says the the article, 'is this dramatic ogue, which any one with an hildren's voices may hear any ladrid, telling of the death of rcedes' ":

away, young King Alfonso?

pity!) Whither away?"

sing my queen Mercedes,

ave not seen her since yester-

have seen your queen Mercedes, e queen, though her eyes were

r dukes all gently bore her h the streets of sad Madrid.

h, how her face was calm as heaven! Oh how her hands were ivory white! Oh, how she wore the satin slippers
Kissed by you on the bridal night!

Dark are the lamps of the lonely Palace, Black are the suits the nobles don.
In letters of gold on the wall 'tis written:
Her Majesty is dead and gone."

He fainted to hear us, young Alfonso, Drooped like an eagle with broken the cannon thundered, 'Valor! the

And the people shouted, 'Long live the King!'

"All these choral games are spicy and full of variety. The music, in many cases—as in the Garden Dancing Song, for example—swings into very pretty melodies. With the old tale of Saint Catherine and her martyrdom their childish fancy plays some queer caprices."

"Can you not remember that, too?" said Miss Dormer, with her coaxing smile.

"I will try." And Margaret slowly repeated this one:

In Cadiz was a wean, ah, The gentlest ever seen, ah, Her name was Catalina. Ay, so! Her name was Catalina.

Her father, Moslem cruel, He made her bring in fuel; Her mother fed her gruel.
Ay, so! Her mother fed her gruel.

They beat her Tuesday Wednesday, 'they beat Thursday, Friday, They beat her Saturday, Monday, Ay, so!
They beat her hardest Sunday.

Once bade her wicked sire She make a wheel most dire,
Of scissors, knives and fire.
Ay, so!
Of scissors, knives and fire.

The noble Christian neighbors, In pity of her labors Brought silver swords and sabers. Ay, so! Brought silver swords and sabers.

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By noon her task was ended, And on that wheel all splendid Her little knee she bended. Ay, so!

Her little knee she bended.

Then down a stair all amber She saw the cherubs clamber: 'Come rest in our blue chamber." Ay, so! She rests in their blue chamber.

"Thank you very much, dear Margaret!" said Miss Dormer. "There is some real poetry in the last stanza. As to the children, their religion has permeated the very air they breathe, so that these little Spaniards make it part of their daily life, playing with it thus in all innocence."

"Our Protestant children also like to 'play church,' " observed Mrs. Asquith. "One will be the 'preacher'-or, clad in some white garment with big sleeves, an Anglican 'Bishop.' So I fancy it is the child-nature everywhere."

"I should like to see the little blackeyed Spanish children, though, in their fanciful games and share the frolic," said Miss Dormer-and her shining eyes were full of eagerness.

"It is a case of renunciation, my dear," laughed Mrs. Asquith. "I fear we never shall! But can thank the translator, Miss Katherine Lee Bates, who brings them before us so vividly.

"Lent comes with a call to deeper selfdenials than that," returned Miss Dormer, seriously. "When I see in the streets bevies of ornamental young ladies tripping off to Lenten services at this church or that, in brand-new Lenten costumes, whose sober tones are partially lightened by soft bunches of English violets, their cost in proportion to their fragrance-when I watch these young women, I say, each with a velvet prayerbook, a silver cross on its cover, I do not know whether to laugh or cry! There may be self-denial in it all-God alone reads the heart-but does it not look like very thin piety? a superficial bit of religion-ism? a compound of fashion and mere silliness-like the giving of 'purple teas' because it is Lent—the piety being thrown in like a wee dash of seasoning? Is all this uncharitable, Margaret?"

"I dare not say. There may be sincere penitence for some of their follies down in their little hearts, and many congregations ultra-fashionable are working well and solidly for missions and charities; but their renunciation of the 'pomps and vanities of this wicked world' is not so evident."

"'Renunciation remains a SOFTOW. though a sorrow borne willingly,' says George Eliot. Perhaps the sorrow is too much for butterfly natures like these," suggested Mrs. Asquith.

"Let us not judge, but rather hope the Lord hears their prayers, however feeble! he who joyfully speaks of his neighbor's virtues presents unto Jesus a bouquet of fair flowers.'"

"Yes, Margaret! May He hear every sincere petition, Catholic or Protestant, or from the yearning heart of the stray sinner, the poor lost lamb who has no earthly fold! May none fail of their reward!"

"Lent becomes a beautiful RARRAT when we think of that outpouring of hearts and of their petitions everywhere upsent, like the spray of a glorious silver fountain, never weary, ever gladsome, in its ceaseless leaping up to God. All over the world human souls are drawing closer to Him and welcoming His gracious answer."

"It is like the sun on the fountain spray, circling it with benedictions; is it not, mother?" cried Margaret, eager to carry out her mother's thought. "Heaven glorifies it all with its rainbow splendors of response."

"Its renunciations, too," added Miss "and self-denials, however Dormer. small, if offered from love to Him, catch the glory of His own sublime sacrifice, the light of the Cross. For on Calvarythere, perhaps, most of all, He was the Light of the World."

"Lent brings this comfort, also," pur sued Mrs. Asquith, "we feel sure that, however small may be our renouncings of evil or our surrenders of earthly good, not one of these shall lose its reward.'

"And such a reward!" cried Miss Dormer, with shining eyes. "Overwhelmingly greater than our poor deserts! Our little regrets—which often come after our sacrifices and show our mortal weaknesses, our infirmities of will—are swallowed up in the great glory. Margaret, did you ever see a poem about all this, called 'A Song of Roses?' No, Let me repeat it for you, then.

My heart sings of roses to-day;
Passionate glowing,
Fragrance-bestowing,
A mystical darkness of rubied display.
Why should repining
Shadow thy shining,
Sun-orb of Joy, on our glittering way,
O Life, give us roses,
Red roses, to-day!

Here they are, my joys elysian, Changed into a deeper vision.
Wondrous, white, death-scented roses, Pallid in the sun-lit mist—
Full of pain, like saddened faces—
Under skies of amethyst,
Ye are saintlier sweet to-day!
Fair red roses, away! away!

Poor crushed blossoms of yesterday,
Withered away!
Sad is the song of a vanished May;
Though soft and sweet its tremulous
tune

As a fainting rose in the heat of noon. For the years go darkling day by day; For Life is cold and its skies are gray.

—Where are the roses I flung away?

An angel cometh, softly singing Songs of mine!
Celestial roses he is bringing;
How they shine!
For I hear afar and faintly
Whirr of wings—
A voice that speaketh
Gracious things.

"Here are roses! Here are roses!"
Slow it saith;
"Crowns of roses, white and saintly,
Heaven-kept, for you!
Boundless mercy all bestoweth;
The golden garner overfloweth,
And I bring you
All the red ones—
All the burning red ones, too."

To divert myself from a troublesome Rancy, 'tis but to run to my books. They always receive me with the same kindmess. The sick man is not to be lamented who has his cure in his sleeve. In the experience and practice of this sentence, which is a very true one, all the benefit I reap from books consists. They are the best viaticum I have yet found out for this human journey.—Montaiane.

We desire nothing more ardently than that the fervor of the faithful in perform-forming the devotion of the Rosary should not languish, but should remain firm and perfect. We desire to increase the devotion towards the Mother of God, especially by this form of prayer most pleasing to her.

Care must be taken that in these sad times for the Church the holy custom of saying the Rosary be carefully observed, especially as this form of prayer is excellently suited to nourish the spirit of devotion.

"For these reasons we exhort and beseech all to persist religiously and constantly in the daily use of the Rosary; and we declare it to be our desire that in the principal church of each diocese it should be recited daily, and that in all parish churches it should be said on all festivals. And in stimulating and maintaining this plous exercise, the Religious Orders, and specially (by a kind of right) the Dominicans, can be of great service; and we feel sure that they will not be wanting in the fulfilment of so beneficial and honorable a duty.—Leo XIII.

That silent, never-resting thing called time, rolling, rushing on, silent like an all-embracing ocean-tide, on which we and all the universe swim, like exhalations, like apparitions which are and are not; this is forever very literally a miracle, a thing to strike us dumb, for we have no word to speak about it.—Carlyle.

SALVE SANGUIS CHRISTI.

EDITH R. WILSON.

Of the Precious Blood we sing, Shed by Jesus Christ our King, For the sinner's ransoming: Salve Sanguis Christi!
Now for us its grace is pleading,
Every red drop interceding
Every Wound our spirits feeding:
Salve Sanguis Christi!

Blood which Mary's veins supplied, Blood which Jesus sanctified, Now in beauty glorified: Salve Sanguis Christi! Brighter far than rubies gleaming, Rosy rays of light are streaming From each fount of love redeeming: Salve Sanguis Christi!

Hail the Blood which Jesus gave, From the cradle to the grave, Sinful souls to heal and save: Salve Sanguis Christi! Earthly praise may fail or falter, But, at God's own golden Altar, Purer lips take up love's psalter: Salve Sanguis Christi!

Can our hearts forget the dower Can our hearts forget the dower
Of that last sad Paschal hour,
Or its sacramental power?
Salve Sanguis Christi!
Grant, O dearest Lord, that never
Earth's allure or hell's endeavor,
From its grace our souls may sever:
Salve Sanguis Christi!

Blood drops of Gethsemane, From the Saviour flowing free, In a ruby rosary:

Salve Sanguis Christi!
At the throne of God attendant, Countless saints in robes resplendent, Witness to its grace transcendent: Salve Sanguis Christi!

Wound prints of the Crucified Bleeding Brow and stricken Side, Wash me in Thy saving tide: Salve Sanguis Christi! Mercy on my soul bestowing, Lead me where that Blood is flowing, From Love's chalice, red and glowing: Salve Sanguis Christi!

Through the Precious Blood, I pray,
May my sins be washed away;
Save me in the last, dread Day:
Salve Sanguis Christi!
Then, redeemed from every nation,
Shall the heirs of Thy salvation
Raise the hymn of adoration:
Salve Sanguis Christi!

MUSING.

J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

In vain, I court sweet sleep; my spirits thrill. The morning mists creep softly round

the trees;

Alone, I, longing, gaze and sweet the breeze Steals perfume laden o'er the treecrowned hill.

Yet, sadly changed, you hill does seem to-

day, Since when our voices sang their songs

around;
The grassy bench lies crumbled on the ground,

Where oft we sat and played the time away.

And now my mind on winged thought doth roam

Far backward o'er the dream of misty years;

I live again the past—its joys and tears

And see the friends youth me in kindness gave.

Yet! Gone those hearts, now drifted far from home!— Some love on still; some rest within the

grave.

CLOUD-LANDS.

H. M. TUCKER.

There hangs in a hall of paintings In a German city old, A strange and beautiful picture In a massive frame of gold.

The painter christened it "Cloud-Land." Who stands at the gallery's end
And looks down its length, can only See Chaos; no colors blend.

But should he walk toward the picture
The colors so blurred and dim,
Will change to visions of beauty,
To angels and cherubim!

Such exquisite cherub faces Will turn on him holy eyes; Such radiant hosts of angels Seem opening raradise.

How often the soul, as blinded By trials and griefs, can see Nothing in Life's great picture, No color, no harmony.

Then turn not to doubt, despairing, Draw near unto God, and find That the clouds are full of His angels O souls that now are blind.

THE YOUTHS' DIRECTORY.

SISTER ROSALIA, O. P.

ing recently on the annual re-Board of Charities of the State ork, The Catholic World said: advent of Christianity it has considered a most imperative ing on every individual and nunity of individuals to pro-



R D. O. CROWLEY, DIRECTOR.

ne needy and the afflicted; and men adhere, however imperhe teaching of Christ, the "unabilities of our humanity" will shown forth in the maincharitable institutions. These appear like bright centers the goodness of a Divine Best of the homeless and sufferense with all these benevolent and society would quickly sink rism. The hands of those enthis work should be strengthinly with our sympathy, but by ary aid.

e expends millions in the erec-

tion of public buildings which, when completed, will not equal in value one human life rescued from infamy and reared to the full stature of virtue and godliness. The individuals engaged in this moral work are, with patient labor, shaping the uncouth outlines of crude characters into forms of grace and beauty, as certainly as are the workmen chiselling the various granite blocks for their places in those stately edifices; and these characters, when completed, will each have its place in the great structure of society.

It is gratifying to know that so much is being done in our city to better the condition of homeless children. The most prominent institution for this purpose in



FATHER MORGAN, THE PRESENT ZEALOUS ASSISTANT OF FATHER CROWLEY.

San Francisco is the Youths' Directory for Homeless Boys, situated at Nineteenth and Angelica streets. It was founded by Archbishop Alemany and the present Vicar-General of the diocese, Very Rev. J. J. Prendergast, in 1874,

who saw that a great number of children were being lost to the Church and society year after year for the want of proper care and guidance. The orphan asylums through the bounty of the State looked after, housed and fed those who were deprived of their natural guardians by death. But the child who was made homeless by the sickness, drunkenness or divorce of his parents, had no place to go wherein his wants

the organization of the home. He went to work energetically. His first trustees were Archbishop Alemany, James R. Kelly, John Parrott, Gustave Touchard, Lloyd Tevis, Jos. A. Donohue, Frederick L. Castle, John W. Mackay and Milton S. Latham. Father Prendergast himself, Jas. R. Kelly and John W. Mackay are the only survivors of the original board of trustees. The Very Rev. Vicar-General and James R. Kelly take as lively an in-



THE PRESENT DIRECTORY.

could be supplied and his faith preserved. It was estimated by Archbishop Alemany that more than three hundred destitute and neglected children were annually lost to the Church in San Francisco alone, because there was no house to supplement the State asylum and save these little ones. In this need the Youths' Directory had its origin. Very Rev. Father Prendergas t was entrusted with

terest in the Youths' Directory to-day as they did six and twenty years ago. John W. Mackay has become a millionaire, and like most men of great wealth devotes his time to things that pay better in this world.

Rev. Father Connolly, the present zealous pastor of S. Paul's Church, managed the affairs of the Youths' Directory for years. His administration was marked

by great success. He found homes and situations for thousands of boys who are among our best and most active citizens to-day. When the venerable Archbishop Alemany retired from the scene of his arduous labors, our present beloved Archbishop had a site purchased for the Directory and a home erected thereon. Rev. Father Crowley was taken from a parish and placed in charge of the work in February, 1877. He founded and still publishes the S. Joseph's Union, a quarterly from which most of the revenues for the support of the homeless boys are derived. During the thirteen years of Crowley's administration the Father

worthy boys who were exposed to the temptations attendant upon enforced idleness. A. P. Deitz was the first superintendent. The first Home contained a Dormintory with space for twelve beds, kitchen, refectory and a superintendent's office. The good work progressed so speedily that soon the little Directory building could no longer accommodate the poor, needy little waifs of the streets. Most Rev. Archbisop Riordan clearly recognized the vital urgency of the enterprise, and under his fostering care, as in all the undertakings which claim his support, the work was given a new mission and a greater impetus. Immedi-



BEFORE ENTERING THE DIRECTORY.

register of the Home shows that more than seven thousand boys have been fed and sheltered there.

Late in 1877 the first Youths' Directory building—a modest one-story structure—was erected at 1417 Howard street, adjoining the parochial school of S. Joseph's Parish. Previous to that time the Directory had consisted merely of an office located in the basement of the Notre Dame (French) Church on Bush street. It was really an employment bureau where work was secured for



AFTER ENTERING THE DIRECTORY.

ately after the appointment of Rev. D. O. Crowley as Spiritual Director, the Directory was moved to 2030 Howard street. There was an old building on the lot. It was somewhat larger than the first Directory, but entirely inadequate to the growing needs of the work. It was then that the publication of the S. Joseph's Union was commenced. In the first issue the needs and aims of the instituion were set forth. Receiving no State aid whatever, it depended entirely upon the sympathy and charity of the public. The

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campaign for building fund was commenced and Rev. Father Crowley found that he had not reckoned in vain upon the kind hearts of the people of San Francisco. Nearly twenty thousand dollars were spent upon this third Directory building, and in it the good work was carried on for ten years. During that time over seven thousand boys were rescued from the streets or from worse environments. Five thousand of these boys were given positions in stores or on farms. Those too young to commence

tion and sanitation, with the result that in all these respects the building is perfect. The corner-stone was laid July 17, 1888. On that occasion all the Catholic and many non-Catholic societies of San Francisco turned out to give public approval to the enterprise. His Grace Archbishop Riordan conducted the ceremony, and Rev. W. D. Connolly delivered an eloquent address. City officials and many Protestant ministers were present on that day to give encouragement to the good work. As the Home now stands it has



A NEW ARRIVAL.

the battle of life were given to the kindly care of the Sisters of Charity or to that of the Christian Brothers of San Rafael Orphan Asylum. At the expiration of ten years a new Home was needed, the old one having become too small to accommodate the projects of the Archbishop and to satisfy the Christian ambitions of the Director, Father Crowley. The new Home is a four-story brick structure, built in the finest style of the Italian Rennaissance. It has a frontage of 100 feet on Nineteenth street and the depth along Angelica is 153 feet. Particular attention was given to lighting, ventila-



NO DISTINCTION OF COLOR.

ample accommodations for one hundred and fifty children. There is no institution in the State, private or otherwise, better appointed or more carefully conducted. Kindness and at the same time firmness are the governing factors there. The Directory is not run on denominational lines. Catholics, Protestants, Jews and Gentiles are received and welcomed there alike. It aims to prevent crime, not to reform little criminals. The children are taken there before they fall into the ways of vice, and are safeguarded until homes are found for them

in respectable families. Father Crowley is convinced that environment has a stronger influence than heredity. Therefore he labors to snatch children from bad surroundings and place them where they will have good example and proper training until they grow to manhood.

place to stay while sojourning here. They are more than welcome to bed and board in their old home, whether they come back to the city in quest of employment or to spend a few weeks' vacation among old scenes and friends. The present directors of the Directory are: Most Rev.



A GROUP.

The Directory does not lose sight of the boys even when they leave its shelter. They are kept in communication with the management for years after they leave its portals. Every mail that comes from Manila brings a letter or two from some of the lads who have made their way to our new possessions. There are several small rooms in the house for those who return to the city and have no proper

P. W. Riordan, James R. Kelly, Matt. I. Sullivan, Thos. R. Bannerman, Dr. J. F. Gibbon, T. P. Riordan, Dr. Jos. Oliver and Rev. D. O. Crowley.

During the thirteen years of Father Crowley's administration, he has worked patiently, earnestly and with unflagging zeal in the great cause to which he has devoted his life. It is no small thing to support an institution of this kind largely

through the proceeds of a quarterly publication. That Father Crowley has succeeded in doing so is a splendid tribute to his literary and administrative abilities. He has seen the work grow and prosper, and like Monsignor Nugent of Liverpool and the lamented Father Drumgoole of New York he has become the father and friend of the homeless boy. He unites in his personality a rare combination of the practical and the ideal. No doubt, if he consulted his inclinations

merely, his time would be spent in to comfort and privacy of a well-fil library or as the pastor of a prosper parish, for Father Crowley is a stud and a litterateur. God fitted him for work before him, however, by giv him a thoroughly practical business to of mind as well. He has a wonder facility for making friends and the retact of being able to retain them, a f to which his splendid success gives am testimony.

· SAINT JOSEPH.

EDITH R. WILSON.

True saint of God! in doubt and care
To thy dear feet we fiee;
The sweetness of the Holy Child
Is manifest in thee.
Calm patience lies within thine eyes,
And on thy lips a prayer;
Still dost thou seem, in holy dream,
Converse with God to share.

O faithful hearted! Tempted sore,
We kneel before thy shrine;
A blessing from the Saviour's hands
Seems given unto thine.
Safe from alarm, thy loving arm
Folded the Christ to rest.
His children now before thee bow—
Oh, clasp us to thy breast!

Spouse of our Lady! To such grace
Thy purity attained;
Then shall not we thy succor seek
To keep our souls unstained?
Soft Springtide reigns upon the plains,
But wintry winds blow chill,
So in each heart grace finds a part,
Yet evil threatens still.

Dear guardian of our Lord! That name We cannot plead in vain.

For Bethlehem's tenderest memories Wake at the sound again.

The calm midnight—the wondrous light That flooded all the cave—

Oh, by the power of that sweet hour We pray thee guard and save!

Joseph the Carpenter! 'Twas thine
Of old to ward and guide
That home of homes where Jesus wrought
And toil was sanctified.
Shield us, we pray, through life's brief
day,
And when we sink in death
Share us thy rest, on Jesus' breast,
Calm Saint of Nazareth!

A LIGHT WENT OUT FROM TAR

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

A light went out from Tara,
A light whose heavenly glow
Still burns as bright in Irish hearts
As in the long ago,

When to the fairest Isle on earth
The Blessed Patrick came,
And kindled in their gentle hearts
Faith's pure unfading flame.

The light of Faith, the power divine,
That nerved such hosts to tread
The cruel path of martyrdom
Through years of bondage dread.

Chained, scourged, oppressed, starved a despoiled,
They knew no craven fear,
While Faith across earth's darkness cas
Its quenchless ray of cheer.

Nor proffered wealth, nor pleasure's tra Nor fame, nor worldly power, Could from their loyal spirits wrest Saint Patrick's precious dower.

The Faith the sons of Erin loved, And which her exiles bore, Their only wealth, a treasure blest, To many a distant shore.

O glorious light! O fadeless light!
Our heritage divine,
Though dark the night and drear the wa
We mark thy radiance shine.

Brightly, as when on Tara's height, It sprang a living flame, And fired each noble Irish heart When Blessed Patrick came.

THEOLOGY IN REVIEWS.

REV. J. R. NEWELL, O. P.

Court, a monthly magazine aultaneously in London and n infidel concern which, for of aim, dishonesty of boldness of prevarication, in equal in England or in ith peculiar unfairness it ilse colors-its very title bet misnomer, and while propen court of discussion "de-Religious Parliament idea," and patronizingly admits to the wildest and vilest forms eligion, while to the Chrisit absolutely denies a hear-

manly antagonist advancing his own colors has a nerv-t to have to deal with a is too disgustingly hateful nd this latter is the feeling perusing the pages of *The* whose treatment of Religion minds one of the infamous ritish cowards hypocritically

King Henry of execrable wear away the divine rights iness of Queen Katherine. objective point of The Open stroy the Christian Faith in f its decoyed and unwary bscribers; and its mode of not unworthy of the cunning it. Christian Faith is a virhough primarily a light in ust have for foundation an t; and the shortest method ing that light is to corrupt

ctive infidel instinct of *The* ads it to pursue this method, its uniform, stereotyped u of the following descripniree you have a generous obscene in the shape of Grear nudities, the publication of way, is in our common law

a State's prison offence; but in *The Open Court* it is only an interesting "Study of Ancient Religions," you know! You are invited to admire the "lofty religious intention" in the erotic villainies of Pagandom, and even to recognize in those depths of pollution the fountains of the pure and subtime Religion of Christ!

Next comes the Piece de Resistance in the shape of a formidable hodge-podge of "Higher Criticism" designed to supplant the supernatural order of Christian truth and life, which you are informed is "superstition." When you have swallowed and digested that, you are served with Dessert, consisting of a soft flummery of mixed Buddhism and Shintoism, to be washed down with a copious draught of soporific "poetry" purporting to insure for you that final, endless sleep or absorption into the Great All, whose name is Nirvana-that is, nobody-and thus hide you forever from your own consciousness and conscience as also from the infinite ken of the Almighty!

While such is its method, the composition of *The Open Court* is, in every sense, below par. As a literary venture its style is singularly lacking in the clear, true ring or easy flow of the cultured English we should naturally expect from a publication of such high pretensions; though this poverty of style is easily accounted for in the fact that its foremost articles are mere literal translations from the dreamy scrawls of German infidel hirelings at Berlin.

Its pretended facts and dates, when not garbled, are entire fabrications; its efforts at reasoning are puerile; its criticism offends against all the known canons; its philosophy is arrant sophistry; its tastes and tendencies are base and debasing, and the whole production is a contemptible exhibition of chronic eroticism, pretence and mendacity.

A solemn lesson of warning is irresist-

ably borne in upon the mind when contemplating the religious position of society in our day. As an ineviable progress on the road of error from bad to worse is the tale of apostasy, we are not surprised, though indeed pained, to behold the utter religious dissolution that is spreading throughout Protestant society of all denominations.

The swarms of Rationalist, Agnostic and Atheistic writers, like those of *The Open Court* and many kindred magazines, were generated from the fundamental principle—the very vitals—of Protestantism, and now exhibit that body as a lifeless corpse in all the horrid stages of its progress from decomposition to putrefaction!

Whoever values the title of Cnristian and the high and sacred interests it stands for, must beware of the fatal contamination such a corpse (until buried) is too likely to communicate; and while Catholics of any mental activity must now if ever safeguard their faith by Catholic literature, together with the Sacraments and prayer, all Protestants also who care for God and their salvation must put away their pride and prejudice, and at least listen to or read, from Catholic sources, what the Catholic Church has to say on the awful issues involved in the religious question, now so agitated to its very foundations!

S. Paul and S. Jude, especially, have

left us the true description of the men who, in the name of a pretended science, are combined in our day "against God and His Christ": "In the last days shall come on dangerous times. Men shall be lovers of themselves, haughty, proud, blasphemous, lovers of pleasure more than of God. Having an appearance of Godliness, but denying the power thereof; ever learning, and never attaining to the knowledge of the truth; turning away from sound doctrine and giving ear to fables; with itching ears, heaping up to themselves teachers according to their own desires. Evil men and seducers, growing worse and worse; erring and driving into error; vain babblers, blas-pheming what they know not; steeped in defilement themselves, they dare to despise and blaspheme Majesty! Speaking proud words of vanity, they allure by the desire of fleshly riotousness those who would live in error. Promising them liberty, whereas they themselves are the slaves of corruption! Eternal murmurers, full of complaints; walking according to their own desires, and speaking proud things for gain's sake. These are the gluttons at banquets; wind-blown clouds without water; raging waves of the sea vainly frothing out their own confusion: trees of the autumn without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots; wandering stars, for whom God has reserved the storm of final darkness!" (I. and II. Tim., I. Jude.)

A BOY'S OBJECTION. EDWIN ANGELO LEMAN.

I wonder why it is that when A boy, considered good, By some mistake commits a fault He's so misunderstood.

His relatives, of course, are shocked, They say his case is sad, And that he'll drift to wicked ways And end up very bad. But if a reckless fellow does Some little thing that's right, The family will surely praise His action out o' sight.

The first boy's wrong is made seem big, His good past is forgot; While boy the second gets the name Of having done a lot.

Now, this don't seem the proper thing— In fact, it isn't square— Just weigh the good and bad of both, And then their deeds compare.

THE PHILIPPINE COMMISSION.

G. N. COLE.

The first volume of the "Report of the Philippine Commission" has oeen issued. It prophesies "Victories of strange and almost portentous splendor," in the Pan-American (?) Archipelago!

A manifestation of our "benevolent" intentions towards the Filipinos was made in the publication of the treaty of peace, negotiated at Paris, December 10, 1898, but the detailed methods of carrying out those intentions can be found only in this "Report."

Murmurings from an un-Christian press, however, have forced the public to suspect the sincerity and justice of so gigantic a philanthrophy as that implied in the Philippine scheme.

The audible chucklings of so pretentious a periodical as the Independentalthough presumably an unofficial organ of the administration—betray a disposition on its part to further a sordid conspiracy by calumniating an innocent body of Christian teachers. The evidence of so notorious a jail-bird as Antonio Regidor, as published in The Independent for February 7, will have no weight with honest men. It is the straw, however, that indicates the direction of the wind of doctrine by which The Independent is veered. The assertion of The Independent that the calumny uttered by Regidor "is supported by the report of the Taft Commission" is a strange rendering of the words of the Report.

In all the charges against the Friars alleged by the mercenary rebel, Aguinaldo, the commissioners may possibly have been unfavorably biased; but "The Commission does not pronounce upon the truth of these allegations." (Report, p. 130.) Indeed, to illustrate how fully the Commission flouts the absurd and gross charges alleged against the morality of the Friars, we have the testimony of the Report that "the feeling against the Friars (on the part of the Filipinos) is

solely political." Moreover, this assumption on the part of the Commission of general opposition to the Friars (be it only political) is contradicted by the Bishops and the Friars, and by the Delegate Apostolic speaking for the people, from whom, he assures us, he has received numerous appeals asking for the retention of the Friars in their parishes.

The Commission's further assumption of the proof of charges against the Friars on the score of morality, an assumption unsustained by any testimony of the people, is denied in the Commission's own words that the opposition to the Friars is wholly political.

Quite so! The enemies of the Friars are the few secret society ringleaders who would betray the people as readily as they have calumniated the Friars, did it promise success to their political schemes, the realization of which the Friars have so earnestly thwarted.

For The Independent's gratuitous suggestions to the Church as to the policy it "ought to have" adopted in affairs "Philopena"—the "leaders in this country" reecho "much thanks."

The elaborate work of the Commission-approved and confirmed by so able a jurist as Taft, forms a document before which Blackstonian lore must inevitably pale. A magnanimity almost divine pervades each saving clause. Twenty-four chapters expansively consider the welfare of the Christians, Mohammedans and other pagans dwelling in the Philippine These considerations are Archipelago. not likely to delude our thinking citizens. Too keen are the memories of agonizing sacrifice of home and loved ones in unavailing effort "to promote the best interests of the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands."

The "inhabitants" of these islands, by the way, have been enjoying the blessings of Christian civilization, through the instrumentality of the Friars, for three centuries, and long before the migratory movement of the "Pilgrim Fathers," which resulted in their happy landing—as loyal subjects of their "dread sovereign, King James—at Cape Codd ye 11 of November, 1620."

The Friars accompanied Columbus and share in the glory of his discoveries. Fifty years before Harvard was instituted, a Friar, the great old Dominican Archbishop Jerome Loaysa (Spanish), founded a University at Lima which enjoyed all the privileges of the University of Salamanca, and so on, the Friars—ad infinitum!

But everybody knows that the Friars were not Pilgrim Fathers; hence the profanity the results of their respective achievements in matters religious or educational during a contemporary era.

The statement that "the percentage of illiteracy among the civilized natives (in the Philippines) is lower than among the inhabitants of Massachusetts" connot be denied; nor should it seem unreasonable when we consider the early date of the foundations of Colleges and Universities throughout the islands. The establishment of the College of S. Thomas in Manila anticipated that of Harvard by many years. Illiteracy has yet to be defined as "Ignorance of the English language!"

The voluminous authentic works extant in Latin and Spanish and "native dialects" bearing on the history of the Archipelago,* of its antiquities, the characteristics of the many tribes that people it, of their customs, religions and superstitions; in fact, chronicles of aboriginal and Spanish polity and art, rich, in many-sided lore, are monumental evidences of the learning and industry of the Friars in the Philippines. The honest-minded student will welcome such literature as a boon.

Concerning the less-remote region of Massachusetts we have some encouraging figures in support of Catholic effort to reduce irreligion and illiteracy among "the inhabitants":

"In the city of Boston the number of pupils in parochial schools, October, 1899, was 13,020. The average cost for each child in the public schools for the year 1898-1899 was \$29.70. It requires simple arithmetical calculation to show that the parochial schools saved the city during the year the sum of \$386,694. Again. estimating at the rate of \$150 per child, the school building investment saved was, as given above, \$1,953,000. The interest on the last sum alone would be \$78,120.

"The number of pupils in the parochial schools throughout the State at the same period was 61,570. Averaging the cost per child for the various cities the total direct saving to the municipal treasuries was \$1,530,725.62, and the school building investment saved was \$9,235,500, the interest of which would be \$969,420.

"We we reflect, writes Fatuer Walsh. Superintendent of Parochial Schools, that this investment for school buildings represents more than the whole school property valuation of the great State of Maine (about \$4,082,000), or of the State of New Hampshire (about \$3,285,000), or of Vermont (about \$1,500,000), or of Rhode Island (about \$1,415,000), and then recall that the above annual expense, saved to the commonwealth, exceeds the entire annual school appropriations of Rhode Island or of Vermont, we begin to realize what a handsome present we have made and are making to our own State of Massachusetts."

But to return to the "Report!" It must have been Taft himself that discovered and made a note of the fact "that," in the Philippines, "education in Christian doctrine is placed before reading and writing, and, if the natives are to be believed, in. many remote districts instructions began and ended with this subject and was imparted in the local native dialect at that?" Would the sage Commissoner mind translating the two hundred and sixty-four pages of "The Report" into the various "local native dialects" of the Filipinos, so that these creatures "of low stature, with black skin, closely curling hair, flat noses, thick lips and large, clumsy feet," might read—as they run "through the

^{*}The history of Mindanao, Jolo, etc., written in 1667 by Francisco Combès, a Jesuit.

"-the benevolent intentions of vil "Peace Commission?"

s true that the Friars not only, but wrote in the native dialects, living languages of the world; lso wrote in Latin, which, by their, is instinct with life. We are asthat they even preserved for posthe means of acquiring a knowlef the Malaysian language, of which are twenty-seven idioms, with numsub-branches.

this point Dr. Middleton, in his s on the Bibliography of the Philip-'* says: "A working knowledge of any fashions of speech so much i as obvious, nay indispensable, to er or missionary, will be gained quickly and thoroughly it should be sed from books of two-fold char-(1) namely, from grammars and naries** of the several idioms, based entific rules of philology; then (2) devotional works-books of Chrisliety, very numerous in the Philipas are religious manuals, prayer, n and confession books, whereof abound in Retana, all pretty much the busy pen of missionaries themto whose zeal and ability in the ction of their brown and black -tongued wards is due largely, nay, y, whatever of humanizing, Chrisharacter is found in Malaysia, as in s true also in other countries now ed and enlightened, albeit once

Friars as authorities on Philiplinguistics, etc., will be more duly lered in a future article. But the Friars, not content with so vast a field of religious and scientific literature among the "natives," have actually accumulated material possessions without the sanction—worse still, without the security of a United States patent!

After all there are few consolations in robbing the Friars of their reputations for the practice of virtue, zeal for God's glory, sublime self-sacrifice for the soul of the heathen; it certainly is not an enriching process. The Friars have material possessions—a more important consideration—which have excited the cupidity of their enemies.

And the lands held by the Friars could be purchased by the State and sold to the natives in small holdings and at reasonable rates, "and as this question is one of the most vital and important in the Philippines, the Commission recommends an early consideration of this solution of the government hereafter to be established in the Archipelago."

The presence of the Friars in the Philippines is the hinge, ingeniously fashioned, upon which a discriminating bench of judges have hung the massive door which has ever barred progressive irreligion. The hinge must be removed. The door that responds to the push and pull of political mechanism must be substituted. But the process of substitution must be "legalized." Wherefore, and with characteristic inventive dispatch, let a government be established that will expedite this weighty matter. It means opportunities for our politicians, "jobs" and "places," contracts, commerce, "boodle," the "almighty dollar," and other American dishonesty and deviltry.

A RONDEL.

ALONZO RICE.

g for rest supreme, divine.
fervent wish that once possessed
David's soul to-day is mine.
for rest.

The sunbeams from the golden west Across the level valleys shine On fields in living splendor dressed. All beauty now and grace combine;

The bird has sought its woodland nest, As dreamward drowsy thoughts incline I long for rest.

e shall review this valuable work in lext number.

The Friars were lexicographers!

IN THE ENVIRONS OF FOU-TCHEOU-CHINA.

REV. BERTRAND COTHONAY, O. P.

I have just returned from an excursion to Tuon-lok, a fortified town, situated in a fertile region opening into the valley of the river Min. It contains from thirty to thirty-five thousand inhabitants, and is of easy access from Fou-tcheou. Descending the Min about two kilometers, we reached the junction of that river with the Sampan, and after about three hours ride we arrived at the sub-prefecture.

I went there in response to the invitation of a young Chinese priest, Ptolo (Peter) Ouon-Ngu, who was in charge of a congregation of Christian neophytes.

The Catholic mission was inaugurated at Tuon-lok about three years ago, under the following peculiar circumstances:

The pepole of Tuon-lok, having heard that numerous conversions had taken place at Fou-Chiang, and, furthermore, that these converts were exceedingly prosperous, attributed the fact chiefly to the influence which the missionaries enjoyed with the mandarins. They, therefore, resolved to secure for themselves the beneficial aid of the priests, particularly in the amicable arrangement of their affairs with the authorities, with whom they were at that time involved in difficulty.

A deputation was sent to the Bishop to declare that a large number of the inhabitants of their city were hungering and thirsting for the doctrine of the Gospel, and they begged him to send a priest among them. No hint, however, of the motive underlying their action escaped them. Not having a missionary at his command, the Bishop sent to them Father Ouon-Ngu, then a young seminarian. "The bishop is making game of us," they said; "this beardless youth will not be capable of transacting our affairs with the mandarins."

The poor seminarian, after making some visits, rented a hut, and invited the people to hear the good tidings of the Gospel. A few went, but none of the no-

tables, nor were any of the members of the deputation ever seen within the walls of the humble hut.

Father Ouon-Ngu, in company with several catechists, visited the villages of the neighborhood. They were well received everywhere, and consoled by the earnestness of those who commenced the study of Christian doctrine. Among the two thousand catechumens, but few have, as yet, been admitted to baptism.

During the two evenings that I spent at Tuon-lok, more than a hundred persons assembled for devotions. The exercises consisted of the chanting, first, of their prayers, and then of the chaplet. This lasted a full hour. During this time they remained upon their knees; sometimes their foreheads inclined to the very ground; often their hands were raised to the height of their heads; their eyes were fixed upon heaven; they had an air of devotion bordering upon ecstacy.

This attitude of absorbed contemplation is not peculiar to the converts to Christianity. An air of humble, pious recollection may be observed in the bonzes, chanting prayers to the vain images in their pagodas—prayers of which they understand not a word—images, deaf to their cries. When Father Ouon was about to dismiss his flock several voices cried out: "We wish to see the European priest who is here."

"But," Father Ouon replied, "he does not know your language well enough to speak to you; you will see him to-morrow when he will say Mass."

"That does not satisfy us," they answered; "we wish to see him this evening."

Upon being informed of their desire, I agreed to appear. I was greeted with exclamations—cries of astonishment and admiration. I was examined from head to foot. Everything about me seemed to them extraordinary. My beard, particularly, excited their surprise. They had

never before seen so much of it on a human face. They wondered why I did not wear a queue. I told them, through their priest, that I wore the beard in compensation. This made them laugh heartily.

When they saw that I exchanged my thoughts with the Chinese priest who interpreted them, they demanded that I should speak to them. I, therefore, addressed them in Latin, which was translated for them by the Chinese priest. They were delighted, and, after making many prostrations to me, they retired.

Upon the following morning I preached in Latin to those who assisted at my Mass-my kind friend at my side translating my words to them. Thirteen of the principal catechumens visited me the next day. They brought two letters. Having prostrated themselves, after the Chinese fashion, one of the number ceremoniously presented to me a long, red paper. In the middle of the sheet I saw but one Chinese character which signifies "to offer." But the red paper was many times folded. Under the second fold I observed many characters of different dimensions, arranged in vertical lines, in a strange manner.

Not being able to read them, I asked the Chinese priest what the deputation signified and what it desired. He answered, with a smile, that the Chinese converts had invited me to dinner. The invitation, worded according to Chinese etiquette, ran as follows:

"Your servants, great sinners, who are —(thirteen names are here inserted)—dare to present themselves before you, offer you their homages, praying you to accept, to-day, at noon, the feast they have prepared for you."

At noon, therefore, accompanied by Father Ouon, I presented myself to my entertainers. We were placed at a table laden with eighteen plates, filled with fish, birds, various kinds of meats, fruits and pastries. There was sufficient to have satisfied the hunger of at least twenty men. The neophytes served us with manifest pleasure. They thought it strange to see me using a fork. My moderate appetite appeared to disappoint them. They made up for it though, by sitting at the

table when we had finished. After remaining there about an hour all the eatables had disappeared.

The afternoon was devoted to sight-The walls which formerly enseeing. closed the city are now fallen down and overgrown with briars and brushwood. Like all Chinese cities, the streets are narrow and crooked, dirty and disgusting. Seven thousand families, or about twenty-five thousand persons, dwell here. The houses are of one story, mostly built of wood. One would think that they were made of old packing boxes, put together without taste, without symmetry. Nearly all of them have lost their perpendicular if they ever had one—they seem to stay together by force of habit.

To the west of the city, situated upon a hill-(from which one has a good view of Tuon-lok and surrounding valley)—is the principal temple of that region. It resembles the temples common in China-the entrance leading to a theater, where comedians occasionally entertain the people. This opens into a courtyard. Suites of rooms, low and poorly lighted, contain niches in which are placed images of Buddha and other Chinese divinities. The idols of Tuon-lok are very old and appear as if struck with leprosy-the hands, feet, nose and ears having suffered from atmospheric changes. Layers of dust and cobwebs, the accumulations of lengthened periods, are undisturbed by the worshipper.

The two bonzes in attendance in the temple were unable to give any information concerning the idols. They simply stared at us. In answer to our questions about the records of their gods they replied that they knew not how to read.

Near this temple—called by the Chinese miao—is a tower, seven stories high. These towers or pagodas, as they have been named by Europeans, are numerous throughout the cities of China and are built after the same model. Large blocks of cut stone form a substantial base upon which is erected a chapel consecrated to Buddha or some other divinity. Each ascending story decreases in size. A stone balcony surrounding each floor is reached by means

of a ladder placed diagonally from the successive lower courts.

The black pagoda of Fou-tcheou, which is the largest in the vicinity, according to an inscription upon its walls, was erected in the seventh century of our era. The carved statues in the body of the tower are manifestly of Indian origin.

Originally, these towers were intended as monuments for the dead—according to the testimony of a learned traveler who deciphered the characters engraved upon one of them, pe-kow-ta, signify "Tower of bleached bones." The Portuguese called them pagoda, imitating as nearly as possible the pronunciation of the inhabitants of Canton, who render the words pa-ko-ta. Many temples of learning were erected in Tuon-lok and specially dedicated to Confucius.

Having spent two days among the hospitable people of Tuon-lok, I prepared to return to Fou-tcheou. My friends procured a palanquin for my comfort, accompanied me in numbers to the river and announced my passing by setting off firecrackers at intervals of five minutes until I reached my destination. Gifts of fruit, confectionery and images were freely bestowed upon me. Many delivered to me the tablets of their ancestors as well as ancient idols of brass and wood. I promised, in exchange for their powerless gods, statues of our Lord, and of His holy Mother, rosaries and other objects of piety.

The images given to me are of every size and shape—hideous, grotesque; a few of artistic design. Many represented

Buddha, with sanctimonious countenance, but gross in figure, sitting, cross-legged, upon a lotus leaf. Other deities were as follows: Taiple Sinkon, protecting deity of merchants; Titson-ou, seated on a fabulous animal, titular divinity of the world; Goen-soi, also a protector of the Quanim, with innumerable universe: arms, goddess of mercy; Tou-Ti-Hon, guardian of silver; Wenemgta, god of war; Wene-Sing, genius of literature; Mutsau, goddess of sailors; Njow-Peung, the god of robbers! One of these statues represents a man-frightful in appearance; in his left hand he holds a seal, in his right hand an iron rod: this is Liew-Kaw-pien, who lived during the dynasty of In. He distinguished himself in war. After his death the Emperor conferred upon him the title of "Minister of Heaven," with the power of driving away demons. According to the imperial order he is invoked against evil spirits.

In addition to the above-mentioned divinities, a Chinese priest sent me gods enough to populate Olympus. I should gladly consign the entire collection to some lover of curios for a supply of Catholic pictures and statues.

The valley of Tuon-lok is indeed very beautiful, stretching far away in well-cultivated fields of rice. The mountain slopes on either side of the valley are covered with tombs, outlining a horse-shoe bend. Ornamental designs in sculpture, proportioned to the fortune left by the deceased, adorn these resting places of the dead.

LINES TO LILLIAN.

ESTELLE MARIE GERARD.

They say that thou art pulseless, oh, fond heart!

And that I may not hope to hear again
The rippling stream of laughter that did
start

From Mirth's fair dells in bygone days. Ah, then thy deep and tender azure eyes did gleam

And in their depths of peerless purity, There dwelt the light that made of life a dream—

An endless eventide of ecstasy.

How sweet the thought! e'en ravished as thou art

By seraph choirs' unceasing melody, Thou hearest aye the anguished cry of pain

That breakest from my saddened, lonely heart!

Thus, as of yore—in wonted constancy— Love's star doth glimmer on Life's turgid main.

EDITORIAL.

The Holy Father's Encyclical on socialism is dated January 18. In this, the latest utterance of the Sovereign Pontiff on the subject of Christian democracy, the luminous mind of the truly "grand old man of the Vatican" is in splendid evidence. We counsel our readers to study this letter in a spirit of prayer. We shall have occasion to revert to this subjet at another time. For the present we make one extract: "It is a laudable charity not merely to relieve the temporary needs of the poor, but to have an organized system of relief. This will be a more real and reliable assistance. It must be considered still more laudable to desire to instil into the minds of the mechanic and the laborer notions of thrift and prudence, so that they may, at least in part, make provision for their declining years. It is an aim which not only relieves the cost to the wealthy, but it is a moral step for the poor themselves; it encourages them to improve their position, while it keeps them away from temptation, checks self-indulgence, and leads them on to virtuous behavior."

We believe that this is a practical thought of special value during the season of Lent.

The entire month of March is included in the present Lent. It is, therefore, a period of penance and devotion on which we enter, and in the spirit of the Church, faithful Christians will dwell in tenderness and sorrow, on the sufferings of our Blessed Redeemer, and on the evil of sin which required so great a reparation. March will also close with the opening of the sacred time of Holy Week. We remind our readers of these precious considerations, so that they may be duly prepared.

The solemn warning addressed by the Sovereign Pontiff to the government and people of France, through his letter to Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, is not only a noble defense of the Religious

Orders, but a pathetic prophecy of the woes that will befall the Church in the logical development of the iniquitous "Associations' Bill." Nominally aimed at all associations, the real purpose of this measure is the gradual confiscation and secularization of all works done for charity, mercy and education by the religious congregations, until the devoted men and women who have sustained the glory of France as the "Eldest Daughter of the Church," in an era of recreancy on the part of the people and of political subserviency on the part of the majority of the bishops and clergy, will be compelled to abandon their ungrateful and unworthy country.

If France is doomed, and the outlook is gloomy, because of infidelities and crimes that have provoked the divine wrath, other nations will be blessed, as in other days, by the coming to them of the enforced exiles whose brothers and sisters have written, the world over, in letters of fire and blood, a record of missionary zeal unsurpassed for the devotion of its apostles or for the splendor of their achievements.

We have not space, at least in our present issue, to give the Pope's letter, but we remind our readers that *The Freeman's Journal*, New York, February 2, 1901, publishes the full text of this important document.

The extension to the entire Catholic world of the Jubilee of 1900, will enable all who could not go to Rome (and they are the vast majority) to share in the privileges and indulgences granted by the Holy See during this season of special favor. The period of six months set by the Sovereign Pontiff is to be measured from the time of publication of the Jubilee by the different Bishops. We urge all our readers to avail of the extraordinary graces offered.

The Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency in 1900, Hon. Charles A. Towne, held the post of United States Senator from Minnesota for the brief period of three weeks. During that time he had opportunity to address the Senate only once. It was his salutatory and his valedictory. As an oratorical effort it ranks with the best of other and nobler days. Mr. Towne's theme was "Imperialism." We quote his peroration, and earnestly advise our readers to secure a copy of the speech, an arraignment of an unholy policy not surpassed by that of any other patriot, and we urge our friends diligently to ponder this memorable address. The widespread dissemination of the sound and lofty principles for which the anti-imperialists stand is one of the pressing needs of the country. But we shall let the distinguished Senator speak:

"I do not wish to convey the impression that in my opinion the present policy will at one fell swoop convert this republic into an empire in fact. But I do say that the seeds of empire lurk in this policy, and that time and favoring environment will and must bring them to their flower and fruit unless we make a seasonable prevention. God speed the day when the American people, whose annals blaze with records of unequaled heroism, and who again and always, if some great cause demand it, would freely pay with life itself the price of its defense, shall have the moral courage to do their civil dutyrarer thing than to face undaunted the cannon's mouth—and with their sovereign voice declare that this unholy war for greed and empire shall be stopped, and that no soldier of the United tSates shall ever again in all our history be sent to other lands to war on people fighting for their liberty.

"I shall not willingly cease to dream of a twentieth century devoted to the demonstration—the first and only one in history—that a government of the people, for the people, and by the people, need not perish from the earth. There is an inspiration in the thought that to our beloved country may be reserved the culminating glory of the ages in crowning with success the long experiment of righteous self-government."

Besides the particular commemorations of our Lord's sacred Passion duly noted in the Calendar, this month offers to the devotion of our readers the Feast of the Annunciation, the first joyful Mystery of the Rosary, S. Joseph's day, S. Patrick's day, and that of the Angelic Doctor, S. Thomas Aquinas, the heavenly Patron of Catholic youth and students.

The work of the Confraternity of the Angelic Warfare should strongly appeal to Catholic fathers and mothers. As a powerful aid in the battle that must be waged against the world, the flesh and the devil, the blessing of the confraternity, which is under the patronage of S. Thomas. cannot be too earnestly advocated.

So much has been written and published in the columns of our conscienceless Amercan press against the Friars in the Philippines, so persistent and systematic has been the vile work of mudflinging, so successful did the recent campaign of the imperialists, colonizers, land-grabbers and other defilers of "old glory" prove, that it may seem useless as well as hopeless to lift one's voice in protest against the general howl that has been raised and vigorously sustained in denunciation of the Friars. Like their Divine Master, the apostolic men who have labored among the Filipinos, under conditions demanding a truly heroic spirit, have been silent while the clamor of their defamers has grown louder and louder. Except for the dignified letter addressed by them to the Spanish Government, before the American occupation of Manila (a noble document that is still unanswered), the members of the Religious Orders in the Archipelago have not spoken in their own defense.

The interests of truth, the rights of history (as it will yet be written) impose on lovers of justice and fair play a solemn obligation of protesting against the villainous endeavors of slander for spoliation and for irreligion that have been put forth in this country, not only by the "yellow journals," but by the more respectable newspapers, by some of the serious magazines, and pre-eminently by those gatherings of "Christian" ministers to whom the first principles of Christian

morality are seemingly unknwn when the opportunity is presented or can be manufactured of bearing false witness against the Catholic Church, and of defaming men whose lives are in such beautiful contrast to the self-seeking purveyors of a false gospel, the gospel of untruth, of hate, of commercialism, of "souperism," of mean perversion, of such "missionary" stamp that the very heathens laugh it to scorn, and reasonably.

To the Religious Orders in the Philippines the care of souls had been committed in a large marjority of the parishes. This wise and necessary arrangement of the Bishops was effected under the special sanction of Rome. That the native Filipino priests are not as efficient as the Spanish Fathers is the testimony of those "who know whereof they speak"; and it is not likely that our "benevolent assimilators" who regard the Filipinos as dependent creatures needing protection, unfit for self-government, will deny the superiority of the Spaniards.

While we write we have before us a letter written by a French Dominican, long a resident in China, who there met many of the refugee Friars who had been compelled to leave the islands. Our correspondent has also met many of the Filipinos of various ranks and tribes. His right to speak, therefore, may be set against the groundless charges of irresponsible and unnamed tools of the lodges, renegades from justice, betrayers of their own people, and apostates, for money and place, from the Faith in which they had been trained by the Friars who now feel the slings and arrows of their outrageous ingratitude.

From the reliable source mentioned we learn that the claim advanced by the Philippine Commission (a body entirely non-Catholic) that the Filipinos do not desire the return of the Friars to their parishes, is merely the echo of the "missionaries" cry, the cry of the wolves, who, of course, consider it unbecoming that the shepherds should go back to their flocks. The declaration of the Commission that the United States Government could not protect the Friars of they returned to their parishes is a shameful confession. A government so weak as its

own Commission proclaims ours to be, will certainly never subdue Aguinaldo. We fear that our poor country has been led into paths tangled because of the deceptions and dishonesty that have marked our unhappy entrance into the domain of the "world" powers.

No sooner had Dewey's guns overcome the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay, than the cry went out: "The Friars to the lions." It is an old cry, and the spirit of its first utterance, when all Christians were the victims, was not more ignoble than that of our modern parsons who yearn to evangelize the "priest-ridden" Filipinos. These same Filipinos, barring the few renegades whom we have named, not only do not want the new "gospel," but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they long for the return of the Friars, and in some instances have even refused the services of other priests.

The reported great wealth of Friars, as landed proprietors, is a factor in the dispute on which light should be shed. The entire holdings, in real estate, of the Friars, who number more than two thousand, have been estimated at 403,000 acres. This would allot about 2,000 acres to each of the members of the different communities, a mere bagatelle when contrasted with some of our European and American estates. The title to their possessions is beyond question. The original grants of the Spanish kings, and the unfailing industry and self-sacrifice of the Friars during three hundred years, are the sources of the present "wealth" of the Orders.

The knaves and hypocrites who take up the clamor of the Masonic lodges and the secret societies demanding the confiscation of this property, can hardly understand the spirit of the devoted men who left home and friends to lavish on strangers and savages the treasures of their hearts and minds with the message and grace of Catholicity.

Under the fostering care of the Friars the Filipino population has increased from scarcely half a million pagans to more than 8,000,000 souls, almost all converted to true Christianity. Among those benighted creatures the Friars labored, teaching them the arts of peace and in-

dustry, and, having reclaimed the forest tracts, they divided they possessions, held by royal grant, into small farms for the natives, over whom they exercised, as mild and benignant landlords, a sway of gentleness and paternal care.

Out of the revenues or rentals, less than one-twentieth was retained by the Friars. The remainder went to their people, their charges temporal as well as spiritual. And even the modest portion reserved for themselves was not exclusively used for their own support. The work of the missions in interior and distant places, the maintenance of churches and schools, were ever objects of the solicitude of the Bishops and their clergy.

Be it further remembered that to every parish a primary school was attached, while the cause of higher education in the Philippines defles the criticism of the Friars' bitterest foes.

Out on the hypocrisy and the dishonesty of those in the United States who condemn as extravagant the frugal lives of the patient and laborious Friars, at the same time that they applaud the squandering of a hundred thousand dollars on a feast or reception or a wedding of one of our upstart millionaires!

But the dogs of war have been loosed, and liberty-prating betrayers of the best traditions of the United States cry havoc, and the shout of the "zealous" evangelists, the hungry politicians, the waiting contractors who dread the close of the war, is met by the Congress of our boasted land of freedom, ready to hand over four hundred millions of dollars to continue the work of bloodshed and rapine during this year.

History will yet be truthfully written, and the record of the Friars will stand in a contrast of golden light against the black and bloody deeds that have been done and will yet be done, to the shame of our beloved land.

The death of Maurice Thompson, poet and novelist, which occurred on February 15, at his home in Crawfordsville, Indiana, removes from the foremost rank of American writers a gentle and noble soul. The following extract from a letter addressed by Mr. Thompson to the editor

of Dominicana, reveals the modest gentleman and the honorable writer in a light very pleasant: "My publishers have asked me to send you a copy of my poor little book, ALICE OF OLD VINCENNES, and I am glad to do it. I have tried in that historical romance to picture truthfully, although romantically, a good and true Catholic Priest of the brave sort who did the early missionary work among the savage Indians during the pioneer period. If you should find my book worth reading and notice, it will please me to see what a priest thinks of my sketch of good old Pere Beret whom I have imagined in old Vincennes. It was my earnest aim to paint a brave, pure, manly and devoted servant of the Holy Church, living under circumstances of great suffering and privation, yet nobly doing his work."

Our readers are aware of our appreciation of Mr. Thompson's exquisite picture of the French missionary, and of our warm approval of his delightful book.

In a period of tinsel, sham, humbug, fraud and money gain, all parading under the name of literature, the death of Maurice Thompson, honorable man and accomplished writer, all lovers of the good and the pure and the noble, must mourn, almost as a personal loss.

We are obliged to hold over until our next number the fourth installment of Sister Aloysius' sketches and the second part of "S. Catherine of Ricci and Savonarola." This change is made necessary because of the pressure of other articles.

The apostolate of the Holy Name is growing on the Pacific Coast into goodly proportions. We shall announce to our readers, from time to time, the progress of this work, as well as the development of the Rosary Confraternity. Dominicana will cheerfully co-operate with the Clergy who may desire the establishment of these sodalities.

We call the special attention of our readers to the article published in this number on the Youths' Directory, San Francisco. Father Crowley deserves generous support in his brave work for our homeless boys. We urge all our friends

to be his friends, and we ask all our readers to become subscribers to S. Joseph's Union. Write to Father Crowley for particulars.

We are very pleased to announce to our readers that Dr. Parsons, the author of STUDIES IN CHURCH HISTORY, has in press a UNIVERSAL HISTORY, which will consist of five or six volumes, large octavo, and which will be written, as we scarcely need to remark, from a Catholic and therefore from a properly historical point of view. The work will be in scope and size a medium between the monumental one by the great Italian historian, Cesare Cantù, and the "Manuals" which are given by American, English and German educational institutions to their students. The first volume, treating of Ancient History, will appear about June 1.

Father Parsons has no peer among American writers in his chosen field. We wish him the full measure of success which his learning, industry and zeal deserve.

MAGAZINES.

In a "gushing" sketch of the late Queen Victoria which appears in The Times Saturday Review, New York, February 2, the enthusiastic writer tells of a visit made by the Queen to Grand Chartreuse, France, the headquarters of the Carthusians. We were not a little amused to read that these venerable sons of S. Bruno are "Cistersians," and a "branch of the Carmelites." It would not be easy to press more ignorance into so small a space; but such is "history."

As a specimen of wholesale fabrication worthy of yellow journalism's "best," we take the following "fairy tale" from the San Francisco Chronicle, January 31:

"Five thousand residents of Manila and the villages of Maliboy, four miles from Manila, and Galanguin, joined the Methodist Church in a body, and now hold services in former Catholic churches."

This "lightning change" business surpasses any of the feats of the "sleight-of-hand" men of which we have ever read. But ,in plain, unvarnished English, the "champion liar" of the American press

easily "leads all the rest" for "all-around" invention and exaggeration. Such "Filipino conversions" will be again duly heralded, for this republic contains many who "like to be fooled."

The Living Age, now nearing its fifty-eighth year, holds faithfully to the spirit bequeathed by its founder, Mr. Littell, who began his work in Boston in 1844. As a weekly reprint of much that is best gleaned from European reviews, The Living Age is distinctly the friend on those whose purse is not equal to the demands of their taste and the requirements of their culture. A friendly commendation of such an eclectic magazine is a pleasure to us, and we trust that it will be of practical service to our readers.

The North American Review for February opens with Mark Twain's spirited satire entitled "To the Person Sitting in Darkness." This courageous American, famous for the expression of his honest convictions, relentlessly exposes the underlying motives of imperialistic knaves in their schemes of territorial acquisition—without "criminal aggression." After giving the historical details of the Philippine temptation and the mistake of the Master in yielding to it, Mark Twain proceeds with his tale:

"We and the patriots have captured Manila, Spain's ownership of the archipelago and her sovereignty over it were at an end-obliterated-annihilated-not a rag or shred of either remaining behind. It was then that we conceived the divinely humorous idea of buying both of these spectres from Spain. [It is quite safe to confess this to the Person Sitting in Darkness, since neither he, nor any other sane person will believe it.] In buying these ghosts we also contracted to take care of the Friars and their accumulations. I think we also agreed to propagate leprosy and smallpox, but as to this there is doubt. But it is not important; persons afflicted with the Friars do not mind other diseases.

"With our treaty ratified, Manila subdued, and our Ghosts secured, we had no further use for Aguinaldo and the owners

of the Archipelago. We forced a war and we have been hunting America's guest and ally through the woods and swamps ever since."

"The Head of every State and Sovereignty in Christendom and ninety per cent. of every legislative body in Christendom, including our Congress and our fifty State Legislatures, are members not only of the church, but also of the Blessings of Civilization Trust. This world-girdling accumulation of trained morals, high principles and justice, cannot do an unright thing, an unfair thing, an unclean thing. It knows what it is about. Give yourself no uneasiness; it is all right.

"Now, then, that will convince the person. You will see. It will restore the Business. Also it will elect the Master of the game to the vacant place in the Trinity of our national gods; and there on their high thrones the Three will sit, age after age, in the people's sight, each bearing the emblem of his service: Washington, the Sword of the Liberator; Lincoln, the slave's Broken Chains; the Master, the Chains repaired.

"And as for a flag for the Philippine Province, it is easily managed. We can have a special one—our States do it. We can have just our usual flag, with the white stripes painted black and the stars replaced by the skull and cross-bones."

Benjamin Harrison's "Musings Upon Current Topics" are deserving of the consideration of intelligent thinkers.

Henry Cabot Lodge commemorates the life-work of John Marshall—the great apostle of national unity and reliable interpreter of the Constitution of the United States.

"What England Ought to Do," is a paper of practical suggestions by a Continental observer of passing events bearing upon the imperial prestige of future England. The writer advocates "the formation of a standing army, based upon compulsory military service." The Boers have shown to the world the weakness of England in the matter "of flinging upon African soil two hundred and fifty thousand volunteers of every sort, instead of transporting thither a regular, well-disciplined army, organized with the mathe-

matical precision of Continental standing armies, an army, say, of one hundred thousand men; this would have largely sufficed, even in the immense extent of the field of the South African war, to bring the thing to a speedy end."

But, you know, England has achie ed the distinction of knowing .. all. be needs no lessons from continental observers!

The Independent of January 31, publisthe poem, A lesr, by Pope Leo XIII. τ William Hayes Ward, in his Eng \neg 1 translation, faithfully carries out thought of the Sovereign Pontiff in pleadings to Jesus Christ for the comm century. "In Pace" is the title of a pc written in honor of the late Dr. He Foster, founder of the sanitarium at C ton Springs, N. Y., which he consecrate to the cause of Christian Missions. author, Rev. J. Nilan of Poughkeep N. Y., is a priest well known for scholarly attainments.

Where poisonous pools and noisome feet Were fetid with sulphuerous fumes
And fogs that mixed with mists in glen
Of Clifton—there new life assumes
A brighter vision from thy light,
Departed friend, and from thy faith
Which lived in works of pure delight
For love of God in love of right.

To-day we grieve and say farewell,
With trembling lips and silent tears.
And view that shrine we knew so well,
The spirit's home for eighty years.
May peace and rest be thine above,
For here thy steps they gently led,
To raise thy brother with thy love,
As faith without good works is dead.

Henry T. Finck has an interesting paper entitled "Are Womanly Women Doomed?"

The following, from The Star, San Francisco, February 23, has the true American ring: "Instead of celebrating the birthday of George Washington, who fought for identically the same principles that the Filipinos are struggling for to-day, we ought to have celebrated the birthday of George III, who denied the right of the colonists to independence as we are denying the Filipinos the right to their independence; or we should have celebrated the birth of Washington by calling in-

on meetings in ever city, town mlet to denounce the shameful defrom his teachings and example."
ad more of this spirit.

he Forum for February the notably ting articles are "The Negro and ion," by Kelly Miller, and "The of Porto Ricans in Our Polity." by n Pfeil. The former, coming as it rom the hand of one who not only among them but is also of their lood, should be a peculiarly effection, should be a peculiarly effective in regard to their treatment of their lan brothers. Mr. Pfeil in his demonstrates clearly that Concither unwittingly or intentionally, riving the Porto Ricans of citizenowhich under the Constitution, ing to Mr. Pfeil, they are justly entry.

The "Anti-Scalping Bill," by T. Mathers, is also worthy of a l reading. Mr. Mathers has taken a m which is endorsed by a vast maof the American people when he "The immediate effect of the passof the bill would be to increase reby enforcing a forfeiture of contraction. It is, practically, nothing but a e to enable railroad companies to ain full legal tariff rates under all istances."

Examiner, San Francisco, Febru-3, states that the corner stone of erkeley, Cal., High School was laid, ashington's birthday, according to asonic rite, and with full display of hipful" Masonic pomp. We wonder the shouters against "Church and " "Sectarianism," etc., would find sufficient to denounce such a cereif performed under the auspices, of the League of the Cross. Cathand Protestants, Jews and men who ag to no church," contribute to the ng and maintenance of our vaunted schools, including the high is an institution that has no just in a scheme based on general taxa-The association, with the corner laying of any public school, of any society distinguished by ritual, scope and object, as apart from the body of the citizens, is unbecoming, impertinent, insolent, un-American.

To our Episcopalian contemporary, The Churchman, New York, February 16, the "Report of the Philippine Commission is a document of great importance," showing by its length alone-about 60,000 words—the aforesaid importance! After indulging in some vague comments quite as valuable as its judgment of the worth of a 60,000 word (words, dreary words!) Report, The Churchman concludes with the following: "We trust that Congress may act speedily and with patriotic unanimity. Lt it assure the Filipinos civil and religious liberty, and we shall hear little more of a futile striving for an elusive political independence."

at would be hard to find in equal space a fuller measure of Anglo-Saxon cant and American duplicity emanating from godly worshippers of the Declaration of Independence.

Though the gallant Boers are doomed, barring a miracle, let honest men still praise their cause, while holding up to execration the cursed power that has wrought their ruin. The Irish World, February 23, prints a poem that we gladly reproduce:

The Modder River runs with blood, An angry, red-stained frothy flood. Ine murdered Boers are floating by With upturned faces to the sky, Dead faces, pinched, and ashy gray, In mute appeal they seem to say: "For liberty and home we die! Oh, great God! hear our widows' cry! Let not our children beg for bread! Remember, Lord, They servants dead!"

Up through the hills from Modder's shore The sullen British cannons roar, From kopje, nek, and rocky glen, I hear the shrieks of mangled men, With shattered limbs, protruding bones, And life-blood spurting o'er the stones. They beg for water, and they pray For dear ones that are far away. But home and friends they'll see no more. Their lot to rot on Modder's shore.

The English cannons boom-m and boom-m And sound a peaceful nation's doom.

From rigid, cruel lips of steel,
Loud rings the British Battle Peal,
"Rule Britannia, Land and Sea!
Boer and Burgher, bend the knee!
Give up your lands and mines, you slaves!
You choose our yoke, or choose your
grayes.

graves. Britain rules the land and sea, Boer and Burgher, bend the knee!"

'Tis thus great Britain "arbitrates" With weak republics, Sovereign States-To fix Boer alien taxes see, They hold a British Butchering Bee! What do they care for widows' sighs? For mothers' tears, or orphans' cries? Over the mangled, dying, dead, They see Johannesburgh ahead! And sing their slogan, loud with glee, That rings the knell of liberty.

On trembling air, through battle smoke, The Boer "Long Tom" for freedom spoke: "Now hark ye, Britons, hark ye well! We've heard your slogan, heard you tell That you would rule the earth and sea And make us burghers bend the knee. As long as yon red river flows, As long as patriots' hearts have woes, As long as a single Boer can see, He'll fight for home and liberty!"

You plot to plunder nations weak, And on the helpless vengeance wreak. You sell your bravest blood for gain, And grab the gold of those you've slain. The mark of Cain is on thy brow! Base robber of all nations, thou. Your British yoke will never deck, Or fit the Boer or Burgher neck. This land is ours! It shall be free! To God alone we hend the knee!

Oh, God of Justice, Mercy, Right, Be with the Boers in Freedom's fight.

—Louis B. Couch, M. D.

In its issue for February 16, The Irish World began the publication of a very important work—a history of the Boer. War by Michael Davitt, who will tell the truth long concealed by a lying English and pro-English American press.

"Why, you know, I am really a little tired of hearing about the Queen. I was extremely glad to get on the ship in order to escape the topic. She was a very much overrated old person. The Queen was really a highly respectable old bourgeoise. So much has been said about her leading a good life. Why shouldn't she, with a throne, a husband and everything else she could wish for?

"I was perfectly willing to have the

English old maids shed tears over her into their soup, but when Americans began to exhibit traces of hysteria I grew fairly disgusted. You know, it took seven men to whip the Queen's Holland lucubration into shape for publication."

How wholesome is this word of MIN Van Rennselaer Cruger, a New York "tr-blue," real American, and how heartly other real Americans echo her sentimer.

We are in debt to The Irish World for the extract.

The sentiments of Virginia M. Butt-field, as expressed in *The Star*, San Francisco, February 23, we heartly applace

Breed ye for the shambles! Breed ye for the wars! Butcher's meat is cheap to buy When the cannon roars.

Dearly bought of women— Dearly loved of men— Send the sons ye may not seep To the slaughter pen.

Men must buy their cattle; Men must feed their slaves; But the glutted markets Grant ye naught but graves!

All around are treasures— Forest, field and mine— If ye do but trespass Ye shall pay a fine.

Through the glutted markets Empty shall ye pass; With the God-lent planet Marked "Keep off the grass!"

Men have signed to bondage What was meant for man And the migney Earth-lords Find another plan:—

"Breed ye for the shambles, Breed ye for the wars! Freedom's sons are cheap to buy At the shrine of Mars!"

And we hope that the spread of sursentiments will be the sowing of twhirlwind of a nation's wrath against perpetrators of a great national crime.

MUSIC.

Wm. A. Pond & Co., New York, has sent us the following fine selections piano: Dreaming (Romance), by Gede Cairos Rego, a good study in cantab.

with clear, well-defined phrasing; is for a pure, legato touch in single and octaves. Expression fully ind. An interesting parlor and teachpiece. Love's Greeting, by F. e a flexible, expressive melody in III. The special point in this piece study in the short grace-notes and etti. DESIRED ONE (Melodie), Grade by A. Berg, a pleasing melody, restrong accents, staccato in conwith legato, slurs, broken chords grace-notes. A thorough teaching and sure to please. YES, COMING die), Grade IIi., by C. J. Hartley, a melody with contrasts in legato staccato touches, clear phrasing, ce on grace-notes and crossing of for baritone melody and for bass MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME es. e), a simple and pleasing arrangefor four hands of the well-known ern song, by Chas. E. Pratt. The selections sent were: In the Land RADISE by F. Paolo Tosti (soprano contralto in C), a solemn song writn Tosti's usual musical vein. My I LOOKS UP TO THEE, by Geo. Chad-Stock, a beautiful sacred solo for ilto or baritone in D flat and mezzono in E flat, very devotional music text agreeing perfectly. If Only ART TRUE by Samuel S. Aronson ino in D), a singable song, but in climax. Why Dost Thou Not ME? by Louis Raymond, a sprightly h waltz song for soprano or mezzo-20 in E flat.

ough J. Fischer & Bro., New York, ave received Action Songs and ises. This is indeed a splendid commof work suitable for class, connd closing entertainments. It consongs, choruses and drills for boys irls, with full instructions as to gesmovements, costume and stage g. Every teacher interested in that of work will hail this volume with e delight.

ey Ashdown of New York has sent set of compositions for piano by Borowski (Grade III). No. 1, Danse NNE, the contrasts of touch and ing render this piece of considerable interest; No. 2, MELODIE LYRIQUE, a fine melodic study on singing tone and legato touch, with a syncopated bass; No. 3, TROISIEME SHOUMKA UKRAINIENNE, SAVOTS of a strong Russian flavor. The pedaling in this piece has much to do with its performance, consequently it is a good study for these effects. Three compositions by Seymour Smith (Grade III.): No. 2, LE REVEIL DES ROSES (Romance). Pleasing melody and an easy piece to commit to memory. No. 3, THE WOOD-NYMPHS REVEL, very sprightly and effective, with a pleasant little melody, now in the treble and again in the bass; interesting and attractive. No. 4, THE COURT BALL (March-Gavotte), a strong piece with a marked content and vigorous rhythm. Has some good technical points. THIRD MAZURKA, by J. Lewis Browne (Grade III.), bright, brilliant and dainty. Requires a fine discrimination in touch. Is a good study for the rubato and for sustained first finger and upper staccato for right hand. Abounds in strong chord passages. LE RETOUR (Grande Valse de Concert), by the wellknown composer Anton Strelezki (Grade 1V.). This is a brilliant concert waltz of superior content. Good for developing first and fifth fingers, for much accent 18 made with those particular fingers. Condaintily embroidered tains passages through which is heard a sustained belllike tone, making a charming effect. A valuable teaching piece from which much good harvest may be reaped. The vocal selections sent are two songs by Graham Valmore. No. 1, THE Roses, for contralto in D and soprano in F. A simple, pleasing melody suiting the text, to which a moral is attached. No. 2, THE REAPER'S Home, a fine descriptive song of the plaintive type. Works up to a full, broad climax. A good concert song. For soprano in F, for contralto in E flat.

We have received from the White-Smith Music Publishing Company, Boston, for piano: Yellow Jonquils (Dance a la Gavotte), Grade II.; though not strictly a gavotte is melodious and simple, with some good octave chords for hand-stretching. The Dainty Japonica (Petit Valse), Grande II., by Geo. Hayes,

a light, piquant and attractive piece, will serve as a good recreation for young students. Currew Bells (Melodie Elegante), by Alfred W. Sweet, a good study for scale and arpeggio passages and broken chords, and contains a sweet, flowing melody. The following vocal selections: Ave Maria (Keep us, Divine One), by Danièle Doré, a fine, original sacred song, with a beautiful, haunting melody; altogether out of the hackneyed, beaten track. Well worth a place in any soprano's repertoire. WAKE NOT BUT HEAR ME, LOVE, by Stephen Townsend (soprano in D flat, contralto in B flat). A very lovely setting of the well-known poem from "Ben Hur," over a beautifully constructed accompaniment, and closing with a very dramatic climax. WHEN THE ROBIN SINGS AGAIN, by the far-famed song writer Anton Strelezki, an effective concert waltz-duet for soprano and alto. While not difficult, it is just the piece to give ambitious pupils an incentive to work.

We have received from Brooks & Denton of New York Van Baar's Valse BLUETTE, for piano, by Alfred Margis (Grade II.), a graceful and brilliant waltz; DEBONAIR WALTZ, for piano, by H. Y. Leavitt (Grade II.), bright and catchy, with a penchant for haunting the memory. For violin the following selections were sent: JAPONICA SERENADE, by Rudolph Aronson, catchy, with a ragtime swing to it; arranged for piano solo. So 'Long Ma Honey Two-Step, by H. Y. Leavitt, arranged by H. O. Clark, full of verve. Alabama Blossom Two-STEP and 'VARSITY MARCH SOCIETY Two-Step, both arranged by Thos. Hindley. CHRYSALIS (Romance), by Harold Melville, and THE ALUMNI MARCH TWO-STEP, by Chas. S. Van Baar, both arranged by J. C. Heed. REGATTA MARCH and Colo-NIAL WALTZES, by C. L. Van Baar, arranged by M. F. Smith. JUBILANT POLKA and Golf Polka, by J. A. Silberberg, arranged by Robt. Recker. AUNT JEMIMA'S CAKEWALK, by Chas. A. Rockwell. RAGGED WILLIAM MARCH AND TWO-STEP, by Frank P. Banta, arranged by T. W. A BACHELOR'S ROMANCE Hindley. (Gavotte), by Paul Rubens, arranged by

Geo. Wiegand. All bright and catchy. Selection of rag-time oddities for B flat cornet; DANDY JIM, by J. Edm. Barnum; ALABAMA BLOSSOM, by C. L. Van Baar; MA GUM ELASTIC GIRL, by H. Y. Leavitt; REGATTA MARCH, by C. L. Van Baar; MAGGED WILLIAM, by Frank P. Banta; So 'Long Ma Honey, by T. Y. Leavitt; all arranged by Geo. Wiegand; 'VARSITY MARCH, by C. L. Van Baar; AUNT JE-MIMA'S CAKEWALK, by Chas. J. Rockwell, both arranged by W. H. Mackie. Miss AMERICA TWO-STEP, by J. Edm. Barnum, arranged by W. H. Mackie. For violin: KATE KIP WALTZ, by Ignacio Martinetti, introducing My RAINBOW BRIDE, ROSE MARIE and LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD. STRIKE UP THE BAND, by Brooks and Denton, a brilliant banjo solo. LITTLE DARK BROWN SUE, by F. Wilbur Hill, a stirring coon song with quartette chorus (ad lib.).

The Whitney, Warner Publishing Company of Detroit has sent us the following march two-steps: The MILITARY MAID, by W. E. Corey and H. E. Northrup; ELSEETA, by Fred S. Stone, both bright and catchy. When the Factory Whistle Blows, by Geo. Schleiffarth, a pleasing waltz song, with the usual popular refrain.

BOOKS.

When one recalls the fact that we are already in the second century of the American hierarchy, the propriety of speaking of the comparatively ancient Church in the United States will not be questioned. The extraordinary growth of religion which has marked the development of the Church in these parts, which claims an unprecedented record in the increase of the number of the faithful, of priests, of bishops, is one of the most consoling facts in these latter days, and furthermore a pledge of greater blessings to come.

The pioneers of the Faith, the heroic missionaries who laid deep and broad the foundations of the Church in the Colonies and the young Republic, had little leisure for the work of the pen. Saving scanty official records, occasional letters and controversial tracts, they have left to the present age their works and the fruits of

their zeauous toil to "speak for themselves." A grateful posterity, however, would pay tribute to the illustrious dead, to the noble men and women, clergy, religious and the laity, "who have gone before"; and in such testimony to our fathers in the Faith, an apeal is made to the rising generation that they may be worthy imitators, within their opportunities, of these blessed pioneers who have died in the Lord.

In this laudable enterprise various historical association take earnest interest in gathering up the fragments lest they perish. Notable among these bodies is the United States Catholic Historical Society, whose headquarters are in New York, under the honorary presidency of the learned Archbishop of that see.

We were recently favored through the courtesy of one of the members of this Society, Mr. Edward J. McGuire, with copies of Historical Lecords AND STUDIES, published by the Society, and comprising to date three well-printed volumes, aggregating more than six hundred pages. The papers included in these parts are of great interest and variety. The Archbishop of New York, his auxiliary bishop, Dr. Farley; Father McGean of S. Peter's, New York; Marc F. Vallette; Father Campbell, S. J.; Editor Meehan of The Irish American; Dr. Herbermann, President of the United States Catholic Historical Society; Monsignor Lynch and Mr. Edward J. McGuire, the last-named well known among the younger members of the New York Bar. are the chief contributors.

It would be gratifying to us if we could enter in detail on a review of the work of these gentlemen. We are obliged, however, to restrict ourselves to a general commendation because of the excellencies of the various papers, with an added word touching some of the contributions.

"The Foundations of the Dominican Order in the United States," by Mr. A. I. du P. Coleman, naturally appeals to our special interest. Mr. Coleman has made good use of the meagre material available.

Archbishop Corrigan's "Register of the Catholic Clergy" is not a mere list; it is,

rather, a series of edifying and instructive biographies of the priests who had labored within the jurisdiction of the original diocese of New York. We noted with pleasure the mention of the Dominicans who crossed the ocean more than a hundred years ago to enter on the missionary work of this country.

Cardinal McCloskey is sympathetically sketched by Bishop Farley, and Father Campbell tells of the beginnings of the hierarchy in the United States. Illustrations of different prelates, of eminent priests and of distinguished laymen enhance the reader's interest.

"An Historical Sketch of the Relations of Church and State in New York" is, perhaps, the contribution which will prove of greatest general value. The author, Mr. Edward J. McGuire, brought to his work the training of a legal mind, the industry of a sincere historian, the poise and equilibrium of a judge, and the devotion of a Catholic scholar. We congratulate him, because he has been most agreeably successful in his undertaking. He has written a page of history that fair-minded Americans can read unto profit. The Dutch no longer rule New York, nor have the English sway. It is well, however, to know how they managed consciences, and how they enforced religion in the day of their dark and narrow dominance. But here we must stop, with a closing word of heartfelt pleasure because of the publication of these RECORDS AND STUDIES, and with an equally earnest hope that the zealous and learned men who are doing such admirable work will receive the cheer, the encouragement, the appreciation which their devotion and labors so richly deserve.

THE IRISH ROSARY for 1900 comes to us from the office of publication, S. Saviour's Priory, Dublin, a well-bound, generously illustrated and clearly printed book of six hundred and fifty pages.

Though only in its fifth year, The Irish Rusary magazine has achieved an international reputation as a miscellany of religious literature in ways specially Dominican. We have watched its steady growth, with pleasure, and we gladly

avail of the opportunity offered by the arrival of this handsome volume to remind our friends of a fellow-laborer in the cause of Catholic letters and in the development of the Rosary devotion and other practices chiefly intrusted to the care of our Order.

The Irish Rosary is a monthly demonstration of the interesting fact that even in poor Ireland a magazine varied and agreeable, entertaining and instructive, presented in the best form of the printer's art. is a possibility and a success, for one dollar a year. Continued and increasing prosperity we cordially wish for our Irish associate.

THE DHAMMA OF GOTAMA THE BUDDHA AND THE GOSPEL OF JESUS CHRIST is the title of a learned dissertation on the somewhat formidable subjects of Brahmanism, Buddhism and the so-called resemblances, in the latter religion, to Christianity. The author, Rev. Charles F. Aiken, S. T. D., has aimed to make his subject clear to the average reader and has most effectively carried out his purpose.

In refutation of the specious arguments that Chistianity is an emanation of Buddhism, Dr. Aiken in a scholarly manner disposes of such evidence in his chapters entitled Exaggerated Resemblances, Anachronisms, and Fictions. Finally the author conclusively proves the superiority of the Christian religion to Buddhism. Dr. Aiken's work is a timely and valuable contribution to literature.

Marlier and Company, Boston, have printed the work on excellent heavy paper, in clear type. The binding is especially attractive.

Altogether, it is our pleasant duty to commend, with earnestness and cordiality, the work of this scholarly young priest

THE LIFE OF MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES SHIELDS, HERO OF THREE WARS AND SEN-ATOR FROM THREE STATES, by Hon. William H. Condon, comes from the press of the Blakely Company, Chicago.

The biography of the illustrious Irish-American warrior, Jurist and statesman-Major-General Shields-will be received with general pleasure. This truly great man ranks among the first of "self-made citizens" of the United States, whose untiring energy and application to every detail of trust and duty created for posterity "names that were not born to die." True to his native country, lovingly loyal to the land of his adoption, "No braver man than General Shields e'er wore the Union blue."

In the threefold capacity of warrior, jurist and statesman, General Shields' record gives evidence of sterling uprightness and untainted honesty. In the light of the glorious services which Shields rendered to his adopted country in times of deadly struggle, one can but regret-fully view the cruel neglect from which he suffered when strife was over. Shields' enthusiastic biographer says that the General "was not treated justly when practically removed from command after hs victory over Stonewalı Jackson at Winchester, and that his wisdom as a statesman is comparatively unknown."

F. W. Page, in the New York Saturday Times-Review of January 26th, submits an official record in order to disprove Mr. Condon's claim for his hero of a victory over Stonewall Jackson at Winchester, but when the "honorable wounds in battle gained him scarcely less ridicule than praise" from little "Johnnie Hay" and those of his ilk it is not surprising that the "official record" of Shields' victory over Jackson does not appear. The determined opposition which the General encountered from such a man as Secretary Stanton should serve but to throw a halo of glory around the hero of Buena Vista, Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Molino, Chapultapec and Winchester. Shields was a noble type of the Irish-American citizen of the United States.

The General's struggle for existence, after his retirement from active service, on the munificent pension of \$31.25 monthly, is simply and touchingly commented on by his bographer. On one occasion General Butler nominated Shields. for doorkeeper of the House of Representatives; but, the result—a poor reward to an old, maimed soldier of the Union was humiliating defeat.

At another time it was voted to place

Shields on the retired list as a Brigauier-General, but the Republican party of the House opposed his retirement; and, as the author justiy remarks, "to their disgrace be it said that they succeeded." Tt. is to be regretted that so little is detailed in this work of the General's private life, as upon it was based his exemplary public career.

"Few lives in this prosaic age of ours show such romantic features, and few men have left behind them such a record of noble thoughts, gallant deeds and kindly traits."

"He wore the white flower of a blameless life In the flerce light that beats upon a throne, And blackens every spot."

Scattered here and there in the biography we find interesting sketches of prominent soldiers, lawyers and statesmen, associates of the General. A collection of speeches and lectures delivered by Shields on different occasions is also included. Thirty-four illustrations, serving to elucidate the text, are an agreeable addition. The volume is bound in green cloth. The portrait of General Shields as he appeared in Mexico is reproduced in gold and appropriately adorns the cover. The work, on account of its historic character, is destined to awaken the interest of the reading public.

The author may be addressed at 150 Nassau street, New York, and we trust that many of our readers will secure this biography of a remarkable man.

From Kegan Paul, French Trübner & Co., London, we have received (1) THE DOMINICAN TERTIARY'S DAILY MANUAL, by the Provincial of the English Dominicans, Father John Procter, a dainty little volume, beautifully printed, which we take pleasure in recommending to our Tertiaries; (2) THE ROSARY GUIDE, by the same indefatigable author. Father Procter's work on the Rosary is admirable. Complete, detailed, devotional, serviceable alike for priests and people, THE ROSARY GUIDE meets a real need, and cordially we wish it God speed on a long mission of widespread usefulness. The reading of this little book must promote true piety, intelligent devotion by increasing the number of generous clients of our Lady of the Beads.

The music of Ireland's soul-life comes in sweet numbers when Denis A. Mc-Carthy tunes his lyre to his native land. In his recent volume of verse, A ROUND of Rimes, is given to us the heart-longing of an Irish poet who in exile sings of his native land. The smoke and turmoil of American cities does not hide or make him forget what his soul has seen. soul that in its own language says:

"I see in dreams a purple mountain rise Above a verdant vale,

Across the azure stretches of the skies I see the cloud-ships sail."

There is a hauntingly sweet melancholy in the first two lines of the next stanza, in which we see his native Suir:

"A river rippled with a wandering wind Sighs mournfully along; As if its waters grieved to leave behind The beauties here that throng.

And this home, thus pictured in my dreams,
This hill is Slievenamon;

And this the Suir, the queen of all the streams

The sunlight plays upon."

The strong, sure swing of Liberty's song is in "A Song of '98."

"Centuries old are the chains that bind her.

Centuries old is the scar she bears Bitter as death are the days behind her, Yet through it all she never despairs."

That he knows the poet's work is declared in his opening poem, "The Poet." In clear, well-sustained lines, wherein the heart of the bard is shown, is here given among other truths:

"The poet may follow where others lead, And lightly write what some may light-

But true to life his lines some trace must bear

Of life's mysterious sorrow and despair."

His tribute "To Paul Krueger" is too good to end in sixteen lines.

"Here's our love to you, Paul Krueger, in the Transvaal far away,

And your fighting farmer soldiers waiting grimly for the fray.

May the God of battles aid you when the war-clouds burst in wrath,

And the Jackal of the Nations stands revealed upon your path."

Mr. McCarthy's poems have a clear, silvery ring, in which there is not a touch that hints of labor or obscurity. He strikes from the heart and for the heart. But, excellent as his work is, we feel that A ROUND OF RIMES is but a prelude to even stronger poems from his pen. The author is a member of the staff of The Sacred Heart Review, Boston, and the book is published by that company.

THE LIFE OF VERY REVEREND FELIX DE ANDREIS, C. M., is published by B. Herder, St. Louis. The biography of this zealous evangelist as sketched by his life-long friend the Right Rev. Joseph Rosati, C. M., should be of peculiar interest to Catholic Americans, as the apostolic labors of this young missionary have produced abundant fruit in our own land.

Father de Andreis came to America in 1815; he was first Superior of the Congregation of S.Vincent de Paul, in St. Louis, in 1817, where he labored until his death.

The reader will readily endorse the words of the Most Reverend John J. Kain, who introduces us to this Christian hero: "The life of Felix de Andreis will depict to the Catholic clergy the ideal priest, learned, zealous, self-denying and pious; to religious communities, the exactness with which it is possible to carry out the rules of community life even under the most difficult circumstances; and to the laity, the love, esteem and sympathy that they ought to extend to the man, who in all things became an apostle of Christ that he might leads souls to Him."

The publishers have printed and bound the book in their characteristic good style.

THAT KENTUCKY CAMPAIGN; OR, THE LAW, THE BALLOT AND THE PEOPLE IN THE GOEBEL-TAYLOR CONTEST, is a detailed account of Kentucky's politics in the contest for the gubernatorial chair in 1898.

At the time of this memorable campaign the public was wholly absorbed in the news of the war in South Africa, and consequently but little attention was paid to affairs at home. The Scott-Colson duel, closely followed by the assassination of Governor Goebel, drew all eyes to Kentucky, and immediately the question arose, What is it all about? This interrogation is answered in a brisk and breezy style in the volume under notice.

All the events that transpired from the beginning of the campaign till the assassination of Governor Goebel and the trial of the case before the Superior Court, are succinctly narrated. This book has a peculiar interest, and it proclaims a lesson and a warning of danger ahead. Its story is one of shame and dishonor.

The publishers, The Robert Clarke Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, have done their part in becoming manner.

The Whitaker and Ray Company, San Francisco, are the publishers of Charles Franklin Carter's Historical Sketch entitled THE MISSIONS OF NUEVA CALI-FORNIA. In the compilation of this work the author has been actuated by a sympathetic grasp of a subject of absorbing interest-California's primitive temples of worship and the beneficent influence of the Franciscan missionaries. The first three chapters of the book deal with the Missions from their inception in 1769 to their death in 1848. Part II treats of the Habits and Customs of the Mexicans and Indians. Part III contains a description of the missions in their geographical order, beginning with San Diego and going north to the Mission Francisco Solano, Sonoma—the twenty-first and last mission.

Thirty-nine illustrations of the Mission buildings in their successive stages of progress and decay give the reader a fair idea of the picturesque spots that dotted more than four hundred miles of California's coast—spots hallowed by noble sacrifices and blessed by saintly dead.

Mr. Carter's history of the Missions is valuable in its local interest as well as an acceptable guide to those who may visit us from afar.

The publishers are to be commended for

their excellent work in the details of printing and binding. Every library should contain a copy of this instructive work.

THE CONFESSOR AFTER THE HEART OF JESUS, by Canon A. Guerra, Honorary Chamberlain of His Holiness, translated by Rev. C. Van Der Donckt, is published by B. Herder, St. Louis. This small but interesting and valuable volume contains from cover to cover an earnest appeal to the ministers of the Sacrament of Penance to acquire that practical application of the maxims of moral theology necessary for a fruitful administration of this sacred office. In twenty-six chapters there are presented to the reader as many subjects for meditation, proposing, arguing and defending the author's view as to the most practical solutions of the individual guidance that falls to the lot of every priest as the judge of sinners. True to its title, "Confessor After the Heart of Jesus," the tenor of this work entreats the confessor in his deadings with penitents to bestow and reflect upon them the same zeal, love, prudence and patience that animated the life of the Son of Man, and that alone can open heir eyes to the evil of their ways and lead them on through the narrow path to the Sacred Heart.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York, are the publishers of George F. Griffith's faithful translation of The Last Years OF S. Paul., by the Abbé Constant Fouard. Probably the history of no Apostle in the primitive days of the Church exceeds in interest that evoked by the study of the life and labors of S. Paul—the great Apostle of the Gentles.

In the present work the author takes a comprehensive view of the Roman Empire, including in its history details of the events that led to the fall of the city of Jerusalem. From the Epistles of S. Paul, included in this work, we may familiarize ourselves with the details of his sublime mission in Corinth, Ephesus, Thessalonica and in Rome, where he finally suffered a glorious martyrdom. The maps of noted places throughout the extent of the Roman Empire are valuable

aids to the student.

The publishers have brought out the work in substantial and elegant form, bearing the usual hall marks of this standard house.

We have received from Wm. H. Young & Co., New York (1) QUEEN FLORADINE, by Mrs. Cora Semmes Ives. This delightful little fairy tale, in the form of a drama, may be effectively produced for eluler a public or private audience. (2) TARA, a drama adapted from Charles Dawson's opera "Finola" and Moore's Melodies, by the Ursulines of S. Teresa, New York. The scene of the drama is laid in the time of the Danish invasion of Ireland. The principal persons intro-duced are the King of Tara, the Prince of Tara, and Finola, daughter of the King of Movle. Bards, chieftains, messengers and maidens fill out the caste of char ters. The dialogue is brief and of interest. The effectiveness of the drama will be augmented by the singing of Moore's beautiful melodies, which are embodied. Both books are printed in convenient size for the learner's use, the former in board covers, the latter in paper.

McClure, Phillips & Co. of New York have published in excellent form Done-GAL FAIRY STORIES, as collected and told by Seumas McManus.

The wonderful tales of "anshint happenin's" exercise a magical charm upon

The wonderful tales of "anshint happenin's" exercise a magical charm upon the listener and transport him, in spite of himself, to a region beyond the sordid cares of life.

The fun-loving, national spirit of the author pervades these remarkable stories, each of which conveys a salutary lesson. The illustrations by Verbeck are most enjoyable, but possibly an exaggeration of the ugliness of the countenances of the author's traditional heroes. We trust that some gentle fairy may preserve Mr. Mc-Manus from a dungeon in some lonely castle during his sojourn in his native land.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, have sent to us copies of the latest edition of those ald-time favorites by Donald G. Mitchell: DREAM LIFE and REVERIES OF A BACHELOR. The name of Ik Marvel, the name de plume under which Mr. Mitchell wrote his delightful essays fifty years ago, has, during all that time, been identified with gentle and graceful work. The publishers have presented this latest edition in truly dainty form, paper and type, etchings and bindings being artictically appropriate to the message they convey.

Hymn To St Thomas.





AN ANGEL BEGIRT THEE WITH CHASTITYS BAND

THOUMODEL OF PATIENCE WHO NEER BIDST COMPLAIN

IN REWARD OF THY TRIUMPH SO NOBLE AND GRAND

PURE NEART,

OER THE WILES OF THE TEMPTER WHO SOUGHT THY

LOOK DOWN ON OUR WEAKNESS WITH NEAVENLY CARE.

THOU LINEWISE ASSIST US AND COURAGE IMPART.

Oh: FOUNTAIN OF KNOWLEDGE OF TRUTH AND OF LOVE,

WHOSE MIND SOARS ALOFT TO THE REALMS ABOVE

THAT STRENGTHENS THE SOUL AND STRUCKLES AND STRUCKES AND STRUCKLES AND ST

Thou pattern of virtue of easth hope and love for us the same virtues obtain from grove that thus with all game in our diadem crown in God's holy garges we may ever se found.

CALENDAR FOR MARCH.

IMPORTANT: Mass at 9 o'clock each

IMPORTANT: Mass at 9 o'clock each morning during Lent.

1—The Spear and Nails of the Passion. (Ember Day). Stations of the Cross and Benediction at 7:30 P. M. Plenary Indulgence on any two Fridays of Lent for Rosarians: C. C.; visit Rosary Chapel or Altar; prayers for the Pope's intentions.

2—B. Henry Suso, O. P., Priest. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

3—Second Sunday of Lent—(Twenty-third anniversay of the Coronation of Pope Leo XIII.) Three Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers; (2) C. C.; Procession; visit; prayers; (3) C. C.; assist at Exposition of Blessed Sacrament in Church of Rosary Confraternity; prayers. Communion Mass for Rosarians at 7 A. M. Meeting of S. Thomas' Sodality at 2:30 P. M. Rosary Procession, Sermon, Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

4—S. Casimir, Confessor, Prince of Poland. Meeting of Rosarian Reading Circle at 8 P. M.

5—S. Matthias. Apostle (from February

Circle at 8 P. M. 5—S. Matthias, Apostle (from February 24.) (Benediction.)

Circle at 8 P. M.

5—S. Matthias, Apostle (from February 24.) (Benediction.)

6—B. Jordan of Pisa, O. P., Priest. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.) Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M. Triduum.

7—S. Thomas Aquinas, O. P., Doctor of the Church, Patron of Catholic Schools and Scholars. Plenary Indulgence for faithful: C. C.; visit Dominican Church; prayers. (Benediction.)

8—The Holy Winding Sheet of our Lord's Burial. Stations of the Cross and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

9—S. Frances of Rome, Widow, Foundress of the Oblate or Collatine Nuns. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

10—THIRD SUNDAY OF LENT—Plenary Indulgence for Holy Name Confraternity: C. C.; Procession; prayers. Mass for Holy Name Sodality at 7 A. M. Meeting at 3 P. M. Meeting of Men i'crtiaries at 2 P. M. Procession of the Holy Name, Sermon, Benediction at 7:30 P. M. Beginning of Novena to S. Joseph.

11—S. Pacian, Bishop of Barcelona. Meeting of Y. M. H. N. Society at 8 P. M.

12—S. Gregory the Great, Pope and Doctor of the Church.

13—S. Agatha, Virgin, Martyr (from February 5.) (Votive Mass of Rosary.) Rosary, Sermon, Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

14—Octave Day of S. Thomas Aquinas. Requirem High Mass for Building Association at 9 A. M.

Requiem High Mass for Building Association at 9 A. M.

15—The Five Wounds of our Lord. Sta-

tions of the Cross and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

16—S. Scholastica, Virgin, Siste Benedict and Foundress of a 1 (from February 10.) (Votive Mas Rosary.) Beginning of Novena Annunciation.

17-FOURTH SUNDAY OF LENT

Inducation.

17—Fourth Sunday of Lent—
Indugence for members of Livi
cary. Meeting of Women Tertiar
P. M. Panegyric of S. Patrick, 7:
Rosary, Sermon, Benediction at 7:
18—B. Sibyllina, O. P., Virgin.
19—S. Joseph, Spouse of the
Virgin, Patron of the Universal
Plenary Indulgence for Living
High Mass at 9 A. M. (Benedicth
20—S. Patrick, Bishop, Apost
Patron of Ireland (from March 17.
Mass at 9 A. M. Rosary, Sermon
diction at 7:30 P. M.
21—S. Benedict, Abbot, Father
Western Monks and Founder of th
dictine Order.

dictine Order.

dictine Order.

22—The Most Precious Blood. and Benediction at 7:30.

23—B. Reginald, O. P., Priest, to the Blessed Virgin first reveal scapular of the habit to be worn minicans (from February 12.)

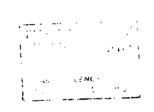
Mass of the Rosary.)

24—Passion Sunday—Rosary, Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

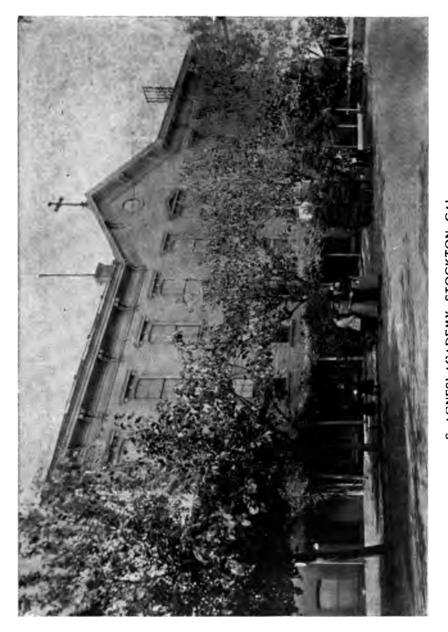
25—The Annunciation of the 1 Virgin—Three Plenary Indulger Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosai (or any church); prayers (once a

VINGIN—Three Plenary Indulger Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosar (or any church); prayers (once a ing octave on same conditions); sist at Procession (which may day within octave); (3) C. C.; re Rosary. Plenary Indulgence for Rosary. High Mass at 9 A. M. sion and Benediction at 7:30 P. M. 26—Octave Day of S. Joseph. 27—B. Nicholas of Palea, O. P. (from February 14.) (Votive Mas Rosary.) Rosary, Sermon, Benedi 7:30 P. M. 28—The Seven Founders of the (from February 17.) 29—Compassion of the Blessed Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians visit Rosary Altar; prayers. Pler dulgence for Living Rosary. Stathe Cross, Benediction at 7:30 P. 1 30—B. Christopher, O. P., Pries March 1.) (Votive Mass of the I 31—PALM SUNDAY—Plenary Ind for Rosarians accustomed to recommon a taird part of the Rosatimes a week. Blessing and distustions.)

common a third part of the Rosai times a week. Blessing and distraction of Palms at 10 A. M. Rosary, 1 Benediction at 7:30 P. M. April 1-6—Holy Week.



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S. AGNES' ACADEMY, STOCKTON, CAL.

DOMINICANA

APRIL, 1901.

No. 4

THE SECRET OF GROSSMEISTER CLIFFS.

MARGARET D. O'BRIEN.

TR XXVII—THE TRIAL AND ACQUITTAL.

an hour Rugen and its neighowns knew of Wallenstein's arrejoiced. The older inhabitants) see him brought to justice, bey believed him guilty; the young ixed belief, the circumstances of it's death were almost worn out nemories, but prejudice did them and they received the exciting ice with pleasure. Some weeks ed since the evening of the arcounsel for the accused needed ss whose whereabouts had not n ascertained," so stated the of the day with truth; and, by creating interest, coined many facts that never existed save in le imaginations of reporters and zers to whom Carl refused admit-But such writers must not be der panacea for the public, so they 1 to themselves a special knowlindividual character, and gave orts of the prisoner and his saytheir prolific minds suggested. ity of the absurdity was no two consequently Carl did and said things at the same time. Had ein read the daily columns durperiod he would never recognize nor would he suppose he had nection with the prisoner therein i. So much for our daily news! istrate at Rugen was a new man. made himself, and was glad to ow at an aristocrat. He wished

to make a name for himself; here was a chance. The old magistrate who remembered the circumstances of the accident, and who read the paper held by the Curé, died some time before Carl's arrest. May be this had some influence with Schaefer, who had ere that found and brought over Joe Swank.

At length Erdhart returned from Rome. He left an agent there who had every hope of discovering the Curé.

Mr. Pierson and Harry Beaumont had come over from America. They found Carl calm and dignified as usual; the peace of a pure conscience was with him. He told them every particular attending his cousin's death; he suppressed only one item which would shadow the name of his noble uncle. "It must come out at the trial," he thought, "time enough then." Pierson told him he had nothing to fear. Carl assented, provided the Curé could be found; if not, he had no witness, and who would believe his story. He said this not because he feared, but it stood to reason. The lawyer stroked his chin and looked grave. "But," said Harry, "you have always been faithful to God, Carl; He will stand by you in spite of the world." Harry was not a lawyer nor a profound reasoner, but he was a good Christian, and Christian in its strict sense means philosopher, lover of wisdom, follower of Christ; so his philosophy was based on solid principlesprinciples that outlive the world and live on to eternity.

The morning of the trial found Rugen one scene of bustle, animation and anxiety, such as only the momentous question of the life or death of a human being can excite. Many strangers were there from Thun and Interlachen, some from curiosity in the fate of a man whom they admired though they failed to gain his friendship; others to gloat over the humiliation of one whom they believed had purchased his exaltation, if not by murder, at least by hypocrisy and cunning. The sympathy of the country was with the oily-tongued, wily Schaefer, who posed as the protector of the widow and the orphan; for their sakes alone he prosecuted Carl Wallenstein: even at the cost of personal feeling he should see them righted. The wise ones among the women lifted up their hands and blessed this model man, this lover of justice. Every moment increased the crowd around the court; each face was full of eager expectation. The human sea surged and rolled until it reached the entrance. where bolts and bars held it in check for a while.

Meantime the prisoner knelt in his cell reciting his Rosary. Now and then the bent head was raised, and a great flash of joy lighted up his deep gray eyes, when their glance rested on a small picture of our "Lady of Perpetual Succor" that Harry had hung up a few days before. Happily the prison walls were thick, else he had heard the angry exclamations of the mob against himself and its loud denunciations of any who would show him mercy.

With difficulty the judge's carriage made its way to the court-house door. Many stood on tiptoe to catch a glimpse of him whom money could not buy, and who, "God bless him, would condemn the rich when he found them guilty, not like others, whom they knew to value money above justice. Yes, Wallenstein's time had come; they had long expected its arrival. No Abel's blood ever cried in vain to Heaven." So the populace muttered or spoke aloud as the judge slowly drove by. From time to time his acute ear caught up their words; he smiled, gently reversed his crossed limbs, patted his heavy mustache and involuntarily smacked his lips; the flavor of the sayings was pleasant to his palate.

As the judge took his seat the doors were opened, the rush was great, the pressure unavoidable; a short delay ensued. When order prevailed, the prisoner was at the bar. His appearance caused straining of necks, moving of heads and stooping under arms "to see how he looked." And the prisoner? He was as we have always seen him, cold and haughty, yet in this case somewhat subdued, patiently resigned to what God ordained. So thought the Countess and his few friends present.

When placed at the bar, Carl scanned the faces of the counsel for and against him. His glance for a second rested on the countenance of his judge; at the moment an almost imperceptible shadow fell upon his own. He looked sharply at each member of the jury as he was sworn, then drew back, crossed his arms upon his chest, and, save for the movement of his eyelid and occasional curl of his lip, he might be taken for a statue, so rigid his figure and passionless his face. He heard unmoved the indictment charging him with the murder of the Count of Urford, which murder was effected by throwing him from one of the Grossmeister cliffs. Then came the motives for the murder, as the counsel for the prosecution outlined the case to the jury. Schaefer had chosen a lawyer of eminence, of great talent and possessed of much tact, whose legal knowledge was solid and extensive, whose tongue, though not eloquent, was oily and persuasive and ever attuned to themes that pleased the powers that be, irrespective of the cries of humanity and the pleadings of justice. He could inveigle, wheedle or deceive his jury by his winning manner, his kind sympathy for the condemned his assumed disinterestedness his apparent desire for justice: he dreaded lest his words, his uncontrolled feelings, should, in the least, influence them to mercy when mercy meant injustice. He was a man in a thousand for a jury; "expert in the niceties of language," he knew how to name offences and orimes;

he never omitted nice distinctions; he was truthful and honest to exactness. He succeeded well: he blinded jurors, perverted justice and cajoled truth, yet he was reckoned a successful advocate. After some preliminary remarks, he stated how the prisoner, Mr. Carl Wallenstein, and his cousin, Erl, Count of Urford could never agree, Mr. Wallenstein being of a gloomy, melancholy disposition, the Count bright and gay. The latter married in opposition to his father and was disinherited; here the great trouble came in, for had not Mr. wallenstein interfered the old Count would never have cast off his son, nay, most undoubtedly would have restored him to his rights. Twice the young Count essayed reconciliation with his father, each time Wallenstein prevented; yet he (the prisoner) could not be sure of the property which was willed to him while the son lived, so he determined to be rid of him. He knew that his cousin frequently walked on the Grossmeister cliffs; he watched his opportunity. On the evening of November thirteenth, 18-, he met him here; picked a quarrel; words grew hot; the Count drew a pistol; Wallenstein, the stronger, sprang upon him and cast him over the cliffs, thus inflicting injuries that caused almost instant death. The pistol must have gone off as Count Urford fell. Mr. Schaefer, the only witness of the deed, was not near enough to hear what passed between-

A voice broke in: "Nor to see, either; he stood by me on the other side of the cliffs, when we both heard the pistol shot."

Crier-"Silence in the court."

The lawyer continued: "An aged priest, now supposed to be dead, and a boy happened to pass as the Count fell. They ran to his succor; the priest took in writing a deposition made by the Count, which both the priest and the boy signed. The purchase money given by Mr. Wallenstein to Hans Schaefer and respect for the old Count's name prevented the said Mr. Schaefer from bringing the prisener to justice at once, but conscience

could not be quieted, since he knew Count Urford's widow and orphan were in need. The desire to see these righted was his sole motive for prosecuting the prisoner."

A voice—"The arrant liar!" Crier—"Silence."

Time, circumstances and interest concurred against the prisoner and gave strong presumptive evidence of his guilt. This, Mr. Erdhart felt, was the impression of the jury when Mr. Schaefer's counsel resumed his seat.

Erdhart now rose in behalf of the prisoner. In capacity he was not his opponent's equal, but his voice was impressive, the sincerity of his heart lived in his tone and touched the hearts of his hearers; besides, when he defended justice and right, his natural timidity passed away; he was transformed; his stature increased; his face lighted; his voice swelled. Listening, each asked the other, "Is this the man we know—he who but now sat passive before us?" In this case he brought every power of his intelligence to bear upon his subject; he cast his whole life of labor into the compass of an hour, to justify him who needed not justification because of his innocence. Heretofore his clients might have been in some degree guilty, but in this case Erdhart believed the accused to be guiltless of the crime for which he was arraigned.

At this point an officer placed in his hands a slip of paper on which was pencilled:

"I have just arrived. I await you.—L. K."

Erdhart's dark eyes flashed with joy as he read. Crushing the paper in his neryous palm he continued: "My convictions are not based on mere theories, but upon the whole life and character of the man before you, with whom I have for years lived as tutor and friend, whose wealth I know to be treble that of Count Urford's and more than this" (his voice took a triumphant ring) "on the testimony of a witness that is all convincing." He resumed his seat, wrote a few words on a card in peneil, handed it to the

officer who had given him the paper and leaned back in his chair. To those who watched him closely he appeared sure of his case. Statements so confidently made somewhat startled the jury and brought a great flash of joy to the eyes of the prisoner.

The chief witnesses against Mr. Wallenstein were Schaefer and Swank, but the first examined was the old physician who accompanied the magistrate to the cliffs on the evening of the Count's death. He had only to state the condition in which he found the dead man; death, he said, was caused by a fracture in the skull. Whether the young man was thrown over or had fallen he knew not. "Had he read the paper said to be in possession of the Curé?"

"No; the magistrate alone read that."
"Did he think any intervention of the prisoner's excluded him from a knowledge of its contents?"

"No; the prisoner did not speak with the magistrate."

"Had he an idea of what was written? Did the magistrate ever mention anything of it to him?"

To both questions: "No."

"Hans Schaefer!"

Sleek and affable as ever, Hans Schaefer came forward, bowed obsequiously to the bench, washed his hands awhile, stole a side glance at the jury, and in a dull, monotonous voice began his statement, going over particulars we already know, coloring them here and there with shades of his own. "The evening of the murder the Count and he walked out together; the Count was gloomy and went over to Unspunnen to see his father; he (Schaefer) thought he would have a look at the works. The Count chose the path to the Grossmeister Cliffs; he knew he would—"

Lawyer-"How did you know?"

"As we know things often—by intuition or experience. So instead of going to the immediate works I followed him at a distance; he passed over what we call Strichcliff, beyond this was a favorite walk of his, Grossmeister Cliffs; he walked here for a while, when Mr. Wal-

lenstein came down from Kasecliff Pass, a small opening to the north. I was close enough to see all that happened, but too far off to hear."

A voice—"That is false!"

Hans started and appeared disconcerted.

Officer-"Silence in the court."

"The two cousins met on the plane of Grossmeister Cliff; I came up the other side; as they reached 'the small fault' I slunk behind a projecting boulder, whence I could see without being seen. They spoke for some minutes; both appeared excited; the Count ran his hand under the folds of his cloak; at the same moment the prisoner sprang upon him and hurled him over the cliffs; the piste? went off as the Count fell; that is all saw."

A voice—"More than you saw, you sneaking coward."

"I sprang forward to help; the prisoner shoved me out of his path, and were I not an expert man I, too, might be dead."

A voice—"'Twould be a mighty big blessing you were."

Officer (severely) — "Silence! Who speaks again will be expelled for contempt of court."

A voice—"No contempt is meant for the honorable bench, and the liar before you is beneath contempt, but one cannot hear wholesale lies and be silent."

An officer stepped forward and spoke a few words to the woman who thus interrupted the court. She was pacified.

"The prisoner," continued Hans, "showed great anxiety for the fate of his victim. He remained by him as if he had no hand in his death. The good Curé, now dead" (here Mr. Schaefer lifted his eyes to Heaven and prayed God to have mercy on that just man's soul. Mr. Erdhart glanced at the prisoner and smiled) "and this honest fellow, Joseph Swank" (pointing to a slovenly, dogged looking youth that stood near) "signed some paper. He, Joe, knows its contents. While Joe and myself stood near the prisoner we heard him ask the Curé: 'Will the world know of my crime,' The Curé placed his finger on his lips and

d to us. So my evidence closes."
ss-examined by Mr. Erdhart—"Why
ou not then accuse Mr. Wallen-

aefer—"I felt my time was not yet
 I was generous enough to give
. chance."

hart—"The court deals with facts. do you mean by a chance?"

aefer—"To see what he would do
e widow and orphan."
oice—"False!"

ge—"This lengthens. Call the next ss."

3 Swank."

Schaefer's slouchy adherent shufinto the witness-stand and was. He turned his dull, blinky eyes e bench, shrugged, ran his fingers gh his rough hair and asked fer what he was to do.

swer the lawyers," replied his a aloud, and for his ear, "Think of old."

Joseph Swank, was on his way to with the Curé of L— on the evenof November thirteenth, 18—. He two gentlemen near Grossmeister a few steps and a turn in the path he gentlemen. When he and the came into clear space they saw a lying under the cliff, another runabove; he (Joe Swank) ran, found tallen man stunned and bleeding. I aloud for the priest to hurry, fast,

He did so. The Curé wrote in his something the dying man asked. Turé told him to listen; he could not understand; the Curé wrote and he ed.

hat were the words?"

did not exactly know; the prisoner's, money and a note. Here Joe d at Schaefer and abruptly stopped.

1d a note?" repeated the lawyer.

nat's all I know," replied the boy, aly.

d not you and the Curé sign that "said Mr. Erdhart.

es, yes, I signed; I forgot that."
ould you know your own signa-

"Know my own hand! That's a good 'un. I guess I'd know it!"

"You would swear to it,"

"Aye, a thousand oaths; but it is not likely you can get the note from the man that's dead. He always said as how that pocket-book should be buried with him." He was dismissed.

"Baubet Hesse."

As the woman was sworn she cast a look of withering scorn at Schaefer and one of defiance at his counsel. Schaefer drew back and shaded his face; he was a little uneasy; he was uncertain how much the woman knew. Baubet's evidence was to the point.

"Yes, she followed Count Erl and Schaefer that evening of November 13th, 18-; she was not alone, she took Fritz. the Count's boy, with her. When Count Erl went towards Grossmeister, she and Fritz turned and shadowed Schaefer, who made direct to the cliffs where the men had worked that day, but he did not stop there, he went beyond to the cliffs where some new bores had been lately made. For a long time he (Schaefer) groped here and there among the rocks back of Grossmeister. Fritz whispered: 'He must be looking for a bore.' I put my finger on my lips for silence. Schaefer is an expert man, if he found we watched his movements he might put us out of his way. We crept in the shadow from rock to rock until we lay right beside that under which he crouched; we could see every move of his and hear every word he muttered; his oaths were not good to hear. At last he struck a bore-shortly after the bore he wanted; he tried a light; the fuse was damp and would not take; he waited, lying very still; then he cut a piece off the fuse and tried the light again; it took; he blew it out, it was too soon. He was about to relight it when he heard a step; he lay down in the grass and fern. I looked in the direction of the step; I thought it was Count Erl coming to join Schaefer; it was Mr. Wallenstein; he passed within a few feet of Schaefer. I was frightened. I did not want the Count in his ill humor to meet Mr. Wallenstein. When Mr. Wallenstein Was gone up the cliffs Schaefer rose, tried the fuse; it would light, yet he waited. Fritz trembled and signed for us to run, that he was going to blow up the cliff. I signed him to remain still for a minute. As Schaefer tried the fuse for the last time we heard the report of a pistol. Fritz started to run. I held him back. Schaefer with an oath dropped the light and said in a voice loud enough for us to hear: 'I don't need it now; he has done for him.' He then climbed up the cliffs; Fritz and I had to go lower down to the pass. Schaefer did not see Mr. Wallenstein and the Count meet; he knows nothing more than I of what happened between the two men; they were on the other side of the cliff. Fritz and I know as much as he of how the Count met his death."

Here Fritz was examined, and no cross-questions could drive him from the points stated by Baubet. But she was not finished; she informed the court she had a few other items she wished to submit to its consideration.

It was her sad duty to prepare the Count for burial. In a small pocket-book which he always carried she found some papers (Schaefer started); her mistress was unable to attend to business, so she took it on herself to see if they were of any importance. The first she opened was a copy of a note on the Bank of --- for £2,000 sterling, signed Carl Wallenstein and said to have been drawn that morning; the second was a receipt for one-half the sum, dated that day and signed Hans Schaefer; the third, the form of some agreement by which both were sworn to a certain deed; this bore the signatures of Count Erl and Schaefer. That night she took her master's keys to examine his private papers; they were few and insignificant. She opened the safe; half the money mentioned in the note was there; she counted the sum, placed it in the safe again and locked it. Late the same night, while she watched by her mistress, she heard a noise in the room where the remains of the Count lay. Sue crept to the door and looked through the keyhole. Hans had unlocked the door that connected the two houses: he l master's escritoire open: the strewn over the shroud; she co see so well as she wished; she w side and watched him through in the shutter. He must have ha cate keys, as she had those of the in her pocket. When he had ex all the papers he replaced the locked each drawer. Then he ope safe, counted the banknotes, fold and carefully secreted them in his pockets. He did not find the p papers he wanted, for after this amined and re-examined the pa had placed in the escritoire, then a look at his victim lying there i he passed into his own house morning he disappeared with his

Baubet was cross-examined by for the prosecution, but her a could not be shaken. Mr. Erdha aloud the papers she mentioned, few words to the judge, and step room adjoining the court. He almost immediately, accompanied tall, white haired man, who, saluted the bench, turned full to ple. A great murmur ran throucourt; the old among the audienc nized the venerable Curé of C—, g thought to be dead. He stepped Carl with extended hands.

"My son," he said aloud, "I a: I did not know of this trial sooner lenstein's face beamed; in two he grew ten years younger; the mouth softened; the keen glitter eye gave place to bright, joyofidence; he looked towards the j smiled.

The Curé took his place as "No need," he said, "to weary this able bench with a repetition of has already heard; this paper all." He handed a discolored s Mr. Erdhart.

Joe Swank was called to swea own signature. He did so withou tion. "That was his writin', he it." He almost believed the go had risen from the dead to convic perfidy!

When Hans Schaefer saw the

staggered and moved to get out. Erdhart noticed him. "Guard that man," he whispered to officers near, "we shall have him in his true colors after a while." Much to Schaefer's indignation his movements were restricted.

The judge bade Mr. Erdhart read the Curé's paper for the court. The lawyer read with loud voice:

"Last words of Erl, Count of Urford: I fell by accident; Carl Wallenstein had no part in my fall. Last night Hans Schaefer and I forged a note for £2,000, using Carl's name; Schaefer drew it this morning. This evening Schaefer and I came out to murder Carl Wallenstein. God is just." Signed, Ludwig Koermer, Curé of C— and Joe Swank, with date.

Mr. Erdhart ceased; still the hush was on the crowd; it was not prepared for this. The revulsion of feeling was instantaneous; the words acted as a spell. Truth seldom waits for judge or jury; human instinct recognizes its ring. So it was now for all in the court as the jurors, without leaving the box, cried out as one, "Not guilty, the mystery is solved."

CHAPTER XXVIII.—OLD FRIENDS.

Some years have passed since Carl Wallenstein's acquittal, Schaefer's sentence "Penitentiary" and the Curé's recital of how he failed to hear of Mr. Erdhart's inquiries. He was ordered to Rome for his health; here he led the life of a hermit, going out only to churches and seldom receiving visits from any one. What then was his surprise when, on coming out of S. Peter's, he heard a stranger ask a brother priest for the Abbé Koermer, adding: "The honor, nay the life, of a human being depends upon some paper he holds." Immediately he made himself known to this man, who was Erdhart's agent. That hour they started for Thun. The rest is known.

A few weeks after his trial Carl bade good-bye to his friends and went—whither none knew. He understood all doubt was cleared up, yet he shrank from being pointed out in Paris, London and his own cities as "the man who was accused of murder." This mark of distinc-

tion was torture to his sensitive nature. As it was, everywhere he went he heard it whispered; he saw men and women draw the attention of others to him, speak, turn and gaze at him. He had foreseen this, and so, despite Count Alworth's solicitations to accompany him to England, Mr. Pierson's and Harry's to sail with them for America, Carl, with expressions of gratitude, set his face and went his way.

One bright, sunny day early in March, 18—, two carriages drove leisurely up the broad, smooth avenue leading to S. Mary's, Howard Heights. "How beautiful everything looks," said a familiar voice, and Mrs. Beaumont glanced over the spacious, well-kept grounds.

"Just as when we were mites and played hide-and-seek among its shrubbery," answered Rosa, turning her happy, beaming face from side to side to take in each nook and corner of her convent home.

"Bertie must be very happy here," continued Mrs. Beaumont addressing Mrs. Landry, who was with them for a few days.

"Very. very happy," said the mother, "her last letter said she never knew what happiness meant until the day she made her vows as a daughter of S. Dominic."

"What induced her to be a nun?" asked Rosa, with a look of wonder.

"What induced you to marry Howard Stanley?" queried her mother.

"Oh!" laughed Rosa, and blushed; she was a tride of a few weeks.

"Bertie became a nun because she loved God above all, or rather because God chose her for His. He says beautifully, 'You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you.'" Tears glistened in Mrs. Landry's eyes; she was glad Bertie was a nun, but she sorely missed her loving, cheering presence, and, in spite of her generosity, she often felt the sacrifice was almost too great for her strength.

The carriages reached the grand entrance. Mr. Stanley and Harry, who occupied the second carriage, came forward to assist the ladies. Handing their cards to the portress Mrs. Landry said, "Mother Prioress, Sister Mary Thomas, and any of

our friends who may be here." They were shown into a reception room; a nun stood there talking with a young lady. The nun's back was towards them; when she heard their voices she turned. It was Bertle—more charmingly beautiful than ever. Great was her joy to meet her friends. The first greetings over, she led to her mother the girl with whom she had been speaking.

"You have spoken with her as a child, mamma," she said, "look at her well." Mrs. Landry looked into the beautiful flushed face and shook her head. "Look again, mamma," urged Bertie.

"No use, Bertie, I do not remember her face."

"Oh!" exclaimed Bertie, as she caught the girl's lovely face between her hands and looked down into her dark eyes, "I would remember it forever."

"So would I," mentally echoed Harry, who had noticed the girl's beauty the moment he entered the parlor.

Rosa came forward. "Shall I name her, bertie? I remember Elsie Wayne. Do you recollect Rosa Beaumont, Miss Wayne?"

"I think I do." The rose on her cheek deepened. She was timid of strangers.

"I am glad you have not forgotten me; mother, this is our former junior favorite, Elsie Wayne. Miss Wayne, may I present to you my brother and Mr. Stanley?" Elsie assented.

"And you are Mrs. Stanley! I heard of your marriage only to-day from Sister Mary Thomas."

"It does sound strange to call Bertie, Sister Mary Thomas! I cannot become reconciled to the title."

"What title?" asked Bertie, as she joined them, the old arch smile playing about her mouth and lighling up her eyes. "Mrs. Stanley?"

"O, no; that sounds right enough; but Sister Mary Thomas is formidable!"

"It is lovely. That's what it is, madam; and unless you choose to give me my proper title, I shall address you as Mrs. Stanley." Rosa pouted.

Miss Wayne remained only a few minutes. As she bowed to the gentlemen in passing, Harry thought: "I love her, and I shall win her."

"And where is Starry?" asked Bertie, as she and Rosa talked together of school days.

"My last letter was from Bassano, Italy. She gives me a full description of the lovely things of art to be seen there, in the house of the famous sculptor Canova."

"And nothing about herself?"

"Not much. Her health is good. Papa and mamma enjoy the variety; she longs for home."

"When do you expect her to return?"

"I think about the end of August. Mrs. Schiller wanted Mr. Bentley—in fact, all—to come home, when she brought over Mr. Schiller's remains, at Christmas. Mr. Bentley would not consent. He had projects he could not slight."

"That was a sad death."

"I do not think so. It was sad for Mrs. Schiller, but it must be a great consolation for her to have him received into the Church."

"Do you think it is true?"

"Certainly. Some weeks before he became seriously ill, of his own accord, he asked for instructions. The same priest instructed both, baptized them, and some weeks afterwards administered the last sacraments to Mr. Schiller. His holy viaticum was his second Holy Communion. His death was in every sense happy. By his own request his remains rest in the same tomb with Bella."

"Yes; some one told me he said, 'When all is over bring me back to Bell.'"

"It was characteristic, but his leaving nearly a million dollars to Starry surprised every one."

"It did not surprise me. The old man always liked Starry from the time she was kind to Bella at school. You remember that affair of the gold medal for music. The Mistress of Schools said, only for Miss Bentley's generosity, Bella would not have been so honored. How Mr. Schiller came to know of it, I cannot say; but when he was South, before Bella's death, he told me he would one day do something pretty for Starry."

"Poor old man! No wonder God blessed

his works. His heart was as large as his fortune."

"I wonder what will become of Starry. Will she become a nun?"

"I think not. She has no vocation. She is very beautiful, more beautiful than when a mere girl. She surprised me when I met her, summer before last, up among the Adirondacks."

"That she is beautiful is no reason for

her not being a nun."
"I know it," and Rosa gazed at the rare beauty of the face before her. "There are other reasons, which Starry may tell you when she returns."

A bell rang.

"Your hour for Vespers," said Rosa, rising.

The other members of her party, who were with the Mother Prioress, moved at the same time. Having embraced Bertie, Mrs. Landry was the first to leave.

"I must not take back any part of what I have given to God," she thought. "Besides, she is so happy."

"Bertie is as gay as a lark," said Rosa. "And happy as a queen," added Mrs. Beaumont.

"More happy," remarked Mrs. Landry; "for poor queens have often thorny crowns to wear. Bertie, too, may have her thorns. No life is exempt from them; not even honeymoons, Rosa."

The young bride looked thoughtful. None of us know the future.

Conclusion in next number.

KINDLE NOW THE EASTER FIRE.

EDITH R. WILSON.

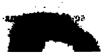
🕨 🛮 leluia, alleluia! He is risen, as He said, C prist, the Victor of the ages, Christ, the First-fruits of the dead; t the Church break forth in singing, Let the earth weep festal day, r the Lord of Life is risen And the shadows flee away. ndle now the Easter fire. Let its light be round us shed, I at the song of triumph higher,

Thrist is risen from the dead. A 🔳 leluia, alleluia! For the stone is rolled away; me and see the angel sitting In the place where Jesus lay: t our hearts break forth in singing, For the grave has lost its sting, ath is swallowed up in triumph Through the rising of our King. Indle then the Easter fire, Let its light our hearts illume. Lat the song of triumph higher,

Christ is risen from the tomb.

Alleluia, He hath spoken To the weeping Magdalen. And the Living Christ is speaking Through the ages now as then. As He dried the tears of Mary, He will wipe away our own. In the last great Resurrection When we stand before His throne. Kindle then the Easter fire Symbol of the life He gave. Lift the song of triumph higher, Christ is risen from the grave.

Alleluia, alleluia! Let us keep the Paschal feast. For the risen Lord is with us And the Crucified our Priest. See, with piercéd hands He cometh, Bidding sin and sorrow cease; And the gift His love would offer Is His own eternal peace. Kindle then the Easter fire, Let its light be round us shed, While the Lord of Life draws nigher In the breaking of the Bread.



SAINT CATHERINE OF RICCI AND SAVONAROLA.

REV. HYACINTH BAYONNE, O. P.

II.

Her religious profession, far from being for Catherine the end of her trials, was, on the contrary, only the point of departure for new and greater troubles. The Lord, to whom she had just solemnly consecrated herself, had hastened, on His part, to attach her more closely to Himate sufferings. For, as our saint and sublime theologian, John Tauler, has said: "It is not God's way to purify by halves a soul which He destines for such high favors. But He bathes, He plunges, He hurls it into an ocean of bitterness, as He caused Jonah, His prophet, to be cast into the sea"; as David Himself said, "All your waves, and your billows, Lord, have



8AVONAROLA PICTURED AS ST. PETER MARTYR.
(AFTER THE PAINTING BY FRA BARTOLOMMEO.)

self by special favors. He planned nothing less than taking her for His spouse before earth and Heaven, and conferring on her publicly this title and prerogative. But for that it was necessary that she should first suffer; that she should purchase this immense honor by proportion-

gone over me." There was, moreover, a peculiar reason in the nature of the favors which were reserved for her. It was Jesus Christ and Him crucified whose spouse she was to be, and under that title she was to be especially linked with the sorrows and anguish of His Passion. It was,

therefore, needful that she should know the depth of human sorrow before entering into participation with the sorrows of a God, and before touching her lips to the chalice of His Passion she was to have them steeped long in the bloody and bitter cup of our misfortunes and our sufferings. It is under these tribulations that we are about to consider her during the five years which followed.

The return of sympathy on the part of the Sisters who had just summoned Catherine to the irrevocable act of her profession hardly lasted beyond the few days which were given her to prepare herself for it. She herself caused its withdrawal, from the redoubled fervor which her grateful heart imbibed from the grace it had just received. Under its impetus she plunged deeper than ever into the mysteries of her hidden life and into the habits of solitary communication with the supernatural world. We know that these habits betrayed themselves outwardly only by abstraction and apparent singularities which alienated all minds from her, and, the cause increasing, the necessary result was an increase of disaffection and withdrawal. A month had not rolled away before she fell into universal discredit, worse than that of the last days of her novitiate. She was no longer the object of even that equivocal interest which a subject of whom there is still question inspires. They no longer accorded her that detailed consideration, those frequent glances demanded for the examination of a stranger-a consideration and scrutiny which may keep up an illusion of sympathy in a forsaken heart. She was reduced to the sad plight of un fait accompli of an inevitable evil to which one has resigned oneself and concerning which one can only be contented by ceasing to think of it. "Completely set aside and never counted in," the community went its regular way without disturbing itself over her absence, taking it for granted that she was in some corner of the monastery, fast in her abstractions and her "sleeps," as she herself called them. They treated her almost exactly as one does those poor idiots, gentle and inoffensive, whom we

let wander about the house and are not surprised to meet in the most unexpected places or at the strangest occupations. They tolerated everything in her with the same license, the same pity for her misfortune, without taking her any the more seriously for all that. Thus she sometimes became the butt for their innocent amusement. When, at the spiritual conferences, she was questioned, since, in her great humility, she always replied that she would be glad to be instructed by the others, sarcastic smiles would greet her reply, they making very little account of her humility, but laying much stress on the tacit avowal of her incompetence and incapacity. In vain did Jesus Christ, her Divine Spouse, heap favors upon her, pour down on her the brightest light, in visions clearer and more prolonged. By rendering their external phenomena more evident He only brought it about that they gave them grosser interpretations.

This suspension of the life of the senses, this immobility of the body during entire hours, which were, in reality, the signs of a soul swept away into the light and activity of a higher life, were only, in the prejudiced eyes of the monastery, the swoons of enfeebled health.

However sweet the joys of ecstasy to our saint, she none the less regained, on her return to the realities of life, her exquisite sensibility te pain. Her tender and sensitive heart suffered cruelly from the disaffection and disdain of her companions. If, in her humility, she would happy to have been esteemed the last of all, she could not so easily console herself at being deprived of their affection. This secret martyrdom was not softened for her. God left her to it for two whole years. So, when the Blessed Virgin revealed to her the Canticle of the Passion, of which we shall shortly speak, her heart could unite, with all the sympathy born of sorrow, with the plaints of Jesus Christ.

This was realized, in respect to her, on the part of such admirable religious, those words of a great doctor concerning the behavior of Providence towards the saints. "Sooner than deprive a soul of the trials necessary to the glory predestined for it, God will throw into blindness and clouds a multitude of saintly persons, in order that they may mould this vessel of election by the temerarious and harsh judgments which they pass upon it. But after He has thus purified His sacred vessel, He lifts the bandage from their eyes, and manifesting indulgence for a fault which they committed only by the hidden design of Providence, He shows to them, uncovered in the brilliance of the divine light, the vessel of pure gold, set with precious stones."

But this was only the beginning and



JEROME SAVONAROLA.

(AFTER AN INTAGLIO BY GIOVANNI DELLA CORNIOLA)

the concealed side of her sufferings. In the month of March, 1538, when she was sixteen years old, she was attacked all at once by a malady most serious and extraordinary in its complications. It was at once a frightful dropsy which overran her entire body agonies of stone which tortured her internally, the most violent asthma, which seemed every moment about to deny her the very breath of life,

and finally burning and continuous fever. One of these maladies alone, at such a degree of intensity, would have been sufficient to condemn her to cruel suffering and to bring her shortly to the gates of death. Judge then, of the martyrdom which must have been caused by their simultaneous presence and the accumulation of their tortures. This martyrdom was inflicted upon her without interruption and without the least relaxation for two consecutive years. The doctors, whom the unheard of nature of the illness had disconcerted from the first, were much more at a loss when, in spite of all their combined efforts, it proved obstinately rebellious to all their remedies.

Learning, by dint of experience, that they only increased the painful crisis of the disease, without inducing it to loosen its hold in any direction, they were compelled, out of pity for the patient, to let it run its course, trusting only to the eventual reaction of nature. It was a heart-rending spectacle-that of this young girl thus abandoned, from the sixteenth to the eighteenth year of her age, to the most cruel sufferings, which allowed her no repose by day or night, while nothing in the world and no human aid could bring her the least relief. And, a wonderful thing! in the midst of such great pain, the victim was so gentle and patient that her courage never played traitor by the least complaint or the least murmur. "All who saw her," says one of her biographers, "were moved to tears, unable to understand how a just and good God could let such innocence suffer so cruelly and so unremittingly, nor how so frail a creature could thus be racked by suffering without ever letting escape a single one of those moans which are at once the instinctive cry of nature and its relief." They did not see that Providence was with one blow achieving its double design upon this elect soul—that of preparing it by this excess of human agony for a glorious participation in the incomprehensible woes of the Son of God, and at the same time, that of drawing back to it the esteem and sympathy of the monastery by the superhuman spectacle of such wonderful virtue.

sters were already taking great in her, asking her cure by superneans in default of human remetey had already addressed the vent prayers to the Blessed Virto those saints to whom they had test devotion, when the approach famous in their monastery sugthem the idea of making a vow n Blessed of their Order whose it recalled. This date was that niversary of the death of Jerome da and his companions.

reat man, regarded as a saint is life by all notable citizens and istians of Florence and the whole ny, was still more revered aftertwithstanding his tragic deatn. es of the stake only added to his wn of virgin, doctor and prophet eme aureole of the martyr, and ory was continually, in spite of bitions, the object of devout and stic veneration. But nowhere eld in greater reverence than the Sisters of S. Vincent. To was like an ancestor! His words had sowed the seed of in the souls of their foundis disciples had brought them to and nourished them by that ortion of his spirit which, like Elijah, he had bequeathed them : height of his chariot of fire. with his memory, they chervoutly certain articles which be-) him and a few handfuls of his scued by some generous hands sentence which condemned them own into the Arno. They recited efore these holy relics, honored es, invoked him with confidence, ually celebrated the day of his the festival of his entrance into S. Catherine, the last of them and venerate this great memory, surpassed every one in this des in all others.

end of these two years of sufhe made a vow, together with ers, to Brother Jerome and his ons, for the obtaining of her cure is feast day, which was three

days off. On May 23, the day before the end of the triduum, and, in that year, the eve of Trinity Sunday, she had asked to be left alone in her cell, that she might invoke her saints with more fervor. Lo and behold! about four o'clock in the morning, having approached the little altar on which were their relics, she leaned her arms and her head on it, and worn out with fatigue, fell asleep. "Then," says the chronicle of the convent, "three Brothers, clothed in the habit of S. Dominic and surrounded with a great glory, appeared to her, and he who was in the middle seemed borne in a dazzling cloud. S. Catherine, addressing him, asked: 'Who are you?' 'What!' replied the Brother, 'Dost thou thou not know me?' 'No, Father,' said Catherine, 'I do not know you.' 'But of whom aid you ask your cure?' he responded. 'Of Brother Jerome,' she answered at once. 'Very well, I am Brother Jerome, and I am come to heal you. But first promise me always to obey your superiors and your confessor faithfully and that you will go to confesion this morning and receive communion.' Thereupon he made a great sign of the cross over her, and she found herself perfectly healed. Frightened at first at such a great and sudden transformation, her terror soon disappeared to give place to much joy and lively gratitude toward God."

This marvel continues to be one of the most remarkable events of the monastery, in that it certifies so brilliantly to the glory of the Blessed Jerome and his companions. Its immediate result was to sensibly alter the attitude of the Sisters toward our saint. The heroic virtue which she had displayed during her sickness and that marvelous care of Heaven of which she had become the object, no longer allowed them to judge her so unfavorably. They began to conceive doubts as to the nature of her swoons and sleeps and to say to themselves that facts of a high order might easily be concealed behind these commonplace appearances. They began to reflect that instead of shutting her eyes and bowing her head as in ordinary sleep; instead of being of

white is the character to be

a pale and livid countenance and falling to the ground as in fainting fits or struggling convulsively and foaming at the mouth as in epileptic crises, Catherine, on the contrary, kept her eyes open and her face animated and often glowing with color, while her body retained the attitude in which it was at the moment when the attack seized her, whether kneeling, standing or sitting, and, although in a state of complete insensibility, yet inspired sentiments of devotion in all who saw her. They rightly regarded these as marks of superhuman phenomena, signs of supernatural intervention in favor of this soul. Consequently, after having consulted their spiritual director, it was decided that they ought to proceed, with all necessary prudence, to the examination of her interior state, that they might only affirm them to be the operations c. the Holy Spirit after haveing carefully cleared them of all characteristics of the spirit of error and fa'sehood.

The venerable Father Timothy then caused the humble Catherine to appear before him. He began by expressing his surprise and displeasure at learning from strangers matters which, as her confessor, he should have heard from herself. Then after having made her sensible of the imprudence of her behavior in its utter want of openness toward her superiors, imprudence which laid her open to become the victim of illusions and of the snares of the devil, he commanded her in virtue of the authority which he held from God, to relate to him at once all that she was in the habit of hearing or seeing in her ecstasies. This was a very hard blow to our saint's humility; but, ruled by obedience, which did not permit her to evade so positive an order, she fell on her knees at the feet of her spiritual father and humbly begged his pardon for never having revealed to him these interior favors of the Lord, avowing with much ingenuousness that the thought that she might be deceived by the devil had never occurred to her.

Then, in the greatest confusion, with downcast eyes and shedding copious tears, like a culprit from whom a confession has been forced, she recounted the apparitions of our Lord, the Blessed Virgin and the saints which she had had from her earliest childhood; the holy teachings which she had received from them on the mysteries of religion; the directions which they had given her; and finally how all these visions, after having at first inspired her with a sort of terror, always ended by filling her soul with sweet peace, ravishing joy and a great love for God.

Father Timothy prudently dissembled his inward joy at these revelations of a soul so innocent and so dear to him. On the contrary, he evinced incredulity and distrust of all these visions and apparitions, which were, he said, only devices and wiles of the infernal spirit, the better to seduce souls. Thus, in order to put her on her guard against all his perfidies, he imposed on her for the future the obligation of making the sign of the cross over each image or phantom which appeared to her and of receiving them only by signs of contempt. As the devout child cried out, in her simplicity, saying, "What, Father! you compel me to give signs of contempt to Jesus Christ, His divine Mother and the saints? Is it possible?" The Father reproved her severely for such language, pointing out to her that God and the saints love obedience and what springs from it above everything else and that a gesture of contempt inspired by it is nothing in their eyes, whereas the devil, who is a spirit of pride and disobedience, cannot endure to be scorned.

Next he appointed Sister Maria Magdalena Strozzi her guardian and special mistress, to whom she must henceforth make known all the thoughts of her heart and the interior events which occurred to her. Finally he ended by an important direction which compelled her to come to him every evening before she went to rest and tell him all that she had seen and heard in her visions and ecstasies of the day.

It was very painful to our saint to be thus given over to new forms of distrust on the part of her Sisters and to hitherto unknown alarms concerning her soul! The thought that she might become the victim of the artifices and snares of the devil was above all painful to her. Nothing could be more touching than to see her terrors, henceforward, at the approach of heavenly favors, and her unavailing efforts to escape from the embraces of the Holy Ghost, as from the divine caresses of the Bridegroom of her could

Meantime, sufferings and exterior trials were not spared her. Six months after her cure, toward the end of October, 1540, she was seized with small-pox, which was just then making great ravages in Prato. This illness, to be less severe than the former, had no less characteristics of extraordniary violence. It sapped the strength of its victims in a short time by the greatest suffering and reduced them to the last extremity. All the monastery was in consternation, less on account of the deadly nature of the disease, which left little hope of her recovery, than on account of the sternness of Heaven toward the unfortunate Sister Catherine. They even went so far as to doubt the reality of the miracle of her former healing when they saw her so soon come to death's door again. They were panicstricken at the idea that it might be the work of the devil.

For nearly a month she had been abandoned to the very pangs of her agony, hovering between life and death, when, On the 1st of December, toward 2 o'clock in the morning, having fallen asleep for moment, she was conscious that a hand shook her gently and a voice called her. Awakening with a start, she saw before her the same three saints who had healed her the first time. In her first agitation, She began to call loudly to the Sister who slept in the room. But the tallest of them, Father Jerome, signed to her with his hand to be quiet and asked her what She desired. "Health, Father, if such be the good pleasure of God," was her anwer. "Health shall be restored to you." the Father said. Drawing near her, he made the sign of the cross upon her head everal times, and at each impression of his life-giving sign she felt her sufferings diminish until, at the last, they had entirely disappeared. As the saint was quietly withdrawing with his companions, he saw that Catherine, in her joy at being healed, was preparing to go out and publish the news of this blessing of God. Then, turning back, he commanded her not to go out without having previously obtained permission from the Sister Infirmarian, exhorted her, apropos of this, to practice obedience even in the smallest details, to be patient in trials and always humble before God, and then disappeared.

This new miracle, which so gloriously avenged the servant of God for the injurious doubts of which she had been the object, could but increase respect for the mysterious conduct of Providence with regard to her. Although confused at the temerity of their judgment, the Sisters were none the less happy at her restoration to health, and showed themselves only the more fervent in aiding her to praise the Lord. In the outburst of her gratitude on this occasion, the saint composed a Lauda, or song of thanksgiving, to the most-victorious martyrs. Blessed Jerome, Dominic and Sylvester. Here is a translation of it:

"Since thou hast shown me so much love, O servant of Jesus Christ, by coming to me with that sweet look and that twofold blessing which has twice kindled my gratitude, thy memory shall live ever in my heart!

"I was plunged in an abyss of anguish and of pain when thy compassionate hand drew me forth. My bruised heart was joyless when thou openedst to me all the treasures of thy goodness. I called on thee; like a father touched by the plaintive voice of his daughter thou didst hearken to me, thy countenance dazzling with glory and resplendent with light.

"Now I know how noble and chivalrous is thy heart, now that for one of thy servants thou hast come down from that beautiful country of heaven, whence fall upon us the hot flames of thy charity. I saw thy visage then; it sparkled like the sun, with flames and rays of a dazzling light. My thought and my speech are powerless to describe that incomparable splendor.

"Divine Father, to whom thy dead child owes the new life she possesses, from the depths of this cold valley I beseech Thee to inflame me, that I may achieve what thou hast taught me. Oh, I remember the beautiful precepts taught from thy lips. How could I ever forget them? Since thou wast kind enough then to give me light by them, be now so and give me the zeal which embraces and the love which achieves them!

"Remember, O my sweet father, that thy daughter is by nature only weakness and frailty. Give ear to her wishes ever grant her desire, and let her soul remain always chaste and pure. If thou art not my guide through life, there is no more security for me. But if through thee Heaven comes to my aid, neither the wolf nor the bear of the desert need any longer be feared. I am sure of remaining always the faithful servant of my Lord and Master Jesus Christ.

"May that ardent love which urged thy heart to restore health to thy servant still inspire thee, O well-beloved father, to make thy daughter better and to increase her virtues. I turn to thee because thou hast taught me to know thee. Thy charity is so keen! Thy heart so compassionate! O father, with thee, I am confident I shall bear off the palm, in spite of the wiles of the great seducer.

"Kindle my soul with the flames of charity; fill my feeble heart with a lively hope; illuminate my spirit by the torch of faith, and let Jesus, my Spouse, remain always graven in the depths of my heart. I ask yet more, O my benign father, the sweet peace which rejoices our souls, the purity which constitutes the decoration of brides, and true humility as their pledge and their crowning ornament.

"What I ask of thee, O father full of kindness, I ask also of thy blessed companions! United as you are in the repose and the glory which reward you, I do not separate you in my grateful affection. No; my heart will never cease to honor you, to render you worthy thanks, to celebrate your name, to sing your praises.

"Since thou hast, O servant of Jesus Christ, shown me so much love by coming to me with that kindly glance and that double blessing which has twice earned my gratitude, thy memory shall live forever in my heart."

THE DOLLS' EASTER LUNCHEON.

By Edwin Angelo Leman.

Come, set the table, Beatrix, I'm going to give a lunch for six; A cultured doll each guest will be, Of very high society.

Be sure to lay the covers well, And place right here my cut-glass bell, That it may be at hand to ring, In case I wish for anything.

The doils whom I expect to-day All have a rather formal way; They breathe and eat, as if by rule, And I am not up in their school.

It's bold in me to even dare This midday lunch for them prepare; If everything is not just so, 'Twill make me seem absurd, you know.

There's Miss Valerie Olive Nair— She has a very English air; And Mrs. Beauregarde Bernette, Who stares at one with her lorguette. And Mrs. Colonel John Darville, Who'll come in her automobile, Accompanied by Miss Brevine, Who owns stock in a silver mine.

And Mrs. Fillmore Jackson Lorde—She's eaten at the White House board; And last, Jane Ware, an authoress, Whose latest book is on the press.

I fear so much that I shall make Some horrid, awful bad mistake; For one of no experience, It makes the nervous strain intense.

In all my life I've never yet Had such a fashionable set; I dread to think they may detect In me some point that's not correct.

But then I'll still anxiety
About this high society;
I'll follow simple naturalness.
And will come through all right, I guess.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

A LEGEND OF S. CATHERINE OF SIENA.

SISTER ANNA RAPHAEL, S. N. D.

A quaint old cloistered garden, rich in glows
Of tropic fruitage, citron and musk-rose, Spice-odored shrub, or amber-clustered palms; m's steadfast

- ..-

Noon's splendors. mellow August calms

Of broad, bright azure, Day's clear sap-phire throne, Blue with that blueness all Italia's own,

Nor one white cloud to soothe the boundless glare From ripe-lipped golden orange clustering

there, To the dark fringes of storm-beaten pines Neath the mist-purpled slopes of Apen-

Kneels in the shadow of an archway quaint,

Dark-veiled, snow-robed, Siena's seraph saint;

Before her, in the noontide's ambient glow, Just as He walked among us long ago,

Not robed in majesty of seraph fire, Nor the swift lightnings of the Judg-

ment's ire, Nor in those quivering splendor gleams

that shone On Patmos' midnight from that burning

zone Of Light resplendent—but as day by day

By Olivet, by Bethany's twilight way, He seemed: the human-hearted Teacher, Friend,

Mild. yet majestic—in His deep eyes blend

The Calm Eternal, mortal ken above, And tender restlessness of human love, Thus Jesus stands. Within his question-

ing gaze,
A wistfulness; in hers, love, joy, amaze;
And see, outstretched within His waiting
Hand—

In yearning far more potent than command-

Two crowns, two love wreaths for His virgin bride,

The one, sweet roses' crimson hearts-beside

-"These I offer thee A thorny circlet-

Free is thy choice to wear, which shall it be?" Lo! as she looks the roses lose their

glows,

From His pierced Brow, darkening, the Life Blood flows— "Which shall it be, my Love, my God,"

she cries,

"Thy heart knows well, be mine the sacrifice,

Since Thine the paln and anguish, shame and scorns,
Can I wear roses when my God wears
thorns?"

She lifts her brow, He crowns her in the light

Of envying seraphs, sacred spousal rite, Blessed Catherine, what a joy

thine. Pain linking thus the Human and Divine!

Is it not our, at times, that choice to share The royal circlet of that Crown to wear?

Ah, cold and cruel, in our shrinking brow, The sharp points pierce when we alone know how

The sorrow presses: when the heart is numb To human comfort, and the lips are

dumb. How swift the thought of Jesus, weary,

faint,
nces murmur, conquers Silences Nature's

plaint. To us the question comes, "His Life Bread, scorns,

Can I wear roses when my God wears thorns?"

Yet harder may the petty trials be, That day by day recur; that all may see, And seeing, smile that they should cost

us thought, s care or pain, for human life is fraught Less care

With stern self-measures. What to one is pain

To others pleasure is; what to this gain, To that is anguish, bitterness of loss; Each human heart a Calvary, but each

Cross Unlike. And so the hundred worthless

things That each night buries, that each morn-

That each night buries, that each morning brings,
Are woven in the circlet as He stands,
Our Lord, our Love, with tender outstretched Hands,
Offering the pain of Sacrifice, or sate
Of narrow self-indulgence, early, late,
Let us not say too trifling is the gift,
And to far eagle heights our vision lift.
Let us just take the daily offered grace,
The thorny circlet on our foreheads
place. place,

And if we shrink—so weak we must confess-

But firmer trust, the thorn wreath closer press, Self-thought lost, thinking of His shame

and scorns,
And loathing roses when our Love wears

thorns

DOMINICANS IN CALIFORNIA.

SISTER M. ALOYSIUS, O. P.

IV.

Hitherto Dominican establishments in California had been confined to the Bay Counties; but in 1874 the Sisters were invited by Father W. B. O'Connor, pastor of S. Mary's Church, Stockton, to make a foundation in that city. Stockton, the leading city of the San Joaquin Valley, is situated on a small branch of the San Joaquin River, about one hundred miles from San Francisco.

The invitation of Father O'Connor was gladly accepted by the Sisters, who appreciated the zealous interest of this worthy priest in the cause of Catholic education. He spared neither labor nor expense in the erection of a building suitable for the purpose to which it would be devoted.



MOTHER JOSEPH.

In August, 1875, Mother M. Joseph Dillon, accompanied by Sister M. Evangelist, went to Stockton for the purpose of col-

lecting money in aid of the new academy. Mother Joseph was a woman of great energy, sacrificing spirit and strong religious nature. That she considered the good of her Order above all personal conveniences is evident from the fact of her leaving her peaceful convent to engage in the unpleasant task of begging. As the Prioress of S. Catherine's, she could not have been required to make this sacrifice.

As might have been expected from one of her character, she was successful in her mission. The parishioners of S. Mary's, appreciating the sacrifice it must have been to those who were collecting, responded most generously. Unable to prosecute their work during the winter months, the Sisters returned to S. Catherine's till March, 1876, when the onerous task devolved on Sister Stanislaus and Sister Evangelist, who continued it till late in July. On the 26th of that month Sister Raymond, who had been appointed Superioress, arrived, with Sisters Magdalen, Catherine, Angela and Regina.

Father O'Connor celebrated the first Mass in the convent chapel on the feast of S. Dominic, August 4. On the same = day the Academy was opened as a boarding school, with a free day school at—tached for the girls of the parish.*

S. Agnes' is a large and commodious structure, one hundred and fifty feet in length, two stories high, besides attic and basement.

The institution grew and prospered till.—in December, 1887, a handsome new schapel was completed, and additional sclass and music rooms were found to be ≤ necessary.

^{*}Three squares of land had been donated by Captain C. M. Weber, who spared no expense in beautifying the grounds with trees, plants and shrubs, giving his own personal supervision to the same. Till the day of his death he continued his interest in S. Agnes'.

On March 17, 1876, Archbishop Alemany blessed the new school. The occasion afforded His Grace an opportunity of delivering an address, a reprint of which we are pleased to lay before our readers:

"It is with sincere pleasure that I congratulate you on the happy event of the dedication of your S. Agnes. Let England glory in her ironclads; let Prussia and other nations be proud of their forts and batteries constructed to protect or take away human life, I will rather glory in your beautiful academy, erected by your generous hearts and by your zeal for the noble cause of education, adorned with the precious jewels of Christianity.

"Tourists in their travels frequently love to visit Italy—the native country of the fine arts-they stand immovable before the thousand marble statues of the cathedral of Milan, and gaze with unfeigned admiration at the rich mass of Gothic architecture, embellished with countless magnificent arches, gorgeous pinnacles and richly carved windows. They go from church to church in Rome. and spend their long hours for weeks and months, admiring the exquisite paintings and statuary which the most celebrated artists wrought with their delicate skill and unwearied patience and so perfectly that the admiring visitor is often tempted to say that the subject before him wants nothing but a tongue to speak.

"Grand as that is, I have no hesitation in saying that grander still is the construction of an academy for the education of youth, as it can be easily shown with a few observations.

"It is obvious that among the visible creatures there is none that can compete with man, who is the noblest of them all. But the nobility of man lies in his mind. In the body he springs from a very humble origin, he is much like the brute creation, and in some respects he is frequently found inferior to them; but by his soul he is akin to the very angels, made in the image of God, endowed with intelligence and freedom, placed beyond the reach of the laws that govern matter—immortal and eternal. If we, therefore, justly admire the classical artists, who

can embellish a rough canvas or shapeless block of marble with some material representation, far more worthy of our admiration must be such as successfully mold and embellish the human mind, created without knowledge, put capable of receiving almost unlimited training and erudition.

"We might almost say that good education performs in the human mind the marvelous cure wrought by the waters of Siloe on the blind man, who, being deprived of sight, could not read or write, could not see the wonders of the universe, and, unable to find his way, he might easily have fallen or been led over a precipice; but the moment he complied with the injunction of the Saviour and washed his eyes at the appointed fountain, he suddenly recovered his sight and could see perfectly.

"The enlightening of the human mind at school is not sudden; yet its training under proper teachers gradually produces a wonderful effect. The young pupil learns how to communicate his ideas with propriety and elegance; he becomes acquainted with foreign languages and can converse with the natives of these countries as if he had been born among them: he makes himself familiar with the description of the globe, with its various nations, their habits and customs, their government and laws, their industrial pursuits and degree of progress. As with geography, without leaving his class-room he visits the different countries of the world, so with history he transfers himself to the ages of the past and becomes conversant with the great events of mankind and the distinguished persons of antiquity; with astronomy he soars to the very heavens, and views with profound amazement the immense magnitude, number, brilliancy and order of the heavenly bodies. And to break the monotony of his studies and the gloom of human life, he learns how to enliven his and others' hearts with the melodious strains of music.

"Our country is rich, not only in manufacturing and commercial pursuits, in agricultural and mineral resources developed by more than forty millions of intelligent and industrious people, but

also in its vast number of schools and colleges conducted by numerous professors of ability and experience.*

"S. Agnes' will aim at being to them a welcome volunteer teaching body, identified with their great object of enriching the minds of youth with literary attainments. And yet it will claim to have the additional advantage of combining with the culture of the mind by erudition the training of the heart by Christian instruction

"This naturally relates to a subject which, I have no hesitation to state, has not received all the attention which it deserves; neither can it be expected that justice can be done to it in a short address; yet a few observations on it to persons appreciating reasoning and good motives may not be amiss. It has been asserted and proved by the most celebrated minds that the well-being of society demands religion as its secure foundation and safeguard. Where morality, conscience and charity prevail, peace, happiness and the rights of citizens are safe; but where those safeguards are ignored, no laws or magistrate can suffice for the order and welfare of a people.

"Without morality man loses his dignity as such; he becomes enslaved by brutal passion, a source of annoyance and expense to society; the social bonds of marriage are broken asunder, the family ties are severed and the reciprocal duties of parents and children are totally ignored. Without conscience one may feign to be honest, but under the appearance of integrity he will the more successfully make away with the goods of others or of the nation; and without charity he will oppress his fellow-citizens, infringe all laws, and disregarding the golden maxim, 'Do unto others as you would others do unto you,' he will substitute the rule of the barbarian, 'Might makes right."

"God is the author of all things in general and of society in particular, for He made man a social being. As His infinite

wisdom rules the universe, so His et law is the source of every princip right between man and man, and a universe would become a complete were the divine laws directing it to with one another or become inactiv also society would become a con wreck should the divine principle of and wrong emanating from the Auth society be enfaced from the minds of or cease to be developed in them. sequently, by ignoring the Lord and ereign Master of mankind and His precepts, and by stifling in the breas men the fear and love of God, as litt no regard would be left in them fo laws directing us to love our neigl and respect their rights, the fabric (ciety would necessarily crumble into

"And lest I might be thought merely giving peculiar views of m beg to refer to those of some of the gifted and cultivated minds. The eloquent and probably the gre Roman philosopher, alluding to the ments of those who deemed Religion important to society, said, "Who deny these opinions to be beneficial a considering how many important a are established by an oath, how public benefits are secured through pacts made sacred by Religion, and many has the dread of divine punish deterred from the commission of critical states."

"Lactantius, a still greater writer, 'God willed the nature of man to be as to crave two things: Religion Wisdom; but men are sometimes th deceived, because they either receive ligion, omitting Wisdom, or they a themselves only to Wisdom, omitting ligion, while one without the other not really subsist.'**

"The great genius of S. Augus after showing the degradation wretchedness brought on society by ligion, exclaims; "Thanks to our and God who sent us His timely * * For when the last remnan primitive morality had faded away,

^{*}In twenty-five years the population has almost doubled.

^{*}Cicero, De Leg. 2, 7.

[·] Lib. 3, c. 11.

a fixed of corruption and wickedness deluged the earth that nothing could save mankind but divine authority enforcing on men voluntary poverty, continence, benevolence, justice, brotherly love and true piety, and other bright and strong virtues—not practised merely to adorn life, nor simply for the greater advancement of human civilization, but with a view to secure everlasting wellbeing in the heavenly and divine republic, where a citizenship that can never be forfeited is obtained by Faith, Hope and Charity.'*

"The elegant pen of Chateaubriand writes thus: 'The Gospel has changed men in all respects; it has made them take an immense step towards perefection. It is in the morality of the Gospel or divine reason that the human reason finds its support in its progress towards the end which it has not reached.'**

Balmes, one of the most profound and eloquent reasoners of our day, says on the subject: 'The social contract of Rousseau has doubtless produced serious evils, but still more serious ones have been caused by that irreligion which so deeply undermines the foundations of society, which loosens family bonds and delivers up the individual to the caprice of his passions, with no other restraint or guide than the promptings of his own low egotism. Men of upright and reflecting minds begin to penetrate these truths. We find, nevertheless, in the political sphere, this error, which attributes to the action of civil government sufficient creative power to force, organize and preserve society, indepencently of all moral and religious influences. Where moral influences do not exist, their absence must be supplied by physical force; if you take from the people the sweet yoke of Religion, you leave governments no other resource than the vigilance of police and the force of bayonets.

The same is acknowledged in their lucid intervals by Rousseau and Voltaire,

whose words on the subject I dare not recite, lest I should trespass on your patience too long. There is one quotation, however, which I cannot omit, and which, though often repeated, is always fresh and welcome to all American ears, as it comes from the very lips of the father of our country—the great George Washington:

"'Of the dispositions,' says he in his farewell address to the American people, 'which lead to political prosperity, Religion and morality are indispensable supports. Where is the security for property or for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are administered in our courts of justice? And let it not be supposed that morality can be maintained without Religion.'

"I have, perhaps, dwelt too long on these quotations, but I did so, not only on account of the weight of these eminent minds, but also because they suggest to us the powerful arguments establishing my proposition that Religion is the best and purest safeguard of the tranquility, submission, order, honesty, morality, happiness and welfare of a people; that is to say, the very foundation of society itself.

"And this being so, it is easy to draw the conclusion that the teacher, who to the culture of the mind of his pupils by science joins the training of the heart by the influence of Religion, without marring the blessings of knowledge, has an advantage over him who, omitting the training of the heart, confines his efforts, no matter how noble, to the informing of the mind. I beg to illustrate my meaning with the records of history.

"The armies of the Roman empire were celebrated over the known world for their valor and their successful exploits; even the Jews, who were not wont to associate with the people of other nations, deemed it highly important under Judas Maccabeus to seek and seal with them a lasting mutual alliance, for the Roman soldiers went willingly and fearlessly to battle, being persuaded that their engagement was to be followed by victory."

"It happened, however, on one occa-

^{*}Epist. 138. **Genie du Christianisme and Dis. a l'Acad.

sion, that their legions were about to be cut to pieces, not so much by the valor as by the strategy of their enemies. The event, says the historian, took place in the latter part of the second century, among the mountains of Bohemia, where the enemy, superior in numbers, seized all the passages and deprived the Romans, led by Marcus Aurelius himself, of every means of getting water, hoping by the intensity of their thirst to overcome a force which they were unable to conquer by arms.

"And under the circumstances the imperial army was doomed to perish, notwithstanding their valor and skill in arms. But there were in the Roman army many Christian soldiers, who seeing the impending ruin made use of their religious arms-their faith and confidence in God; they threw themselves on their knees and offered fervent supplications to God for relief. Suddenly thick clouds accumulated in the sky above them and soon a beneficent rain fell over the camp.

"So terribly pressed were the Romans by thirst that they first raised their heads and received the water in their mouths; then gathering it in their bucklers and caskets they drank abundantly and watered their horses.

"Profiting by this disorder the enemy fell upon them so that the Romans were obliged to drink and fight at the same time. The rain was soon attended with thunder and lightning which, falling on the barbarians without touching the Romans, they were repulsed and forced to sue for the Emperor's clemency.*

"Thus the Roman army was spared a signal defeat by the wonderful interposition of Divine Providence, obtained through the religion of the Christian Roman soldiers. And so evident was that singular interposition obtained by the Christian soldiers, that the Emperor, instead of stigmatizing them with the ignominious epithet of superstitious, gratefully granted them some favors, and commanded a cessation of the persecution of the Christians through the empire, and, according to S. Justin, he did not hesitate to acknowledge the wonderful event in one of his imperial messages to the Roman Senate.*

"And here I must again allude to the sentiments of a far nobler general of a nobler army, who, being elected first President of our glorious republic, in his answer to a congratulatory address from the Catholics of the country, used the following language: 'I presume that your fellow-citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their Revolution and establishment of their government, or the important assistance which they received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic faith is professed,**

Consequently, if neither the Religion of the Christian soldiers in the Roman army weakened their services to the Empire, but rather enhanced them, nor the power of the Catholics of the country was made damp by their Religion, which rather sustained them in the common struggle for the establishment of our government, coubtless I can safely state that the instructing of the mind by erudition is not marred by the religious forming of the heart by virtue. On the other hand, I have already shown with arguments drawn from reason and from the opinions of men of great weight that religious influences are most beneficial and even necessary to the welfare of society; therefore, the education of youth, which combines learning with religious culture, has obviously a double advantage.

"This is especially true in regard to girls, who soon grow up and engage in the various avocations of life, and if not most carefully preserved in their holy innocence and purity of morals—if not trained from their tender age to habits of virtue by the beneficent influences of Religion. they may easily become a source of deep affliction to their parents and a disgrace to society. While, if educated to moderate their tender passions as they grow, to shun evil associations and to follow the good examples set before them by their

^{*}Darras Hist., vol. 1. ch. 6, after Tertullian, Eusebius and others.

^{*}Baronius Lib. 1. **Sparks' "Life and Writings of Washington," vol. 12.

virtuous parents and religious historical characters, if schooled particularly with the precious lessons of the Gospel, they will be generally and justly respected, they will vastly contribute to the building of a happy home and to give a moral tone to society.

"Woman was sunk (and may our glorious republic never need to learn a lesson from that!) into the lowest depths of degradation by the sages of Rome and Greece, and she was raised by the hand of Christianity to her just rank of equality and dignity of man in society. Although allotted by nature a sphere of action somewhat different from his, her immediate influence on the family circle is more effective than that of man; and hence it is impossible to calculate the immense benefit which can accrue to society from the gentle, kind, winning, untiring and virtueus influence of religious woman-of woman, schooled in her tender age with sound Christian education, which neither the father, after his daily struggle with the world, is well prepared to give, nor the mother, with her domestic toil, can well bestow, nor the child's mind, after being strained all day with the school duties and discipline, is well disposed to receive.

"Thus a learned and good Christian teacher is both a precious aid to parents and a blessing to society—nay, I should add, an incalculable benefit to the pupils themselves, for children ought to be prepared by education not only for the good society of this world, but also for a far nobler one in the never-ending kingdom above, for which they were mainly created.

"But before being admitted into that glorious society they must stand an examination, and to pass that examination they must gently and charitably be made to learn, theoretically and practically, the lessons which will guarantee to them citizenship in Heaven—the admittance into the society of the angels and of God Himself. To accomplish those objects shall be the aim of S. Agnes' Academy.

Therefore I have much reason to repeat

to you my warm congratulations on the happy event of the dedication of this institute, and to offer to you my sincere, thanks for the generous assistance which you have rendered to your zealous pastor in bringing about this successful result. I need not state how deeply you all in general, and your clergy and I in particun: lar, are indebted to one (whose modestywill not allow me to mention him by name) who has most liberally contributedand most zealously labored to render this place a grand institution of learning, a cradle of virtue, a seminary of beautiful flowers and precious, tender mants, which, with Heaven's blessing, will not fail to contribute to your steadily increasing and prosperous city its share of fragrance and refreshing fruit-bright minds and virtue ous hearts."

As Stockton has long enjoyed the advantages of an excellent college for hoys; taught by the Brothers of Mary, S. Agnes' Academy has been conducted exclusively for girls, with an average attendance of four hundred day pupils and thirty boarders.

In 1885 S. Joseph's Grammar School was opened for the benefit of the children living in the eastern part of Stockton; to this school boys under twelve years of age are admitted.

In November, 1899, Father O'Connor opened S. Joseph's Home and Hospital, which was placed in charge of our Sisters. This institution is greatly appreciated by the people of Stockton. As a home for aged men it meets a long-feit want; as a hospital, its work of mercy is general.

The Reverend J. McEvoy, late pastor of San Leandro, had been an assistant to Father O'Connor when our Sisters were established in Stockton. Having seen the success of their work, he determined, on his accession to the parish of San Leandro, to secure a foundation for his people. The climate of San Leandro is a medium between the humid one of San Francisco, and the dry climate of the interior California towns. A climate of this class is

most favorable to the growth of fruit, and as a consequence every acre of land is devoted to its cultivation for which a ready market is found, as San Francisco is within an hour's ride, and Oakland but four miles away. Beautiful orchards of every variety of fruit trees, miles in extent, surround the little town of San Leandro.

To this pretty spot the Sisters went in 1887, and opened S. Mary's Academy as a boarding and day school. The former Court House of the county had been purchased by Father McEvoy, and adapted to use as an academy. A few years later an additional building was constructed. The grounds around the convent are particularly attractive, as they contain many rare specimens of beautiful shade trees of unusual size.

....

Sister Raymond was appointed first Superioress. The following Sisters were sent with her: Sisters Stantslaus, Gertrude, Cecilia and Aquin.

THE BIRD AND THE BOY.

SISTER AMADEUS, O. S. F.

A little bird sat in a sycamore tree, He whistled and twittered, lighthearted and free;

He chirped and he sang till the fair meadows rang

With echoes of gladness, so happy was he.

A little boy came with a shot and a sling; He hearkened the notes making melody ring;

He aimed at the bird, and no more there was heard

The song that it long was accustomed to sing.

Poor birdie! A sympathy for you we show:

show; Destruction like yours, in a way, each may know;

may know;
But where is the gain for such anguish
and pain,

and pain,
To him who the work of God's Hand
would o'er throw?

Ah! God will remember; he does not forget;

We seem to pass over His promise, and yet

yet
We know from our youth, in the fulness of truth,
A sparrow, unnoticed, to fall is not let!

CASSANDRA.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

Cassandra, with dishevelled hair,
And gestures wild, runs through the
streets,
Her cries resounding through the air,
As she the Trojans thus entreats:
"Don't keep it in! don't keep it in!
That wooden horse; oh, leave outside!
Or else destruction will begin,
Oh, heed me as I prophesied.
Why will ye, will ye ne'er believe
When I the truth must prophesy?
If you will thus yourselves deceive,
Ye, for your disbelief, shall ale.
I Paris warned and he hath died.
I said 'twould ruin bring to Troy
If he returned with Grecian bride;
It has brought anything but joy.
Oh, will you not my warning take,
And not right into ruin go?

So soon in sorrow to awake,
You will not listen, ah! no, no!
For as a snake once licked my ears,
While lying in a laurel bed,
My hearing now so clear appears
That I can hear what gods have said.
Apollo, when in love with me,
Ere I rejected his warm suit,
Taught me the key of prophecy.
And now, why you try to refute.
All that I say is because he
Did curse me to be disbelieved—
Because his bride I would not be,
So you must ever be deceived.
Believe, believe me, when I say
"Tis hard to see things going wrong,
And when I point out the right way,
No ene to heed my warning song."

THE LIBRARY—ITS ORIGIN AND GROWTH.

MARGARET HOPKINS FEIGHAN.

In viewing any thoroughly organized, flourishing system, whether its aims are for moral, intellectual or purely material results, one of the first impulses is to get at the origin, the primary cause of the work, the wants of humanity which prompted its undertaking. Nothing more quickly arouses this laudable curiosity than a visit to a well-equipped modern library. After visiting, then, some of the libraries of our great cities, and examining the methods by which they are conducted, the characteristic features of each, and the interest they form in the lives of so many thousands of people, there is a natural inclination to question the reason of their being as well as to investigate the process of their growth. The reason of their being seems clear : A library is simply an expression of the craving—the necessity for intellectual nutriment. This craving differs in degree according to the endowments and opportunities of the individual, but it unquestionably has existed in all ages, exists now in a fuller dewelopment, and will exist in the future, with opportunities for enjoyment which will grow as intellectual culture, guided by the spirit of religion, increases.

Prompted by this innate craving, the accessibility of books became to mankind such a strong, urgent want that by a law of mental gravitation, the centre reached was libraries.

The reason, then, for the formation of libraries seems simple, in comparison with the difficulties and uncertainties which arise when tracing the time, places and methods of chronicing used in the days that the vellum and papyrus rolls of Greece and Egypt stood in place of the bound book of our own day.

When we realize the possibilities for good or evil that exist in a single one of our public libraries, and then remember that it is the offspring of those of the olden time, the accounts of the most ancient and obscure repositories for manu-

scripts become not only of interest, but importance. We understand that in studying them. We are tracing through all these centuries a remote influence, not only upon our intellectual, but our moral world.

Looking back through the long vista of ages, there is no time, from the first authentic record of human events, that there is not some account given, meagre and elusive though it often is, of that which, though then in its incipiency, afterwards expanded into the library.

In the book of Exodus we read of the vigilant, untiring watchfulness used by the Israelites for the preservation of the Stone Tablets upon which was written the law of Moses. The peculiar sacredness attached to these was because of their being the written law of God. The spiritual, the religious motive was the primary one, yet secondary to this there was, without doubt, an intellectual, a literary one. Here seems an obvious manifestation of the peculiar respect which is accorded the written word, an undoubted acknowledgment that thoughts and commands assume a new import when put into writing. The people of Israel knew the law after it had been read to them by Moses; it was engraven upon their hearts, but, apart from the possession of this knowledge, was the inborn desire for the preservation of these great and divinely written messages. The thought that the library of to-day, with all its modern appointments, was materially prefigured by the tables of the law of Moses—that it is an evolution of these, with the sacred element left out -does not seem an incongruous one. On the contrary, the relationship seems a close and beautiful one. It enhances the value of our libraries, lends them a sort of mysterious charm and places them in a new and more serious light.

Failing to admit that the Tables of Moses were the first models for a library, for the idea may possibly be regarded as merely a poetical one, the fact still seems to remain that there were libraries before the flood.

We read that while Abraham sojourned at Ur libraries were in use, and, though the account of them is too obscure than for more than mere comment, in a way they seem entitled to historical mention. Despite the uncertainty regarding the time and places of the foundation of the libraries of remote periods, there is little doubt that they were co-existent with the art of writing.

The most ancient on record was that in the temple of Rameses II, founded by him at Thebes, in honor of his father. According to ancient historians, a room in this temple contained the chronicles of the priests and the archives of the city. The motto which marked the entrance was: "The dispensary of the soul." How full of vital meaning is that short sentence! How clearly it indicates a belief in the dependence of mind upon soul, and a recognition of the intangible but inalienable connection between the spiritual and mental life which has, to an extent, existed among all nations and peoples.

Bayard found in the ruins of the palace of Koyunkik the library of the Ninevite kings. This library consisted of numbers of clay tablets impressed, before burning, with cuneiform characters. These records had originally been paged and preserved in cases. Several thousand of them are now in the British Museum.

The greatest and best known library of ancient times was that of the Ptolemies, founded early in the third century B. C., at Alexandria. This, after it included the great library founded by Eumenes II., was one of the greatest libraries of ancient times, and is closely connected with the renowned love affair between Marc Anthony and Cleopatra, as it was for her, according to Plutarch, that Anthony transported the literary treasures of Pergamus to Alexandria.

Here, later on, the insentient volumes met destruction as sure as that which overtook Anthony, "who," as James Anthony Froude says in "Great Passions of History," "was carried off in flowery chains to Alexandria to waste his days in idle pleasures, and in the imagination that he was loved for himself—the old story, and likely to be repeated while women are beautiful and men are men."

"Fair Greece, sad relic of departed worth; Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great!

And yet how lovely is thy age of woe;
Land of lost gods and godlike men art
thou!

Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow, Proclaim thee Nature's varied favorite now.

Art, glory, freedom fail, but Nature still is fair.

Ancient of days! August Athena, where, Where are thy men of might, thy grand in soul?

Gone glimmering through the dreams of things that were."

-Byron.

It is impossible to disassociate Greece from the name of Byron. What Homer did for her in the days of old, has Byron done in these later days. He has idealized, beautified and enhanced her charms until he has woven about her a very network of romance. When speaking, then, of the libraries of Greece, it seems impossible to note the mere fact of their existence.

The blue of the skies, the freshness of the verdure, the ripple of the waters, the beauty of the women, the greatness of the men of Greece, come between us and the ancient parchment, while half remembered tales as told by Plutarch mingle with the poetry of Byron.

We gather, however, from the general haziness that Aristotle's collection of books was the first in Athens; this is according to Strabo. The generally accepted statement is that the first library here was established by Pisistratus. This collection was taken by Xerxes to Persia, but finally restored to Athens. These are two of the many of which we read in the history of Greece, but of which little definite is recorded.

Mr. J. W. Clarke, in his lecture on "Medieval and Renaissance Libraries," says: "I must begin with a few words about Roman libraries, because their methods influenced the Middle Ages, and are, in fact,

the precursors of those in our own times." This from an authority is noteworthy as having an immediate bearing upon our subject, and as suggesting a comparison between the Roman and our own methods. The Roman manner of presenting books for the use of the reader was similar to ours. The apartment in which they were kept was large, well-lighted, well-fitted, the books arranged in cases around the walls, and a system of cataloguing was in use which, if crude, was nevertheless a prototype for us.

A facsimile of a Roman library was fitted up in the Vatican by Pope Sixtus V in 1588.

By such means and helps as these are we enabled to trace the material resemblance between two ages. The literary spirit of a remote period is elusive, but we conclude that the thought which produced the same outside surroundings was, to a certain extent, prompted by a likeness of feeling and sentiment. Of the three periods into which libraries are divided-ancient, medieval and modern-the middle period is probably the most interesting. Besides forming the connecting link between the remote past and the present, it is the first division of library time into which researches can be made with any degree of satisfaction.

The Christian library era began early in the sixth century, though as early as the third century there was a collection of books made in Jerusalem by Bishop Alexander, and another, fifty years later, at Cæsarea, by Origen, which was noted for the value of its manuscripts. However, these are very near the borderland of the ancient libraries.

It was reserved for the monastic period to fulfil the promise made by those libraries of an earlier date. During this time there was a concentration, a gathering together of material, not consisting of books alone, but also of the spirit and desire for learning, without which books are worse than useless—worse because they speak with silent eloquence of what might be, but is not.

We have but to take the merest glance at the literary history of the world to see that the Church, through her cathedrals and monasteries was the very soul and centre of the medieval period, and that it was upon the monastic system of libraries that the collegiate and those of a later time were founded, though some of the admirers of Walter de Merton may be tardy in admitting this truth.

To the Monks of old, then, do we owe the production, collection and preservation of the manuscripts and books which formed the library; and it was they who transmitted to the present time the fruits of their indefatigable and loving labor.

Step by step has research followed these monastic workers over the literary fields trodden by them from the sixth to the sixteenth century. At the earlier date we find them in the libraries of Ireland, later on in Italy, at the famous Benedictine library of Monte Casino, transcribing sacred and classical literature. France had libraries at Cluny and Fleury, Germany at Fulda and Sponheim, and in England we find the more familiar names of Glastonbury, Peterborough, York and Durham, all founded under the patronage of the Church.

It is interesting to note in the "Rule" of the various monasteries the provisions made for the multiplication and preservation of books, and also the means taken to spread learning.

In one house a special officer had charge of the books; in another they are chained to the desks to prevent loss by theft or carelessness; in yet another rules were made for the loan of books to outside persons. The brethren had appointed days upon which they met in a body and returned the books borrowed during the year.

If the conscience of any one reproached him for not having faithfully and diligently read the books that had been in his possession for that purpose, he was exhorted to publicly acknowledge his fault.

In time the books in these various monasteries increased to large numbers, yet, strange to say, in spite of the use of the word "library" in the Benedictine and other rules, there was no room set apart for the books; they were kept in presses, which were disposed through the house according to convenience.

Nor do we find that there was any regard for the comfort of the Monks and students while engaged in study, for in winter and summer alike they taught, transcribed and read in the cloister, where fire was not permitted. This must have been trying even upon the books, to say nothing of the poor Monks.

In spite, however, of the cold and dis-

comfort, the destruction of much of their work by bigotry, fire, sword, and every species of injustice, all that we have today in the form of learning was preserved for us by these Monks of old. The libraries which now enlighten and ornament the greatest cities of the world are reared upon the foundation laid by them and stand to-day as monuments of their learning and labor.

IF I HAD BEEN THAT LITTLE TREE.

MARY ALLEGRA GALLAGHER.

If I had been that little tree From which they took the wood And made for loving Jesus crucifying rood, Against those hands how cushion-like And tender I would press, How very soft and sacred, Like an angel's warm caress.

If I had been that little tree From which they took the wood To make for loving Jesus A crucifying rood, I doubt if I would hold the nails, So porous I would be, They could not in my humble growth Find good security.

And yet sin's taken root, I ween, Within my heart. The wood Is much like that of Calvary's, And maybe not as good. And by my will I hammer in The torturing nails a few, And boast if I had been that tree Oh, yes, what I would do.

MY CRUCIFIX.

LOUIS A. IMHAUS.

It is hanging on my rosary-A Crucifix so worn From the constant daily usage And the burdens it has borne; As I reach out now and grasp it, And kiss the nail-pierced feet, The face looks down upon me So loving, pure and sweet.

It seems to bend and listen As I slowly count the beads, And hear each prayer's intention, My sorrows and my needs; It brings me consolation And soothes each aching pain, And from its whispered blessings, My soul takes life again.

You might smile at its crudeness deem it poor and old, But it possesseth value Far greater than of gold; It knows each hidden sorrow, And I love it for the tears
That have fallen on the image
Through the weariness of years.

REPARATION.

C. A. C.

Shy through the lattice of a monk's lone cell

Fair flowers looked, the ivy and wild rose, And there beheld the holy man Kneeling in prayer. And while he prayed, from his frail fingers

The crucifix he held, upon the floor. Only the flowers saw him gently raise And press it to his lips,
As if to soothe the strained limbs.
Then, with his vigils o'er, of prayer and

praise,

The cross clasped in his hands, he sought repose.

Dawn broke, and through the climbing roses stole

Into the cell, the soft light of the sun, And reverent kissed the monk's white face

Asleep in death.

The morning bell out from the tower did toll,

But morn for him, indeed, had just begun. There on the cross that lay upon his breast,

Fair jewels shone, where he Had pressed his lips. Still in the night His soul had passed unto the endless rest By that sweet act of reparation won.

EDITORIAL.

April glows with the devotion of Paschaltide, with the gladness of the triumph of our risen Lord. During these chosen days the glorious mysteries of the Rosary claim our special thought. May their spirit lift the clients of our Lady into the regions of serene and heavenly peace, far from the turmoil of this distracting world. The Calendar of this month is rich in special feasts.

Owing to the illness of our devoted friend and honored contributor, Miss Eliza Allen Starr, the series of articles on the Rosary in art is unavoidably interrupted. P.C., with returning health and strength, of which we have good tidings, our venerable author will resume her beautiful work in the May number.

Three hundred and fifteen milions of Catholic Christians will unite in solemn worship of the risen Saviour on Easter Sunday morning. For nineteen centuries the seed of Christianity, sown in alien soil and watered by the blood of martyrs. has brought forth an abundant harvest. The significance of the glorious festival of Easter-the divinity of Christ-has been confirmed throughout the centuries by the expression of the living faith of more than one billion five hundred millions of persevering children of holy mother Church. He who appeared upon earth as the humble son of a carpenter has proved His divine mission. He commands our belief in these awful words: "I am God." Happy are they who have heard the voice of Christ and kept the faith.

From our worthy Japanese correspondent, a devoted native priest, we have received a very interesting communication which we lay before our readers:

The Mission of Japan is divided into four dioceses—Nagasaki, Osaka, Hakodata and the archdiocese of Tokio. I herewith enclose some statistics of the present state of the diocese of Nagasaki.

The effect of preaching is not so great as could be wished, not that persecution exists, for we have had liberty of religious practice which was promulgated by the Government a long time ago, but discouraging results may be reasonably accounted for. Some of the Japanese, led away by the love of natura. sciences, or rather of material advantages, consequently despise spiritual matters; others, actuated by zeal for accumulating money, love gold more than the salvation of their souls, turning a deaf ear to the preachers of eternal life. There are not wanting those who by their words admit the utility of religion, but in act they abso utely deny it.

There are not a few who fear lest as Christians they would lose their love of country and render themselves traitors, since religion is foreign and its preachers are foreign; wherefore some calumniate Christians, and the progress of Christian schools is beheld with distorted eyes.

Again, the people cling to various cere monies which savor of superstition, although, indeed, they are civil and universally popular; but we Catholics dare not tolerate the practice of these ceremonies or permit our converts to be present at them when celebrated by others; we find many that will not submit to our discipline. Where the Christians are but few in some districts they are obliged to associate with their neighbors; they are compelled to change their lot and their habitation. Wherefore many, although they realize the truth of the Christian religion, yet on account of their superstitious ceremony or custom are led into errors. Yet, whatsoever be the condition of affairs, the Japanese generally, from their very nature, love truth; they investigate reasons; they firmly adhere to truths when found, and so steadfastly cling to reason when known as to prefer to abandon life rather than to desert truth and reason.

To a people of such spirit we can never

weary of making known the clear and firm truth and reasons of the Christian religion. To me, though unworthy, besides the city of Nagasaki, has been committed the peninsula of Shimabara, many leagues distant from here, in which are about two hundred thousand inhabitants, but who, except thirty-four Christians, recently converted, do not invoke the Lord of all. How, then, will they invoke, as S. Paul sa; s, Him in whom they have not believed, or how will they believe Him whom they have not heard? How will they believe without a preacher? Or how will they preach unless they are sent? According to the mind of the same Apostle I am a debtor in many ways. straitened by want of time as well as of money.

I spend most of my time in Nagasaki, and, although there may be occasionally spare time, I have not wherewith to pay my expenses to Shimabara or for hospitality while there. I have not yet there a church or oratory. I must abide and preach in the houses of pagans. My faithful there cannot assist me. I receive from the Missionary Fund nine dollars per month, and, rarely, an honorarium for a Mass from my faithful few. For my support and the carrying on of my religious work I am scarcely able to pay. Therefore, I am not able to employ an assistant or a Catechist. More than a year ago Mrs. Friederick of Chicago sent me forty dollars, with which for a time I employed a Catechist for the instruction and conversion of pagans. The harvest, indeed, is great, but the laborers few. Pray, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He send laborers into Shimabara, which is a land once made sacred by the blood of martyrs. I can only pray, reciting the Rosary, that through the suffrages of those martyrs, and aided by the intercession of the Founder of the Rosary, my own patron, S. Dominic, I may be able to see soon a multitude of converts and a church erected in Shimabara, for the glory of God and the honor of His saints.

The Mission of Nagasaki comprehends Kiushiu anl the different groups of

islands which depend on it, namely: Amakusa, Goto, Hirado, Tkitsuki, Tki, Tsushima, Oshima and the archipelago of Biukiu. Total population about 6,400,-000; Catholic, 37,101; 1 Bishop; 30 missionaries apostolic (European); 27 diocesan priests (Japanese); 5 clerics (Japanese); 50 catechists, natives (men and women, laboring for the conversion of infidels; 150 catechists, natives (men and women), charged with religious instruction among the ancient Christians; 12 itinerant baptizers; 14 Marianist Religious (European) of whom 2 are priests; 22 Religieuses of the Holy Infant Jesus (Chauffailles) of whom 6 are Japanese; 5 Religieuses, Franciscan Missionaries of Mary; 3 Religieuses of S. Paul of Chartres, of whom 1 is Japanese; 9 Communities of native women, embracing 160 members; 39 residences; 110 stations; 60 churches or chapels; 49 oratories (rooms serving for chapels); 1 seminary, 31 students; 1 Postulants' house for Marianists, 20 Postulants; 1 Novitiate of Religieuses, 4 Postulants; 1 college, with 210 pupils, of whom 30 are boarders; 1 pensionate for girls, with 72 pupils, of whom 28 are boarders; 2 schools for boys, 72 pupils; 2 schools for boys and girls, 360 pupils; 2 schools for girls, 450 pupils; 1 asylum, 50 infants; 6 orphanages, 228 children, of whom 138 are boarders; 6 Houses of Industry, employing 87 persons; 1 hospital for strangers. 47 patients; 1 leprosy hospital, 45 patients; 4 dispensaries, sick assisted, more than 3,000; 3 pharmacies. Baptisms imthe last year, 2,096; Confirmations, 1,541; Annual Confessions, 23,841; Paschal Communions, 19,932; Holy Viaticum, 317; Extreme Unction, 428; Marriages blessed, 320; deaths or withdrawals, 1,112.

We trust that this pathetic statement may find sympathetic and helpful answer.

In recording the death of Patrick Donahoe, the founder of *The Pilot*, who was called to his account and (let us hope) to his reward at the great age of ninety years, we announce a fact of broad and even international interest, a sad fact that will evoke the sympathy, the keen regret and the earnest prayers of the

many thousands who have been loyal and devoted readers of the journal so long identified with the name and fame of that veteran, the Nestor among the American fraternity of editors and journalists. Leternal rest to the soul of a true Irishman, a faithful Catholic, a worthy editor, a pioneer among American Catholic publishers! And our fraternal sympathy to the staff of *The Pilot*.

"They are obstructionists who despair, and who would destroy confidence in the ability of our people to solve wisely and for civilization the mighty problems resting upon them. The American people, intrenched in freedom at home, take their love for it wherever they go; and they reject as mistaken and unworthy the doctrine that we lose our own liberties by securing the foundations of liberty to others. Our institutions will not deteriorate by extension, and our sense of justice will not abate under tropic suns in distant seas. As heretofore, so hereafter will the nation demonstrate its fitness to administer any new estate which events may devolve upon it, and in the fear of God will 'take occasion by the hand and make the bounds of freedom wider yet."

The foregoing we take from the second inaugural address of President McKinley. It is a plausible bit of mere rhetoric that comes close to Tallyrand's idea of speech, that it is the vehicle of concealment for our thoughts. The "people" love to be hoodwinked when they swallow such coated pills of deceit and falsehood. The spectacle of a President about to sit in the chair of Washington and uttering so glaring an untruth, blandly telling his imperial inauguration (coronation) guards of troops and place hunters, of "the loyal millions of the Filipinos" who must not be delivered over to the "disloyal" (sic!) thousands, is a sadly portentous omen for American affairs in the dawning days of the twentieth century.

MAGAZINES.

In Scribner's for March, Richard Harding Davis gives a stirring description of busy towns "Along the East Coast of

The Africa." illustrations, by Jules Guerin, G. A. Shipley and F. D. Steele give a fair idea of the peculiar costumes and occupations of the natives. The palatial residence of the Sultan is a luxurious contrast to the hut of the native slave. "Among the Immigrants," by Arthur Henry, is a sympathetic portraiture of restless humanity in quest of the joys of home. Denman Fink has typified in his illustrations the ardor of hopeful youth and the calm resignation of old age. "The Transformation of the Map," by Joseph Sohn, is an article of deep interest. The comparative maps given of the different countries of the world denote a marvelous degree of progress made by Europeans during threequarters of a century. "The English Language in America," by Brander Matthews, and other excellent articles complete this number.

As an explanation of "benevolent assimilation," that snare word of hypocrites and plunderers, we admire *The Commoner's* (W. J. Bryan's journal) that "perbaps 'malevolent dissimulation' is the term meant."

Another, from the same issue (March 15), that is pithy: "Mr. McKinley expresses great concern for the 'preservation of the Constitution.' Perhaps this concern explains his reluctance to stretch it over Porto Rico."

It is a gratifying "sign of the times," though its manifestation is rather late, to find that solid New England representative of American letters, The Atlantic Monthly, protesting against the present condition of our affairs in the Philippines. If the March number of The Atlantic had no other commendable features (and it has its usual share), the article "Give the Country the Facts" would be of compensating value.

"The country has been deceived as to the plain facts of the Philippine situation. The reports of the generals in the field, the findings of the two Commissions, the messages of the President, the speeches of recognized leaders of the (Republican) party, contain absolutely irreconcilable statements." "The fathers and mothers of boys who have fallen in the Philippines have a right to know the precise grounds of the quarrel. Finally, in our forcible annexation of foreign territory there are involved certain principles fundamental to our existence as a nation."

We quote these sentiments from the temperate but earnest plea of *The Atlantic* that light may be shed on the darkness enveloping the deplorable and scandalous predicament of our country in the Philippines. Let us hope, despite the recent recreancy of Congress, resulting, as it did, in a practical dictatorship for the President, despite the glaring contradictions in the recent inaugural address by Mr. McKinley, that the United States may yet be saved from the final consequences of its career in the Philippines that thus far has been one of shame and infamy.

Archbishop Ireland's article on "The Pope's Civil Princedom," which appeared in the March number of *The North American Review*, should serve the cause of truth by dispelling prejudice, and by enlightening well-disposed American public opinion.

In "Musings on Current Topics" by the late Benjamin Harrison, the struggles of the Boers for independence is ably discussed. The last utterances of so loyal an American statesman as Benjamin Harrison are peculiarly pathetic, appealing as they do, in the light of his recent death, like a heartfelt cry for the freedom of the oppressed. We quote the closing words of the article:

"Never before has American sympathy failed, or been divided, or failed to find its voice, when a people were fighting for independence. Can we now calculate commercial gains before the breath of a dying republic has quite failed or the body has taken rigor mortis? If international justice, government by the people, the parity of the nations, have ceased to be workable things, and have become impracticable, shall we part with them with a sneer, or simulate regret, even if we have lost the power to feel it? May not one be allowed to contemplate the heavens with suppressed aspirations,

though there are no consumers there? Do we need to make a mock of the stars because we cannot appropriate them—because they do not take our produce? Have we disabled ourselves? Mr. Hoar says that 'by last winter's terrible blunder * * we have lost the right to offer sympathy to the Boer in his wonderful and gallant struggle against terrible odds for the republic in Africa.' It is a terrible charge.

"There was plainly no call for armed intervention by the United States in South Africa, and perhaps our diplomatic suggestions went as far as usage would justify. But has not public opinion here been somehow strongly perverted, or put under some unwonted repression? If we have lost either the right to denounce aggression, or the capacity to weep when a republic dies, it is a grievous loss."

In the same paper the former President scores caustically yet logically our un-American fellow-citizens who long for Anglo-Saxon civilization and for alliance with our pritish "cousins."

The North American Review shows increased vitality and bespeaks a wide interest under the present management.

The March number of The Arena contains an article by James T. Bixby, Ph.D., entitled "Are Scientific Studies Dangerous to Religion?" that is worthy of notice, as it gives us an idea of the standpoint from which "scientific" men view religion. The article is written in what is evidently meant for a spirit of fairmindedness, but is based on a misconception of the teachings of the Church that would be amusing were not the author so much in earnest. He says that the "Christian must believe that the world was made in six ordinary days and that the fossils in the mountain side were the victims of Noah's flood." To claim that science has shown the falsity of this is but to raise up a man of straw, overthrow him, and then boast of your victory. Those opinions were but the conclusions of writers who argued from what data was available at the time they wrote, and in no way represent the mind or teaching of the Church. It was but natural that the scientific investigation of sixty years age should invest th the materialism and atheism ime. Its conclusions and inferere eagerly accepted and proas dogmas by the enemies of re-When the Church raised a warne against these abuses, the old the Church sets a ban on scienestigation went forth.

er years a gradual change has out, and the general trend of the world is toward theism. Science es on a new aspect; it would be tor of religion, showing what accepted as dogma and what is to ted as mere tradition.

it has rendered valuable aid in ition of the truths of religion canenied, but its claims and assumped largely in excess of what its liscoveries would warrant. If the es of the conservation of energy relation of force have shown the y of materialism, then it is from that we must accept the truth of ituality of the soul.

order of life shown in the fossils Palaeozoic, Mesozoic and Cenozoic mfirms the scriptural order of 1, then we are safe in accepting it on the declaration of science; or Assyrian monuments have conmany of the historical events of le, then are we to accept Scripture so far as it conforms to the dissortence?

Bixby says beautifully that God nothing contradictory of Himself, at science and religion are alike spring. Had he carried this arguo its logical conclusion he would und his objections answered. God nothing contradictory of Himself. nd that traced the story of creathe rocks is the same that guided of Moses, David and Paul. Science ded nothing to the old Hebrew tion, "In the beginning God." noteworthy article is the nal Negro," by Prof. Kellar of the sity of Chicago. He analyzes carehe conditions in the South which iven rise to the crimes peculiar to

1thern negro. The question is, as

the author says, a momentous one, as one of its solution depends, to a great degree; the peace of the South. The legislative conservation measures taken against the negro by seving and of the Southern States, depriving thim of the right of suffrage, will in- of evitably cause a violent reaction which it may plunge the whole South into a race war.

MUSIC.

The Boston Music Company has issued the following vocal selections: (1) Nurt DE DECEMBRE by R. Leoncavallo (sources prano or tenor in G, mezzo-soprano of RES baritone in E flat), a beautiful, musicianly setting of the lovely French poem of Alfred de Musset and not difficult vocally except that it requires a cultivated singer on to give it in all its beauty. The accom- paniment requires considerable dexterity of finger; (2) Drink to Me Only, With THINE EYES, by Stephen Townsend, words by Ben Jonson, a lovely, churchlike song with the peculiar time-signature of 3-2 and 4-2. It is Palestrina-like in its majestic roll of long-sustained notes and frequent changes of old-fashioned rythm; altogether a charming song and well, worthy of any mezzo-soprano's or baritone's study. (3) A set of compositions, for the piano called THE Golden Age, Op. 4 32, by Jas. H. Rogers (Grade II.) No. 1, 1, BRIGHT AND EARLY, suggestive of . 4.,3 bright spring morning, for it is joyously, it full of cheer and sunshine; No. 2, In LINE WA of March, a martial composition, good, study in dotted eighth and sixteenth rhythm; No. 3, LARKS AND THRUSHES, 2, bird piece in splendid imitation of bird :: calls, light wrist and flexible fingers areas necessary for the rendition of this little 1.3 morceau. No. 4, WITH THE HARVESTERED a joyous composition, typical of the of happy homeward return of the reapers; an excellent study in thirds and wellsustained bass, with good pedal effects a thorough teaching piece and sure to please the student. No. 5, AT THE MILLON. a fine finger study for both hands, with and sweet, flowing melody. No. 6, HOMEWARD- 8 Bound, a rollicking sea piece, containing a sturdy sailors' song in unison passages,

here and there, finishing with strong chords, indicative of hurrahs; a splendid, stirring piece and requires dash and snap to the playing; good for making sluggish fingers bold and independent. Adagro ET Polomaiss, violin and piano, by F. A. Habsneck, edited by C. N. Allen. A magnificent solo for violin, with a beautiful, soulful Adagio and an equally flery, impetuous Polonaise. Belongs to the classic and broad school. Good study for bow and development of tone. Bowing and fingering well defined. Suitable for advanced students and will repay hard study.

Percy Ashdown of New York has sent to us THE S. GEORGE'S VOLUNTARIES for organ or harmonium and pipe organ, selected and edited by J. W. Elliott; three small volumes full of beautiful compositions from the gifted pens of Jules Benedict, Le Fébure-Wély, E. Batiste, Mendelssohn, Haydn, etc. Every teacher of organ should inspect these worthy little books. Morley's STANDARD SERIES FROM CELEBRATED COMPOSERS, for organ and harmonium, by Humphrey J. Stark. An entirely new collection of voluntaries, preludes, postludes, wedding and funeral marches, selected from Herold, Händel, Schumann. Mendelssohn, Boccherini, Mozart; Batiste, Wagner, Beethoven, Balthasar Gracian, S. J. (1669), translated Spohr, which every organist should SELECTIONS FROM THE TWO-PART AND THREE-PART MUSIC OF BACH, HANDEL, COUPERIN, etc. (Ashdown Coliection), by Ralph H. Bellairs. Book I., Two-Part; Book II., Three-Part. A splendid compilation, introductory to the playing of polyphonic music. Clear print, careful fingering and correct phrasing are characteristic of this invaluable addition to the piano student's repertoire. Teachers will find these small paper-bound books worthy of their immediate attention. Twelve Studies in Style and TECHNIQUE, by Walter Macfarren. Beautiful, melodious studies, a la Moscheles and Cramer, but also perfectly original as regards theme. Each study with an end in view, and all lovely pieces in themselves, worthy of being played as such in any concert programme.

The following choruses and solos for Easter have been sent to us from Wm. A. Pond & Co., New York: EASTER DAWN. by Geo. Chadwick Stock (soprano or tenor in A flat, alto or bass in F), a pleasing sacred song, with deep, abiding faith in its sweet, tender melody and words. Angels Roll the Rock Away; EASTER MORNING; THE GLAD EASTER MESSAGE, ail by Geo. C. Stock, bright choruses, easy rhythm and medium compass, particularly suitable for junior choirs. THE CROWN IS ON THE VICTOR'S Brow (Alleluia!) soli soprano, contralto, tenor, bass, quartette and harp (ad lib.), a fine vigorous chorus, full of joy and grateful thanksgiving. Easter carols, No. I., THE PRINCE AND LORD OF LIFE; No. 2, SUNBEAMS, FLOWERS AND BIRDS, both by Geo. W. Warren. Unison chorus and harmonized refrain. Worthy of the joyous Easter time. EASTER CAROL No. 33, containing hymns suitable for small choirs, by Shelley, Mosenthal, Buck, Whiteley, Warren, all pleasing and written in joyous vein. Bow Down Thine Ear, O Lord, by Mrs. A. H. Taylor, a fine religious four-part choral without accompaniment. The accompanying selections were also sent: CARNEGIE MARCH, for the organ, by K. Ockleston-Lippa, a brilliant, stirring march, with a fine, majestic ryhthm. a brilliant, stirring Full instructions as to manual connections, pedaling and voicing, yet leaving the selection of solo stops to the discretion of the experienced organist. BALL-ROOM ECHOES, by Frank H. Parker. No. I., MARCH, well accented, staccato and legato touches alte nating, and a pleasant little theme in the 'eft hand, very taking to a child. No. & Waltz, a melodious and pleasing to livtle players, a good study on touch. No. 3, Polka, a merry, tripping morceau, entertaining for small fingers. MARCH OF THE JOLLYWOPS, twostep, by Wilhelmina Hoschke, gay and vivacious and sure to prove a favorite. CLOTH OF GOLD, music by J. W. Parson Price, words refer to the Princess Mary Chas. Brandon and Louis XII., an ble song, with fine opportunity for ed tone.

have received from the Whitneyr Publishing Company, Detroit,
Waltzes, for piano, by L. V.
a bright, very melodious composiith a fine portrait of Viola Allen in
tracter of "Dolores" in The Palace
King on the title-page.

BOOKS.

cannot better express the purpose suet's admirable dissertation on BMON ON THE MOUNT, recently pubby Longmans, Green & Co., New han by a quotation from the great s own words: "We shall distribute ding of the Lord's sermon on the into days, so that a quarter of an lay be spent every morning, and ne every evening, in devout medi-

lorty-seven days of such meditae present English rendering (the
f Miss F. M. Capes, an English
can Tertiary), of the devout and
brochure of Bossuet provides.
putation of the famous French
r is not one confined to pulpit
y. As a student of the Bible,
commentaries are inspired with
and erudition, the Eagle of
soars into regions celestial.

ally, therefore, we commend this illy printed little volume to all ould know the meaning, in depth , of our Blessed Lord's sermon on unt.

J. B. Lippincott Company, Phila, have published a limited edition
P. de Roo's HISTORY OF AMERICA
COLUMBUS. The history is com1 two volumes, and opens with a
treatise on the "Origin of the
an Man." Doubtless no subject
be of greater interest to the
of history, involving as it does
surmises, endless speculations and
Togant conclusions of modern
ts. Authentic records bearing
te supposition that the aborigines
erica were descendants of our

common father Adam should be engerly accepted, while the scientific theories—"founded upon the basis of a nullity"—advanced by modern blasphemers, should be as eagerly rejected.

The eminent author has availed himself of information preserved in the archives of the Vatican, which has been hitherto unpublished. These records of Papal intercourse with American territory before the time of Columbus are of incalculable importance in settling the much-mooted question, "How was America first inhabited?"

In the first volume of this work the author presents a list of archives, manuscripts, printed literature and reliable authors quoted, which in itself is not only a guarantee of conscientious labor and extensive research, but a formidable menace to scientific seekers for "missing links" between themselves and the brute ape! It would be impossible to do justice to de Roo's commendable work in a short review. We hope from time to time to favor our readers with excerpts from the history illustrative of the writer's lucid comprehension of his subject and brilliant exposition of the same.

Valuable documents in Greek and Latin, elucidating the text, are appended to both volumes. The maps, ancient and modern, are admirable for clearness and utility. The publishers have sustained their reputation for superior workmanship in printing and binding.

STRINGTOWN ON THE PIKE, which was published as a serial in *The Bookman*, in 1900, has been received in book form from Dodd, Mead & Company, New York. The author, John Uri Lloyd, has given us a vigorous portraiture of existing phases of society in one of the rural districts of Kentucky during the initiatory movement of negro emancipation. The story abounds in frightful contrasts of virtue and vice. The chief actors in the drama strain to pursue the offenders of their injured honor with summary vengeance. The unnatural father casts his child upon the care of the unlettered negro. Murder lurked in the heart of preacher of God's mercy and

perstition which led the faithful old negro, Cupe, to accept torture, imprisonment and even death, if necessary, in defense of his young charge, also led him to wrest vengeance from the hand of God, by the poisoning of the child's father, through a mistaken sense of justice.

In fact, lawlessness is generated and perpetuated with alarming consequences.
The complex nature of the heroine, Susie, eludes analysis, just as the poison defied the scientific tests of the hero-chemist.
We fain would wish that Susie had proceeded in a more reasonable manner and proved herself a loving help-mate to poor

Mr. Lloyd will hold a permanent place in the literary field for the production of a nexciting and picturesque story. His remost appreciative readers, however, will devoutly hope that he has reflected characters, the mainspring of whose evil conduct—irreligion—has passed away forever.

The publishers have beautifully reproduced eight scenes in Kentucky, photographed by Mrs. John Uri Lloyd. The binding is of superior material. The "Old Pike," as pictured on the cover, is realistic in rustic simplicity, and would renew conflicting emotions in the hearts of those who had learned to love "its dust."

In writing of Dennis A. McCarthy's poems, A Round of Rhimes, in our March issue, a line was misquoted. In quoting from his poem "The Poet," the print said: "The poet may follow where others lead."

This should have been-

"The poet may not follow others' lead."

Books and Culture, by Hamilton Wright Mabie, has been received from Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. Anything from the pen of so representative a scholar as Mr. Mabie has an assured fixedness in the literary firmament. The subject of the present volume appeals peculiarily to those who have deified false and abjured true culture. Man received from his Creator his earliest ideas, his earliest education, his earliest culture. Human culture, then, as an educational institution for fallen humanity is derived from

a primitive revelation, which, in an uninterrupted series of successive traditions progressively developed throughout the ages. Man's spiritual development has received new impulse from time to time through the interposition of the divine mercy.

Modern culture, or intellectual refinement, is commonly misunderstood as to quantity and quality. "That which characterizes a man's culture," says Mr. Mable, "is not the extent of his information, but the quality of his mind; it is not the mass of things he knows, but the ripeness, the soundness of his nature. A man may have great knowledge and remain uncultivated; a man may have comparatively limited knowledge and be genuinely cultivated."

A man of culture, therefore, must be formed by habitual meditation on the highest and the best; and as this knowledge is to be found, primarily, in the inspiring words of sacred scripture, we should enrich our souls with the neverfailing sustenance of the spiritual life.

In his estimates of the influence of the writings of Shakespeare upon disciples of culture, Mr. Mable justly declares the vitalizing principles of his literary achievements to be a universal sympathy with his fellow-men—the fellow-feeling which "makes the whole world kin."

Mr. Mable's style of expression is elegant and convincing. Books and Culture should have widespread circulation. The publishers have made this little volume of convenient size and pleasing appearance. The paper used is excelled and the type is clear.

At the earnest request of the Phil biblon Club of Philadelphia, Rev. Thom cooke Middleton, D.D., O. S. A., prepared and read before that body a paper upon the bibliography of the Philippines. Upon the subject of Philippine literature considerable interest has been awakened, and the movement to obtain information upon this subject has met with gratifying results.

Few persons are aware of the fact that in a catalogue prepared by the bibliographer, W. E. Retana, there are mentioned as many as three thousand works on Philippine literature. The Free Library of Philadelphia is gradually accumulating books on the subject of the Philippines and the literary achievements of the people.

Dr. Middleton's contribution to bibliography is most timely and valuable—a revelation, in fact, of the intellecutal energy of the Philippine people—fascinating to the "all-round" scholar and fruitful to the student of man's history and development in the Philippine Archipelago. This word of announcement we irtend to supplement with a fuller notice of this interesting publication.

AN AMERICAN ANTHOLOGY, edited by Clarence Edmund Stedman, is indeed an appreciable criterion of literary excellence for the student as expressed in the songs of our native poets. Mr. Stedman has not only presented the best from our true poets for the delectation of the cultured few, but by the exercise of his fine artistic judgment he has produced a masterful work, which should form an elevated literary taste among the reading public.

In his introduction Mr. Stedman says: "The anthologist may well follow the worker in mosaic or stained glass, to better his general effects. Humble bits, low in color, have values of juxtaposition, and often bring out to full advantage his more striking material. The representation of a leading poet is to be considered by itself, and it is a pleasure to obtain for it a prelude and an epilogue, and otherwise to secure a just variety of mood and range."

Mr. Stedman, therefore, has gathered into the "goodly company" of Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Poe, Holmes, Emerson and Lowell America's sweetest singers. Blending harmoniously with the tones of their brother poets are the exquisite voices of some of our gifted women of America.

In spite of ill-health, and the many difficulties attendant upon the compilation of an anthology of poetry, Mr. Stedman has completed the crowning volume of his life work. Rich in selections of the true and noble in art, An American Anthology has the additional merit of a happy arrangement of its parts, making it a

most charming companion for a leisure hour.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, are the publishers. By their judicious selection of type and paper they have made a compact volume of more than eight hundred pages, including valuable biographical notes and index. The binding, substantial and attractive, is in brown and gold.

SHARPS AND FLATS, by Eugene Field, collated by Slason Thompson, in two volumes, bubble with the genial humor of the laughter-loving author. This prodigious worker in the field of literature has collated by Slason Thompson, in two voltouched upon almost every subject of interest, and while at times his brilliant flashes of wit illumine the political horizon, again the sweetly-pathetic sacredness of Christian poetic expression soothe the perturbed spirit. "The Tin Bank" has outlived the occasion of its writing.

Speaking of banks, I'm bound to say
That a bank of tin is far the best,
And I know of one that has stood for
years

In a pleasant home away out West;
It had stood for years on the mantel-piece,
Between the clock and the Wedegwood
plate—

A wonderful bank, as you'll concede When you've heard the things I now relate.

The bank was made of McKinley tin;

Well soldered up at sides and back;
But it did not resemble tin at all,
For they'd painted it over an iron-black.
And that it really was a bank,
'Twas an easy thing to see and say,
For above the door in gorgeous red
Appeared the letters B-A-N-K.
This bank had been so well devised.

This bank had been so well devised,
And wrought so cunningly, that when
You put your money in that hole
You could not get it out again!
Somewhere about that stanch, snug thing
A secret spring was hid away,
But where it was or how it worked—
Evenue me please but I will not say

Excuse me, please, but I will not say.
Thither, with dimpled cheeks aglow,
Came pretty children oftentimes,
And, standing upon a stool or chair,
Put in their divers pence and dimes.

Once Uncle Hank came home from town,
After a cycle of grand events,
And put in a round blue ivory thing—
He said it was good for fifty cents!
The bank went clinkety-clinkety-clink,

And larger grew the precious sum, Which grandma said she hoped would prove

A gracious boon to heathendom!
But there were those—I call no names—
Who did not fancy any plan
That did not in some wise involve
The candy and banana man.

Listen: Once when the wind went "Y-o-o-o-o-o!"

When with a wail the screech-owl flew
Out of her lair in the haunted barn—
There came three burglars down the
road,

Three burglars skilled in the arts of sin; And they cried, "What's this? Aha! Oho!"

They burgled from half-past ten P. M.
Till the village bell struck four o'clock;
They hunted and searched, and guessed
and tried—

But the little tin bank would not unlock!

They could not discover the secret spring!
So when the barnyard rooster crowed,
They up with their tools and stole away,
With the bitter remark that they'd be
blowed!

Next morning came a sweet-faced child,
And reached her dimpled hand to take
A nickel to send to the heathen poor
And a nickel to spend for her stomach's
sake;

She pressed the hidden secret spring.

And lo! the bank flew open then

With a cheery creek that seemed to say;

I am glad to see you come again!"

If you were I, and if I were you,

What would we keep our money in?

In a down-town bank of British steel
Or an at home bank of McKinley tin?
Some want silver and some want gold,
But the little tin bank that wants the
two
And is run on the double-standard plan—

Why, that is the bank for me and you.

Tears unbidden spring as the throbbing notes of his "Bethlehem Town" make sad music on the ear;

There burns a star o'er Bethlehem town-

See, O my eyes!
And gloriously it beameth down
Upon a virgin mother meek
And him whom solemn Magi seek.
Burn on, O star! and be the light
To guide us all to Him this night!
The angels walk in Bethlehem town—

Hush, O my heart!
The angels come and bring a crown

To Him our Saviour and our King; And sweetly all this might I sing. Sing on in rapturous angel throng, That we may learn that heavenly song!

Near Bethlehem town there blooms a tree-

O heart beat low!
And it shall stand on Calvary!
But from the shade thereof we turn
Unto the star that still shall burn
When Christ is dead and risen again

To mind us that He died for men.

There is a cry in Bethlehem town—Hark, O my soul!
T'is of the Babe that wears the crown. It telleth us that man is free—That He redeemeth all and me!
The night is sped—behold the morn!
Sing, O my soul; the Christ is born!

Engene Field, although removed from the scenes that inspired his songs, still lives and smiles upon us; he bids us "be cheery," even amidst life's uninviting scenes.

The publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, have made these two little volumes extremely attractive in respect to type and binding. Happy should be the possessor of a copy of Sharl's and Flats.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, are the publishers of Opportunity and Other Essays and Addresses. The author of this scholarly collection, Right Reverend J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria, in the present volume masterfully treats the following important subjects: "Woman and the Higher Education," "The University: a Nursery of the Higher Life," "The University and the Teacher," "Goethe as an Educator," "The Patriot," and "Empire and Republic."

In his essay on "Goethe as an Educator," Bishop Spalding says: "From the most what is best is hidden. They never come to a knowledge of the wealth of power and beauty that lies within and around them, but they move on the surface of things, unconscious of the infinite depths of being, of which what appears is but the symbol. They are only partly alive, and, what is worse, they scarcely have a suspicion of their lack of life. They imagine that what

rant is money, or pleasure, or posiwhereas it is a mind aglow with a heart smitten with love, a soul lled with enthusiasm for what is nd noble."

king on the subject of "Empire or Bishop Spalding remarks, nany sides there is evidence of decadence. Religion is losing its n the masses, respect for those who sitions of authority is diminishing. thts of property are becoming less , the marriage tie is loosening, is increasing, capital becoming inscrupulous. The virtues of thrift, ation and forethought are less coni. We neither draw wisdom and ition from the past, nor look to the , but live, like thoughtless children, present. The people's distrust of en they elect to office is at once raging and injurious to public ty. Human life is taken on slight ation, and outrages which blacken ir name are committed by mobs seem to have lost all sense of tity. In that which essentially cons education—the development of ence, the formation of characterhools seem, in a large measure, to 'ailed.''

address of the Bishop is a noble t in the name of true Americanism t our present imperialistic, colonizid conquering policy.

op Spalding's essays form a treast wisdom. We can scarcely hope to reading of these will be general; this is matter for regret, we avail of a more emphatic pleading in behalf t true culture for which the distind Bishop is so ardent an advocate, publishers have printed and bound ssays in a style appropriate and ig.

OLN: his Book is the title of a publication from the house of Mc-Phillips & Co., New York. It is a nile reproduction of Mr. Lincoln's ook made during the memorable ign of 1858. The book contains in Lincoln's handwriting, as well as ts from speeches explanatory of n's views on the subject of "negro." Upon this point Mr. Lincoln's

opponents chose to misunderstand him. The little memorandum book is a historical relic of the man—interesting in all his characteristics, particularly for the principles for which he forfeited his life.

LINCOLN: His Book is a desirable curio for our home and school cabinets.

Mr. Israel Zangwill, in his MANTLE OF ELIJAH, throws a strong searchlight upon the political and social conditions of England in the nineteenth century. The saddening details of the hypocritical methods by which England's flag has become—no longer a symbol of royalty, but a trademark of ambitious demagogues—are clearly outlined in the brilliant light so steadily shining in Mr. Zangwill's polished English.

We behold, successively, the downfall of the noble man of brains, amidst the howlings of the rabble for whose welfare he had labored, and the rise of the peasant demagogue, whose brazen effrontery and vociferous methods gain for himself the loud huzzas of a degenerate populace. Bloodshed, famine and death respond to the imperial wave of England's advancing flag, while the sordid instigators of spoliation receive laudations "at home."

The heroine of the story, the beautiful, enthusiastic Allegra, fails sadly in realizing her ideals for the good of her fellowmen and the glory of her beloved England. Equally unfortunate is she in her choice of a husband lacking a sympathetic mind. Allegra's infelicity, however, is momentarily relieved by the appearance of "a deliverer" in the form of Raphael Dominic, a dreamer and poet. The "heart to heart" confidences of this eccentric couple result in the unexpected-Raphael Dominic goes to Rome-Allegra abandons her husband and seeks the protection of a titled aunt, where she can carry out, undisturbed by the voice of man, her views on the regeneration of the nation, that, not content with the earth, would take a 'mortgage on Heaven."

Mr. Zangwill subtly clothes in his vigorous, brilliant English truths potent in prophecy and efficacious in application.

Harper & Bros., New York, publish this excellent novel. Seven full-page

illustrations, clear type, extra quality paper and good binding are commendable features of the book.

From the Robert Clarke Company, Cincinnati, we have received (1) THE Song OF A HEART, by Helene Hall. Clear as the robin's notes, tenderly human and true, is the record of the young girl whose life story is told under the above title. The glorious festival of Christmas for more than four decades marks the intervals of retrospection and transcription of the story of a beautiful life. The authoress has presented an admirable character, one worthy of imitation. (2) A BUSINESS VENTURE IN LOS ANGELES, by Z. Z. This is an entertaining story of three orphaned sisters, who, after living a life of affluence, are by their father's death obliged to support themselves. This they courageously undertake. Eudora-filled with Christian spirit and optimistic view of difficulties—is the leading character in the story. To her persevering energy may be attributed the success of the Business Venture. The romantic element that intrudes itself even into business ventures is gracefully delineated by Z. Z. in her charming sketch of the orphan sisters.

The illustrations are by Philip Hubert Frohman; prominent for historical and poetical associations are the reproductions of two of the Churches of the Old California Missions.

Both books are models of excellence in printing and binding.

EBEN HOLDEN, A TALE OF THE NORTH COUNTRY, by Irving Bacheller, is a story of the historic times of our nation's deadly struggle. Faithful, sturdy old Eben, trudging along the weary trail from Vermont to New York, tenderly caring for the little orphan boy—shielding him from the dangers of the forest and ministering to his childish wants—is a type of the valiant hero that secured for our country the repose it now enjoys.

To the appreciative student of history such a character as Eben Holden, with his musical dialect, will ever speak of victories. The wholesome, tender love story that is entwined with the history of Eben is not the least attarction in the book.

With the retrospective glance of the hero of love and war we, too, may say: "Those others, with their rugged strength, their simple ways, their undying youth, are of the past. The young folks—they are a new kind of people. It gives us comfort to think that they will never have to sing in choirs or 'pound the rock' for board money; but I know it is worse luck for them. They are a fine lot of young men and women—but they will not be the pathfinders of the future."

The Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston, have printed the book on excellent paper, in clear type. The binding is in red and gold. A frontispiece portrait of good old Eben would have been a desirable augmentation.

AN ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF ETIQUETTE, by Emily Holt, has been received from McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. This valuable compendium of instructions upon social observances has the advantage of being "up-to-date," and applicable to American society. What to do, what to say, what to write and what to wear, according to established standards of culture, is of great importance.

Chapter One, entitled "Introductions," is subdivided into explanatory details of the form, manner, acknowledgement, occasions, etc., of introductions. Models for notes and cards of introduction are also given.

The following sixteen chapters of the Encyclopædia include Calls, Dinners, Table, Manners, Weddings, Funerals, Correspondence, etc., etc. In fact, all occasions of social intercourse have been carefully considered and amply treated.

The book is beautifully finished. A novel feature is the printing in English Text, on the right-hand page, of the title of each chapter, while the number of the chapter is given in full on the upper margin. The bold-face initial letter of each subdivision of the chapters facilitates the reader's inquiries.

Nine half-tone engravings in illustration of Decorations for Church and House Weddings, Dinner and Luncheon Tables, tc., augment the value of this look of Manners for Everyday

ishers are to be commended for ecc of workmanship.

LOPEDIA OF CLASSIFIED DATES, by Charles E. Little, has been om the Funk & Wagnalls Com-York.

uable book is designed for the all grades of society. It conessentials of history biography aphy. Primarily intended as a historical annals for the general curacy of date and statements made its fundamental features thor.

ring out the plan of the work, the difficulties have been overi, after an immense outlay of well as nine years of indefatigr, the author has brought the its present splendid perfection. ualled in excellence of arrange-comprehensiveness of authentic y. Facts of history, classified ven distinct subjects, are so that they combine the unique of a harmonious logical and der.

he following seven topical classiare included briefly the items as reliable by modern scholars: ind Navy includes simultaneous roughout the centuries; also, an treatment of the events of the in the United States.

ludes data concerning latest in-

and Deaths includes names of s of the world's benefactors, with sective callings, etc.

includes an unprejudiced subof facts relating to religious orns since the foundation of Christc.

includes important facts relatiucation, literature and instituearning.

includes events which have d the actions of individuals in ial relations. Under State are included all events relating to political agitations—commendable or otherwise—which have either established or undermined existing forms of government.

Miscellaneous comprehends all items not included in the above mentioned subjects.

In a word, THE CYCLOPEDIA OF CLASSIFIED DATES is an inestimable treasury from which the ambitious student, the overburdened teacher, and the aspiring literateur may enrich himself without fear of that treasury's depletion.

The publishers have successfully devised a most handsome and durable binding.

THE BEAUTY OF CHRISTIAN DOGMA, by Rev. Jules Souben, professor at the Benedictine Priory, Farnborough, comes to us from Benziger Brothers, New York.

The many and various branches Catholic belief form a grand and majestic tree, the perfection and symmetry of which is well able to satisfy the most rigorous and exacting seeker for truth in the field of theology. Christianity never yet failed in its mission to comfort and to relieve the soul of man in hours when faith commenced to grow cold and the blessed light of hope shone less bright. Though divine in its origin, and dealing with mysteries that far surpass the limited comprehension of mortal man, yet to the intellectual eyes of the soul it opens wide the portals leading to Him who dwells in an inaccessible light-God Himself.

In eighteen chapters the author of this work considers each one of the doctrines of the Catholic Church, analyzing and pointing out to his readers the beauty and harmony found in them. Commencing with the infinite life, God, who alone is of Himself, and in whom all forces of life concentrate, the writer successively treats of the Trinity, the Redemption, the Incarnation, Justification, the Sacraments, the Church, the virtues of Faith, Hope and Charity, of the Christian life, the last end of man, Judgment, the Resurrection or the Beatific Vision, and the vital necessity for man in search-

ing after and applying to himself the great truths hidden in these mysteries.

By removing the shell, if we may so speak, the interior structure is laid bare, the proportion and relation that they bear one to the other are pointed out, and the perfect whole, arising from their union, manifested. The result thus obtained is happily summarized in the Epilogue.

An appendix containing several important notes, amongst others "The Idea of Beauty and Its Manifestations," will greatly aid the student of this work. The author has succeeded in his attempt to place before the eyes of the public, in a logical and convincing manner a subject the solution of which, as far as it can be done by man, furnishes to the world a key to the many and difficult problems that surround it, but the perfect realization of which must be deferred to that great day when faith shall be transformed into vision, hope to actual possession, and love divine shall be all in all

THE SACRAMENTS EXPLAINED ACCORDING TO THE TEACHINGS AND DOCTRINES OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, WITH AN INTRODUCTORY TREATISE ON GRACE, by Father Arthur Devine, Passionist, is published by R. & T. Washbourne, London, Benziger Bros., New York, being the American agents.

This work appears as a companion to the two volumes entitled THE CREED and THE COMMANDMENTS, issued by the same author. As a forerunner to the work itself appears an introductory treatise on grace, its definition, division and properties, together with the manifold effects that it produces in the soul. Next come, in order, the seven Sacraments of the Church, subjected to an exhaustive study and enquiry as to the nature, number, divisions and the relative importance of each Sacrament to man, interlined with profuse explanations as to the significance of the ceremonies employed by the Church in their administration. The second chapter treats of the matter and form, the ordinary and extraordinary minister of the Sacraments, and is supplemented by extracts from the Rev. J. O'Kane's "Notes en Rubrics." Finally the subject and

effect of the Sacraments are discussed, followed by a treatise on the rites and ceremonies of the sacramentals. The practical and pleasing manner with which the author handles his subject contributes greatly to the interest of his readers. We heartily recommend this book to Catholic laymen in all conditions of life.

THE PILGRIM'S GUIDE TO ROME, translated from the work of M. L'Abbe Laumonier, by Charles J. Munich, F. R. H. S., is, indeed, a trustworthy leader in the circuitous routes to Rome. The present revised edition includes all recent changes in the Eternal City.

The little book is divided into five sections, as follows: I. Various routes to Rome, Naples, Loreto, Bologna and Milan. II. Itineraries, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, for visits in Rome. III. Visits to the seven basilicas. IV. Visits to the principal cities of Italy. V. Index relating to the plan as well as to the volume. A map of the City of Rome by the Abbe H. Nicole accompanies the Guide. The map is detached from the book and can be conveniently folded and placed in the pocket of the cover—a desirable advantage to the traveler.

Apart from the utility of this work ama a pilgrim's guide, it is a repository of his—torical data concerning the churches—chapels, the Forum of Trajan, the Coliseum, the Catacombs and palaces, ancien—and modern, in and about Rome. The—chapter descriptive of the galleris of ar—is particularly interesting.

R. & T. Washbourne, the London pub lishers, whose American agents are Ben ziger Bros., New York, have made a verzeneat volume.

SANCTUARY MEDITATIONS FOR PRIESTS-AND FREQUENT COMMUNICANTS, by Fathers-Balthasar Gracian, S. J. (1669), translated from the original Spanish by Marians-Monteiro, comes from the press of R. & T Washbourne, London, (Benziger Brothers-New York).

This work embodies fifty meditations, all bearing on the exalted subject of Holy Communion. The gravity, solidity and clearness with which the author handles

AND PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE

ucharistic doctrine proclaims him who, by diligently cultivating the of interior recollection, gained for if a profound insight and knowledge, wonderful and mysterious operain the soul of man caused by the nt reception of the Bread of Life, he might become the instrumental of guiding fellow-wayfarers to this aly treasury, we dare say, was the power for compiling these medita-

biblical incidents, taken both from lew and the Old Testament, that tute the corner-stone for each contion as presented to the reader, are ed with care and good judgment. y impressd by the stupendous mysf the eucharistic banquet, the suave gnified, filial yet reverent, manner pression cannot fail to touch the indifferent and lukewarm Christian. book comes to us highly recomed by the ecclesiastical authorities in. It contains a table, especially zed, of meditations suitable for unicants on all the festivals of the By convents and monasteries, as s by the secular clergy and laymen, ork will be welcomed as a guide to najesty hidden within the silent of the sanctuary.

LIFE OF OUR LORD, by Mother Salome of York, England, has been ed from Burns & Oates through ger Bros., New York. This LIFE is ed to the understanding of "little" who naturally crave for the relational stories by their elders.

subject could be better suited to the thetic grasp of the child's mind the sublime truths—simply and y told—connected with the life of fant Jesus. The divine childhood rist, His growth to manhood, His career, His sufferings and death, wer-ending themes for profitable inion. The gift of perfect story-tell-accorded, however, to the favored We therefore welcome, for the chilsake, the happy rendering of deeds lime heroism into language intellito the average child, as well as

pathetically appealing to the mature mind.

The publishers have made this work a model of good workmanship. A beautiful frontispiece of our Lord and S. John, after the painting by Pinturicchio, is given.

THE ANNALS OF THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH for March-April publishes a succinct account of the tortures and death of Christians at the hands of the Boxers in China. In the Mission of Manchuria alone from 1,400 to 1,500 Christians, including several priests, were massacred. Forty-five churches, twenty-nine residences, two seminaries and one hundred and fifty-nine schools and orphanages were destroyed.

In Eastern Mongolia hundreds of Christians were massacred. Six residences, fifty-five Christian settlements, fifty schools and four orphaages have been destroyed.

In Central Mongolia more than five hundred Christian villages were destroyed by fire and sword. Many of the inhabitants escaped to the western district.

The details of the horrible deaths inflicted upon the bishops and priests are heart-rending. These heroic martyrs have entered into eternal life. The Christians that have survived, who are wandering from place to place in a starving condition, demand the special attention and active charity of the faithful in America. We feel that the appeal will not be made in vain, for gratitude to Heaven for the peaceful possession and consoling practice of our holy religion should inflame our hearts with charity for our struggling bretheren who are deprived of like blessings in a heathen land. It is within the power of all to further the work of the missionaries among the unfortunate people who have maintained the faith amid cruel privations and unto death.

The American headquarters of the noble work of the Propagation of the Faith are at the Seminary, Baltimore. Branches are established in many places. We advise our readers to consult their own clergy for details.

CALENDAR FOR APRIL.

1—Monday of Holy Week.

2—Tuesday of Holy Week. Meeti
Rosarian Reading Circle at 8 P. M.

3—Wednesday of Holy Week. Meeting of

3—Wednesday of Holy Week. The solemn office of Tenebrae will be sung at

7.30 P. M.

4—Maunday Thursday. Mass and procession of the Blessed Sacrament at 9
A. M. Ceremony of the washing of the altars at 2:30 P. M. Tenebrae at 7:30

P. M.

5—Good Friday. Veneration of the Cross, Procession and Mass of the Presanctified at 8 A. M. Stations of the Cross at Sermon at 7:30 P. M.

6—Easter Saturday. Blessing of new fire, Easter candle and water followed by Mass, 8 A. M.

7—EASTER SUNDAY. First Glorious Mystery of the Reserve Plenary Indulga-

7—EASTER SUNDAY. First Glorious Mystery of the Rosary. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary. For members of the Confraternity four Plenary Indulgences: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers. (2) C. C.; visit any Church; prayers. (3) C. C.; assist at Procession; visit; prayers; (4) C. C.; assist at Exposition of Blessed Sacrament in Church of Rosary Confraternity; prayers. Communion Mass for Rosarians in Church of Rosary Confraternity; prayers. Communion Mass for Rosarians at 7 A. M. Meeting of S. Thomas' Sodality at 2 P. M. Rosary Procession, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M. Novena in honor of S. Vincent begins.

8—Easter Monday. Meeting of Young Men's Holy Name Society at 8 P. M. (Bendiction.) Dramatic entertainment by young Rosarians in Native Sons' Hall.

9—Easter Tuesday. (Genediction.)

-Easter Tuesday. (denediction.)

10—Of the Octave.

11—Of the Octave. Novena in honor of Agnes begins.

S. Agnes begins.

12—Of the Octave. (Benediction.)

13—Of the Octave.

14—Low Sunday. Plenary Indulgence for Holy Name Confraternity: C. C.:

Procession; prayers. Mass for Holy Name Sodality at 7 A. M. Meeting at 3 P. M. Meeting of Men Tertiaries at 2 P. M. Procession of Holy Name, Sermon and Benediction and 7:30 P. M.

15—S. Hermengild, Martyr.

16—S. Vincent Ferrer, O. P., Priest. Miracle worker of the Dominican Order (from April 5.) Plenary Indulgence for the faithful: C. C.; visit Dominican Church; prayers. In Vallejo—Patronal feast.

Cnu. feast. 17—B.

17—B. Clara, O. P., Widow. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

18—S. Francis Solano, Priest 19—S. John of God. Priest (f) , founder of the Brothers o (Benediction.)

(Benediction.)

20—S. Agnes, O. P., Virgin.
tion.) Plenary Indulgence as o
Novena in honor of S. Peter b

21—SECOND SUNDAY AFTER
B. Bartholomew, O. P., Martyl
Sermon and Benediction at
Plenary Indulgence for Rosaria visit Rosary Altar; prayers. F dulgence for the Living Rosary of Women Tertiaries at 2 P. M for S. Catherine's feast begins 22—S. Turibius, Priest. M Young Men's Holy Name So

P. M.
23—S. George, Martyr. On the gins the devotion of the fifteer in honor of S. Dominic, in prep his feast August 4th. A plena ence may be gained on one chosen at will, and partial i each Tuesday. Conditions: C. (

minican Church; prayers.
24—The Crown of our Lord.
Sorrowful Mystery of the Rosai

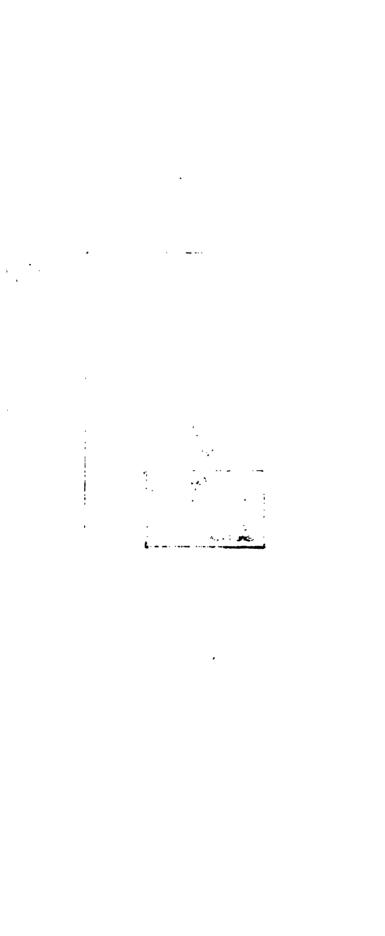
Mass of the Rosary.)
25—S. Mark, Evangelist.
26—BB. Dominic and Grego

Priests. (Benediction.) 27—B. Peter Jeremiah, O. (from March 10.) (Votive Ma Rosary.) Novena in honor of

gins. 28—Third 28—THIRD SUNDAY AFTER
Patronage of S. Joseph. Plens
ence for Rosarians accustome
in common a third part of t
times a week: C. C.; three times a week: C. Church; prayers. Rosary, Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

29—S. Peter Martyr, O. P., Pr ary Indulgence as on 16th. (Be 30—S. Catherine of Siena, O. Indulgence as on 16th. (Be Second Tuesday in honor of S. The patron saints of the Liv

The patron saints of the Livitor this month are: Five Joteries—S. Emma, W.; S. Vinco.; S. Richard, B.; S. Julius, Leo the Great, Pope. For the rowful Mysteries—S. Sophia, Justin, M.; S. George, M.; S. Iros. Albert, B. For the Five Gloteries—S. Catherine of Siena; Evangelist; S. Robert, A.; S. V. S. Hugh, B. S. Hugh, B.



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SAVONAROLA, PORTRAYED BY FRA BARTOLOMMEO.

DOMINICANA

MAY, 1901.

No. 5

SAINT CATHERINE OF RICCI AND SAVONAROLA.

REV. HYACINTH BAYONNE, O. P.

III.

it was pleasing God thus to dister Catherine with one hand it her with the other externally, interiorly and in the mystery of mate relations with her, favoring than ever by His graces and the st marks of His goodness. It seem that from the end of this 540) up to the end of the next le desired to comfort her in the of her sorrows by causing her saint, Blessed Jerome Savonarola, ear to her oftener. I leave anto speak. (Seraf Razzi, lib. 11, pages 57-58.)

the close of the month of De-, 1540, after the thanksgivings nner. Catherine remained alone church. She wished to thank God he effusion of her soul for His in-.ble benefits, and especially for) wonderful cures which she had nced through the intervention of ssed Jerome and his companions. she suddenly saw advancing her from the altar that same one, preceding the Blessed Vir-10 was carrying her little Child in ns. At this sight she fell on her the ground through extreme terut the Blessed Jerome encouraging have no fear, since he had brought the Mother of God and her most 3on, she rose and made the sign of oss and other acts prescribed for her confessor for all these appari-

After she had remained for some time in prayer before the Blessed Virgin, recommending all her Sisters to her, one by one, and particularly Sister Maria Maddalena, her mistress and guardian, for whom she besought the grace to become superabundantly virtuous and altogether holy, the Blessed Virgin presented to her the most sweet Infant Jesus. She received Him with the greatest respect, clasped him closely in her arms, pressed him to her bosom and kissed Him gently many times, with unspeakable content. And while she was admiring the richness of His garb, Blessed Jerome informed her that these swaddling-clothes, bands and mantle she herself had wrought by her fervent prayers during Advent. Then the Blessed Virgin, taking back the Infant, exhorted her to obedience and humility, and as the bell was ringing for Vespers, all disappeared from her eyes. At the close of this day, she felt within herself a marvellous increase of her love for God."

"At times God showed her such attentions that it seemed as if He sported with His power to perform her least desire.

"On February 17, a Thursday, since she expressed a desire to go to confession, they told her that the Father Confessor had gone to Florence on business connected with the convent. She then went to the church, intending to employ the time which would have been given to her confession in praying for the souls in purgatory. But lo! as she entered she saw Father Timothy in the confessional, and at his feet, making her confession,

Sister Fede, one of the elder Mothers, whom Mother Raffaella de Faenza had accompanied on account of her great age. A moment later Sister Fede came out of the confessional and signed to her to take her place. After the affectionate greeting which she was in the habit of giving her uncle when he returned from a journey, she made her confession, to the great satisfaction of her soul. Since she knew that Sister Maria Maddalena, her cherished mistress and guardian, was very desirous of going to confession, she asked the Father if he would have the goodness to wait till she called her. contenting himself with a smile for a reply, she hurried out, looked some time for Sister Maddalena, and then, finding her search in vain, returned to the church to apologize to the Father for having kept him waiting to no purpose. But he had disappeared. She inquired about him from some Sisters who were there. All were unanimous in telling her that the Father had not yet returned from his journey to Florence. Then, completely stupefied and fearing that she had been the puppet of the artifices of the devil, she betook herself to prayer, begging the Lord to take pity on her and be good enough to make her know the truth. It was soon revealed to her that the God of all power, Who is pleased to fulfill the desire and execute the will of those who fear Him, had sent Blessed Jerome from Heaven to her, and that the two Sisters whom she had supposed she recognized at the confessional were only his two companions, who had descended to earth with him." (Seraf. Razzi, lib. 11, cap. IV., pages 58-59.)

At another time these apparitions took place for the purpose of correcting her or of giving her useful warnings. Her soul no longer living save in the supernatural world, it was very essential that she should receive needful lessons as to the conduct of her life. She seemed no longer to pertain to earth save through her suffering.

"On the 18th of the following March, the same blessed ones appeared to her to reprove her for not having availed herself of the dispensation from the Lenten regulations which had been granted her by her spiritual director and her Mother Prioress, on account of her physical infirmity. They gave her, apropos of this circumstance, very sage warnings against certain illusions which are tolerably frequent among souls of good will and much ardor for their own perfection. Such persuade themselves that the Spirit of God is urging them to excessive penance and mortification, while they are only obeying an artifice of the devil, which tends to ultimately sap their strength. And by this means they not only render themselves incapable for the future of practising the ordinary penances and carrying out the common observances of their rule, but they end at last by rendering themselves useless and a burden to their monasteries. The saint having asked their pardon very humbly for this fault, they graciously accorded it to her and disappeared, leaving her greatly consoled." (Seraf. Razzi, LL., cap. IV., page 59.)

However, the divine Master was not long in sending her fresh exterior suffering. In the month of May she was attacked by violent toothache. For five days and nights she was a victim to intense, indescribable tortures. But lo and behold, on the last day, having gone to the church to throw herself into the arms of God in a sort of holy despair, she heard a voice which told her to go and pluck a certain plant in the garden and put it on the teeth which were painful and she would be cured. Natural eagerness to fly to remedies under stress of pain did not make her forgetful of obedience. She went to submit all to the decision of her confessor, who authorized her to make use of the plant specified on the one condition that she shou'd first make the sign of the cross over it. The remedy applied, she was instantly cured. Catherine after related with gratitude that the voice which had indicated the remedy to her was the voice of Blessed Jerome, whom she was at that moment invoking.

She immediately took up again the course of her familiar communications

with God. But, oh, misery of humanity, even in the saints! We are about to see her whom we have just admired as so faithful to obedience under the stress of pain show herself unfaithful thereto in the joys of ecstacy; but in a way so slight, so imperceptible that nothing less than the jealous eye of a God was needed to perceive it or the heart of a saint to weep over it. "On the seventeenth day of June, Thursday in Pentecost Week, Catherine, who had risen about two o'clock, saw at the end of the great corridor of the dormitory a brilliant group of saints. In the midst was our dearest Lord, in all the splendor of His glorious resurrection; on His right His Blessed Mother, holding an aspersorium in her hand, and it seemed to her that having dipped this in the side of her well-beloved Son, she sprinkled the cells of the Sisters, to show that they participated in the fruits of His precious Blood. Near the Blessed Virgin was a lovely little girl, clad in white and carrying a lamb on her arm. At the left of our Lord stood two women of great beauty. She recognized the first by her rich clothing of purple as S. Mary Magdalen, and she took the second for S. Ursula. Before all the group walked a saint of the Order of Friar Preachers, robust in form and of medium height, carrying a great taper in his hand. Catherine, desiring to inspect so goodly a company more closely, took a Tow steps forward, but as she drew near all vanished from before her eyes.

"The next morning, after having re-Ceived Holy Communion, she re-entered her cell. There, detaching the crucifix From the wood of the cross, she took it lovingly in her arms, as was her custom, in order to contemplate it and converse with it. While she was praying in this deyout attitude, a doubt occurred to her as to whether she had not failed in her duty the day before, in not going to re-Count to her confessor her vision, according to the instructions given her. After consideration, she decided that she was not obliged to do so this time, since none of the saints who had appeared had said a word to her.

"But the reasons for this decision did

not appear sufficient to the divine Crucifix, who, beginning to speak, gave her a gentle and beautiful admonition on the holy delicacies of the Christian virtues, showing her how far the perfection of holy obedience ought to be carried. Then, dropping her sorrowful head on the feet of the lovely image, and watering them with her tears, like Magdalen, she asked His pardon for all her imperfections and her negligences. The abundant tears of so tender a repentance more than sufficed to purify her from them. Then she rose to go and tell all to her confessor." Seraf Razzi, cap. 5, page 62.)

The year 1541 closed in these alternations of violent suffering and marvellous visions. Twice, at an interval of two months, she had to undergo great pain in her stomach, accompanied by excruciating agony in the intestines, which threw her body into trembling and convulsions. Each time the illness gave all the signs of being the result of poison, so rapid the seizure and so violent the pain from the beginning. But the more frightened the Sisters had been by its suddenness and its intensity, the more they were stupefied with wonder and admiration at the sight of a cure as instantaneous as it was complete and final. The first time, November 6th, she had been healed by the intervention of S. Thomas Aquinas, who was one of her great advocates with God. After exhorting her to nourish herself more frequently with the bread of angels, the holy doctor filled her soul with great consolation by informing her that the soul of her mother had, on the previous All Saints' Day, been delivered from purgatory through her prayers, and had entered on the inheritance of Paradise. The second time, at the beginning of January, in the following year, it was Sister Mary Maddalena Strozzi who instantly restored her to health by the application of a relic of Blessed Jerome Savonarola. Then the Blessed Virgin appeared, in company with S. Vincent Ferrer and many other saints. and after having given her divers spirit-ual consolations, showed her, under her mantle, one of her younger sisters who had died at an early age, in the midst of a group of nuns from her own convent.

OUR LADY'S MONTH.

To the "Mother of fair love and holy hope" fitting tribute is paid in the dedication of the spring's most delightful season-the month of May-to the honor of Mary, Heaven's gracious Queen. So fixed is this idea which has come of popular devotion and piety, reserving to our Lady for her own the lovely May days, that as Mary's Month, by excellence, her clients tenderly know it. And the Church, with the benignity of her maternal heart, has put upon a custom, whose origin is found in the simple devotion of a little child, so broad a sanction that in every land where Jesus' name is known and loved, the month of May brings forth, in honor of His dear Mother, the fairest flowers of piety, whose sweet perfume rises as precious incense, in glad thanksgiving and confident petition, before her glorious throne.

Each bead strung on the flower-chain Is a white rose without a stain—
A type of thy virginity,
Dear Lady of the Rosary.

The rose, immaculate and fair, Is symbol of thy beauty rare; Thy meekness and thy purity,

Dear Lady of the Rosary.

The hidden thorn is to attest
The pang that pierced thy loving breast
When Jesus died on Calvary,
Dear Lady of the Rosary.

Thou art the Rose of Paradise,
The rose that never fades or dies,
But blooms in immortality,
Our Lady of the Rosary.

Henry Coule.

But while the faithful in general pay homage to this sacred time, it is in a special manner the right and prerogative of the children of the Rosary to be foremost in the holy work of singing the praises of their Blessed Lady; nor are others so favored in means. While weaving for their Queen a crown whose spiritual roses, significant in their white and red and purple, of early joys and later sorrows and finally transfigured glory, become as a garland of shining light even in Heaven's

unspeakably beautiful courts, Rosarians may also, after the manner of David, with his harp of ten strings, make music in the decades of their beads, that not even angel voices can excel. And thus, as the earth, rejoicing with the newness of returning life, which winter had enthralled, sends forth a hymn to the Great Creator, decking itself in freshness of green and with a robe of many colors, so the true Rosarian, rejoicing in the coming of Mary's days, as in a well-spring of grace and religious fervor, lifts up a grateful song from the depths of a loving heart, and strong in hope, beseeches the Mother of Mercy and the Refuge of Sinners to clothe again in garments of virtue and spiritual comeliness souls redeemed and brought back to His own blessed life by her beloved Son.

For this, no means, after the divinely ordained channels of Holy Mass and the Sacraments, are more efficacious than the Rosary, signifying, as it does, the devout study of Jesus in Mary, the earnest prayer to our Heavenly Father in the name of His own dear Son, and the copious blessings of the Holy Spirit bedewing hearts that before had been as earth without water unto God.

In this salutary work of rising to the life of Christ, and persevering in it, by loving imitation of His virtues, Mary th-Queen of May and our Lady of the Rosary, is our most powerful aid and advocate. It is, therefore, a rich privilege tha Rosarians enjoy; and during this presenmonth, while the Paschal joy lingers, an we are specially reminded of our hombeyond in the going up of the Maste Himself and in the coming down of th-Comforter, which we shall commemoratwhile this May will be with us, in the glorious mysteries of the Beads-the Ascension of our Lord, and the descent of the Holy Ghost-the children of our Lady should build for themselves even unto the Throne of Grace, a mystic ladder, as was prefigured by that which Jacob saw; and

on this ladder they should keep busily engaged, ministering angels who are servants of our Heavenly Queen, carrying to her their hearts' loving Aves, their souls' devout prayer, and bringing back to earth, to bless and to refresh them, the gifts and strength that will be Mary's answer to their Rosary petitions.

In this grace may our May month abound, and may the increasing love of our dearest Lady mean the growing love of Jesus Christ. May the spread of her kingdom in hearts true and pure, signify the advancement of His interests, the realization of His Divine cry: "Thy kingdom come," and the assured reign of the Holy Spirit, by love and peace in souls bravely persevering in their precious birthright of Faith, and in unnumbered others who may be called to a happy share with them in fulfilling her own prophecy that all generations shall call her blessed. This is the object of her Rosary-that we may know and love and imitate Jesus, whom the Father has sent through our most dear Lady, in the power of the Holy Ghost. May it also be the triumph of that sacred pledge which, now so long ago, she vouchsafed to S. Dominic as a proof of her maternal tenderness and as an abiding heritage of mercy and love, in Jesus Christ, to all generations.

THE PORTRAIT.

REV. W. D. KELLY.

There is a portrait on my wall suspended, A quaint old painting of the Virgin's face,

Upon whose features lie together blended and gladness with becoming grace.

even sunlight thro' my window

streaming
A golden halo wreathes around it there,
And as I gaze upon it, Fancy's dreaming
Recalls the legend of her virtues rare.

How when a child, her parents' home forsaking,

She chose God's temple for her dwelling place.

And of the fullness of His love partaking Increased in wisdom and celestial

Her childish voice methinks I hear re-

peating
The holy psalmody King David sung,
Or catch the prayers of eloquent entreating

That fall incessant from her infant tongue.

At Nazareth I see a maiden kneeling, Her inmost heart while fervent prayers control.

With eyes upcast, as tho' God was re-

vealing

Eternal secrets to her virgin soul-The message of her motherhood begun,
And listen to the humble Maid exclaim-

ing,
"What wills the Lord, this unto me be done.

I see again at Bethlehem a stranger An entrance to the village inns denied, er new-born Son reposing in a manger, The dumb beasts standing at His crib beside.

The star I see, which in the East ap-

pearing
The Magi led to the Incarnate Word,
And myriads of angel forms revering
The Virgin-Mother of the Infant Lord.

I see once more at Calvary a Mother Beneath the cross, heart-broken stand-ing there,

Knowing an anguish so intense, no other Than her own soul immaculate could bear-

I see the sorrow written on her features, The silent torture of her heart I know, And recognize, to her of all God's creatures,

Befell the sadness of a mother's woe.

Dear tho' to me these characters of Mary, Her purity, her gentleness and love, Still sometimes as I watch these visions vary

other comes, I prize them all One above

And often when the sky is dark and dreary.

And gloomy shadows veil life's horoscope I love to sit here, when my heart is

weary. And dream of Mary as the Star of Hope.

The sun has set; the halo has departed; But yet the memory of the dream remains,

Gone tho' the glory which the sun imparted,
The portrait all its beauty still retains.

And as the twilight, dusky shadows bringing,

Obscurity across the painting flings, I seem to hear the notes of angels'

And feel the sweeping of celestial wings.

THE SECRET OF GROSSMEISTER CLIFFS.

MARGARET D. O'BRIEN.

CHAPTER XXIX.—THE RETURN.—WON AT LAST.

Some miles from S. Goar, on the Rhine, stood an old castle, surrounded by a large demesne, which, at the time of our story, was for sale. This Mr. Erdhart purchased, and shortly after sold Unspunnen. Carl would not live there, and he could not restore it to Guy. A handsome chapel of "Expiation and Thanksgiving" was erected near the spot where the young Count met his death. Within its walls the holy Mass was daily offered.

S. Goar was to be Guy's ancestral home, and when it was ready for occupation Ida, Guy and the faithful Baubet took up their abode there. The cottage at Thun was leased to an English family.

It was evening. The last beams of a gorgeous sun fell upon a girl that sat on a ledge of rock overhanging the Rhine. Her form was bent, her face buried in her hands, and showers of tears trickled through her brown, nervous fingers. She remained thus for over thirty minutes, when a bold, manly boy came hop, step and leap towards where she sat. His straw hat was slung over his shoulders, his brow heated, his face bright, and his lips were parted. His whole frame was indicative of health and agility. He saw the bent figure, and stopped. With a graver face and slower step he approached and dropped on his knees beside the girl, took her head between his hands and gently lifted her face.

"Poor Lell," he said, in a tone of compassion; "do not fret so. It is better as it

"Hush! hush!" she murmured, drawing her head away. "You can never understand it. They refused to let me to go to prison with him, and now he is gone—gone! and not a word—not a word for Lell! Father! and you all alone—all alone! Found dead in his cell! Think of

it! Guy found dead! O father! father! father!" She rocked to and fro. "They would not let me stay!" she moaned.

"Who, Lell?"

"The men at the prison. They said it was against the regulations. They tore me from him, and locked and barred the door! O my father!"

"But only bad, wicked peo-"

"Father was never bad or wicked to me," she interrupted, with flashing eyes. "Father! father! to die alone—alone!"

"Come, Lell, come home. They want you."

Guy took her by the hand. Docile as a child, she rose at once, and walked with him down the path that led to their home.

Lell Schaefer was near her fifteenth birthday, yet any one would take her to be several years younger, because of her delicate appearance and childish ways. Ida loved her as her own child, and acted as a mother towards her. Since Carl had restored the Urford wealth she petitioned that some portion should be settled on Lell. Mr. Erdhart saw to this, and now that Hans was dead both adopted mother and guardian felt her fortune was secure.

Guy was a fine boy, the delight of all who had to do with him in regard to study and science. Mr. Erdhart was tutor, and he saw that every attention was given to the boy's education. In a few years he would be prepared for the university. He promised his mother great things, and she, in her maternal pride, believed that he could accomplish whatever he resolved.

They had not heard from Wallenstein for years. Baubet said he would come when least expected.

The firm of "Pierson and Co." underwent few changes in the years between the day on which the manager employed Hans Schaefer and that on which he read the report of his sudden death in prison. The years had been lenient to said manager as to the firm, for he too stood well the wear and tear of time.

To-day he was so absorbed in a new case he failed to hear a light tap on his offce door, or to notice the entrance of a tall, foreign-looking man, until his shadow fell upon the paper the lawyer examined. Then, lifting his eyes, he started to his feet, and, with outstretched arms, met the intruder.

"Wallenstein!"

"Pierson!"

"Welcome! A thousand times, welcome home!"

"Thank you, old fellow! You thought me lost?"

"'Pon my word, we did."

"Or eaten up by cannibals?"

"Nothing too wonderful or romantic when we thought of you."

"Hermit? Monk? Dead?"

"Each in turn. But, now, about yourself? When did you arrive? Have you breakfasted?"

"To the second, yes; to the first, last night."

"Are you going to remain?"

Carl smiled. "That depends."

"On what or on whom?" Pierson scanned his visitor's countenance.

"I shall tell you anon. But I interrupt you—I'll call again."

"No, no, no! Come to my bachelor sanctum, and let's have it out in peace. I am old and gray, yet have I the same warm interest in you and your affairs that I had when you were a mere shaver and strode with me o'er Virginia hills."

"Thank you."

The lawyer took his hat. Both stepped to the landing. Mr Pierson locked his office, placed the key in his pocket, then drew a label from a box at hand, fastened it on the door, and, arm in arm, they sauntered to the lawyer's home, where there was no danger of interruption.

"What put in your head to come home?" asked Pierson, when he and Carl were comfortably ensconced in his snug quarters.

Carl looked thoughtful.

"Something wonderful?" queried his friend.

"No, something very simple. Shall I tell you?"

"By all means I want to know."

"I think it may be five or six weeks since I made the resolution to return. That night I was at the Acropolis, seated in the shadows of its beautiful Ionic temple. I sat, and thought, and dreamed. The sound of voices reached me. At first I paid no attention. The voices drew nearer I caught a word, an English word. Immediately my curiosity was aroused. Who were the speakers? I listened. They stood; leaned against the pillar in whose shadow I sat. They were not only English-speaking, but Americans; and not only Americans, but friends-Courtney and Devereux. I could not move, else they would discover me, and as I had already heard the chief item of their subject, I felt no scruple in listening to their odds and ends of opinion of myself. Their appearance, their words, their very tones, awoke an old longing that I thought dead, or worse than dead -hopeless-and which, if what they conjectured were true, was prized by me next to God. That night I resolved to return to test the truth of what I overheard."

Carl paused, his brow contracted. Pierson looked at him, and for the first time noticed that he was wan and haggard, that here and there the sun touched silver threads in the heavy strands of dark hair that he once in a while tossed back from his low, thoughtful brow. "You have not told the matter that brought you," said the lawyer, drawing figures on the table-scarf with a paper-knife.

"No," and Wallenstein looked away, "but I will." After a pause. "Courtney spoke of Miss Bentley, of his disappointed love, he mentioned an evening long ago, I think, while I was on trial, when he declared his love and was positively rejected. He begged to know, it was unfair, he admitted, if he had a rival, if Miss Bentley's affections were already engaged; upon such points she refused to satisfy him. Then he became heated,

forgot himself, brought in my name, referred to my tarnished honor, showed how the world looked upon me and other items not worth repetition, 'and,' continued Courtney, 'the effect which these statements produced lead me to believe that Miss Bentley loves Carl Wallenstein.' I heard no more—they moved."

"Now," and Carl met Pierson's eager

"Now," and Carl met Pierson's eager gaze with a calm, kind look, "these are the words that brought me home—spoken in a moment of unwary confidence in a land far away—words that awoke hopes and painted pictures that a single interview may destroy; and then exile as before."

Pierson was silent, his eyes fixed on a flower of the table-scarf.

"You think me a fool?" remarked Carl.
"No, my boy, no; but your happiness will be sorely tried if Miss Bentley say 'no.'"

"I will try."

"That's right, boy; 'Faint heart never won fair lady,' there is something in that. The sooner the trial is over the better. Last week the Bentleys returned from an extended tour through Europe. They are at home—so Mrs. Stanley told me, and she is an intimate friend."

"Mrs. Stanley! Is Howard married?"
"Why, yes; some months. Did you not know?"

"This is my first information regarding the event. Tell me all about him and my other friends. To begin, who is his wife?"

Mr. Pierson in his own pleasant way ran over facts we already know—suppressing only one item—Mr. Schiller's bequest to Starry. Before parting they arranged to start by the next day's noon for Bentley Hall.

Her tour throughout Europe had served to render the old home dearer than ever to Starry Bentley. The histories, romances and legends attached to foreign hills and vales did not lessen one iota of the affection she gave to the mountains and forests of Columbia's glorious land.

"The grandeur of the New World is sublime," she thought, when the wild loveliness of the Alps, the strange, thrilling beauty of the Swiss cataracts and the solemn peace of the Italian lakes were in turn pointed out for her admiration. She admitted and admired all that they were —but America's were superior. Hence the day that Pennsylvania's whispers bade her "welcome home" her heart was filled with joy and peace.

"Starry seems brighter for her travels," remarked Mrs. Bentley a few mornings after their return.

"It is only the brightness of rest," her husband replied, and turned his morning paper. Mrs. Bentley figured on the cloth with her spoon or sipped her coffee, while her brows perceptibly went up and the corners of her generally pleasant mouth came down. She was a loving wife, devoted mother and excellent housekeeper; beyond these she was a pretty fair interpreter of facial hieroglyphics. She knew that to exercise the first three qualities required utter forgetfulness of self, and she in all cases was faithful. Mr. Bentley! She did not mind if he were not interested in her affairs, but when Starry was in question, her health, her interests, should come before the news of markets, courts politics and scores of items daily recorded. Having reached this conclusion Mrs. Bentley struck her cup with her spoon. Mr. Bentley thought it meant something and would like to make a move, but that would be suspicious, so he became more deeply interested.

"George," she called at length, as she moved her cup aside, "will you spare me a few minutes?"

"Certainly, my dear; as many as you wish." The paper was put aside with alacrity. "Now?"

"You never seem to suppose that our Starry—"

"My goodness!" he exclaimed, as the sound of carriage wheels smote his ears, "who can this be? Excuse me, Helen!" He was at the hall door before the footman.

"Pierson, as I live!" he cried, "and—and who? Not Mr. Wallenstein? It is! How delighted we are to see you both, and to welcome you home, Mr. Wallen-

! Have you had any breakfast?
Bentley, here are ravenous visitors."
Let Bentley welcomed the visitors; she well pleased to see Mr. Wallenstein.
A mother's instinct she suspected digained a place in her daughter's, but in what way he regarded that iter she knew not; on that very she was about to speak when his il interrupted.

er breakfast Mrs. Bentley and Mr. on went to have a look at the ids. Mr. Bentley and Carl were in ibrary alone. The latter thought a favorable opportunity for stating bject of his visit; he was anxious how he would be received by either or daughter. How he was heard to father we may conjecture, since our later he set out to meet the iter who had gone to preside at an ination held in the parish school. ather said, "She may return about 1, probably not before noon."

I went out alone to meet her. He ded on chance and a knowledge of istes to guide him aright in respect e way she would choose. Of the woodland paths that led to the vilhe followed one cut away from the by a turn-gate and bordered with s, wild violets and other flowers. A walk brought him to a clear, shaltream, spanned by a narrow, rough 3; he crossed, again he found sevaths; he observed a kind of picnic a little distance up the stream. he decided to wait, as Starry most would have to cross this bridge; as s he could see there was not an-He had not long to wait; soon r approached. He watched her r; she was much changed—he ht for the better. Much of her cold tiness had disappeared, she seemed easy of approach. She walked and wearily, her garden hat d back from her brow; one arm s basket filled with woodbine and roses, the other hung listlessly by de; she smiled as she walked. She ed the bridge, stood for a moment, d undecided, looked at her watch,

and to Carl's delight turned her steps towards the arbor. He longed to go forward, to let her know he was there, but this might prevent what he wished to accomplish. He had waited and suffered for many years, he would not defer his trial. He waited unseen until the girl stood framed in the entrance.

She started at the unexpected appearance of a stranger and was about to turn away, when he advanced, his hands extended, his face very pale. Starry recognized him and her face became white as his own. She did not extend her hand, nor speak, nor move.

"Starry, my darling, come to me."
Starry hesitated, trembled, her queenly head drooped. Carl approached nearer.
"Come my life's love—I have longed for you." He drew her to him, kissed passionately her brow, eyes and lips. "My darling, my beautiful love," he murmured, "have you not known that since our first meeting I have lived in you and for you, and I would have claimed you only for the cloud that hovered above me. I feel that you love me. I read it a moment ago in your face, in your eyes; speak, my precious; say that you love me."

With a quick, impulsive movement Starry stood erect, her face, that flushed as the rose beneath his kisses, was pale to the lips, while her grey eyes blazed. She placed her hands upon his shoulders and looked upon him with unutterable love as she whispered:

"Carl, I have loved you all these years better than my life." She flung her arms round his neck, clasped him to her passionately for a moment, then cast him from her and sank upon the green bank to hide her head among the woodbine and roses. Carl seated himself beside her, his strong right arm her support, his shoulder her pillow—

"Starry, you are won at last."

"At last, after all the years of waiting and uncertainty."

"How could you doubt me?"

"Doubt you?. No; but what certainty had I? We were both free."

"True, but we understood each other."
"Perhaps! I used to wonder would you ever come back!"

"Ever come back, dearest, and you here!"

"I thought you might forget me, and—" She turned towards him.

"No more, Starry." He pressed his lips

A silence fell upon them—a silence those who love understand and none else may comprehend; it is full and sweet and known to God's angels. And while they mused, the mocking birds sang above them, and the sun in his splendor crossed the meridian.

"The days and months were so long," Starry said.

"They were longer East. I sought novelty, and found ennui; I thought to forget, and every sight and sound brought you back."

"I knew 'forget' came in—why else should you go?"

"To see the country and to distract my mind, because—"

"Yes, because!" Starry laughed; she found it easy to laugh this noon. "You do well to be silent—the because never existed."

"Pardon me, it had its reason to be—a certain young lady was making sad havoc—"

"No, no, no!" Starry pressed her hands to her ears. "Let it pass—tell me of your travels and of the beautiful Greek women."

"Beautiful, they are indeed," said Carl, his eyes twinkling, "and kind and—"

"And you should have remained in Greece!"

"Yes? Then I shall return."

"The best resolution you can make-when will you be ready?"

"To-morrow at the latest. Will you miss me?"

"Not I-miss you!" Starry smiled.

"Some day I will take you to see them."

"I shall be glad—Greece! A dream!"

"Darling, these moments are too precious to be wasted on these."

"But you will tell me?" she persisted.

"I will tell everything that you ask and what you would never dream of asking."

"You know, these Greeks have interest for me, since they have been kind to you."

"Then, darling, we shall cnoose a later time to satisfy your interest and cancel my debt of kindness."

"You laugh at me!"

"Pardon me; consider your wisdom!"

"Oh, you selfish man; you forget all you owe, for sake—" She paused.

"My peerless darling," and Carl folded her to his breast.

"Let us go," said Starry, when her breath returned.

"As you will." Carl took the basket of flowers, but neither moved.

"My mother and father," she remarked, "we must tell them."

"With their consent and approval, I sought you," Carl replied.

"Without argument?"

"Without argument." Carl laughed. Starry's face grew radiant and she, too, laughed. Love and confidence are God's masters in the science of happiness; they accomplish more in a few minutes than ordinary teachers in so many years. The science of hearts is the most abstruse in this mundane world; the art to win and to hold them the most difficult and delicate to acquire.

"What made you think of coming back—and—and—" Starry's beautiful face flushed.

"And of seeking you, darling?" inserted Carl, with a quiet smile.

"Well, yes, if you put it so."

"I will tell you; though you never left me, still this incident brought me home."

Then Carl repeated what he had already told Mr. Pierson, concluding: "Often in the old time I was sorely tempted to tell you all, to cast myself upon your mercy; even though you spurned me, still I would learn what to expect, what to hope; but should it be you loved me and your generosity would rise above all accusation and believe in my innocence despite circumstances, what right had I to cloud your bright life, and perhaps destroy your high social prospects?"

"My noble Carl, even then I loved you and I never could believe any ill of you. But—"

"But what, my beautiful darling?"

"Father and mother and friends might not be so positively satisfied as they are."

"I believe the trial and acquittal alone could satisfy them; it was natural. God bless them for having consented to confide their treasure to my care." Carl's eloquent eyes shone with a love that would live forever, and in his heart he besought God to bless their troth. Starry placed one small hand on Carl's forehead, and looking into his earnest eyes, said slowly:

"Love is a great gift; it is life, pleasure, country—all things in one—so long as it is blessed by God. In Heaven it is perfect. There, too, we shall love."

Then hand in hand they wended their way to the hall, where Mr. and Mrs. Bentley blessed their betrothal.

Such events are ever full of interest for the hearts concerned, ever replete with visions of hope and happiness, whose brightness no sad realities of life can ever affect or tarnish.

Weeks passed swiftly. September 8th, York bells, Starry's native village bells, rang out joyfully. It was a great day for the modest little church of that growing village, and made brilliant for it and the villagers by the marriage in that humble church of their kind benefactress "Miss Starry." How they loved her-these poor, worn mothers, reckless fathers and neglected children; how much she had done for them since she became an heiress; she was in deed and word for them a star of hope and consolation, ever ready to assist them either by her service or her means. In a short time they came to look to her for assistance in every hour of pleasure or pain. No wonder her day was their day; the only shadow they should lose her. Each family was represented at Miss Bentley's early nuptial Mass. Half an hour after the Holy Sacrifice was over Mr. and Mrs. Wallenstein walked to their carriage, preceded by children robed in white, who strewed flowers in their way.

"Symbols, darling," whispered Carl, "of the joys that may strew our path in after years if we be faithful to God." For a second Starry lifted her eyes to his; her lips moved, but he caught no sound; her heart was too full for words.

Many of our old friends assisted at that

Mass. Among them the Barrys, Landrys and Beaumonts, Mr. Pierson and Dr. Thornsby, who both declared they were resolved to die in single blessedness. Harry averred their resolution sprang from necessity, not from choice; they could find no one willing to take care of them, not even for the sake of their wealth.

When Harry bade good-bye to Carl, he whispered: "Be sure to return in three months, I want you to be at my wedding."

"Who is the happy chosen?"

"Miss Wayne." Harry looked shy.

The York evening train heaved away, bearing Starry and Carl on to their new life, while their friends with best wishes and merry laughter wished them "God speed."

We have little more to add. The younger Barry entered a Jesuit novitiate; René Courtney remained in Rome to study art. From a boy he was inclined to this, but his father opposed him; long ago he was of age, so he chose for himself. Now and then a letter from Bertie was a great event in his secluded life, and, what was curious, it always came in the nick of time. Was he troubled, tempted, wavering—the mail arrived bearing a letter from a far-away American nun, and immediately things began to run smoothly-how or wherefore not even the artist himself could tell. don't know how it is," he once remarked to a brother artist, "I never loved her more than a sister, yet she can get me to do anything."

"Say the truth," replied his friend, "she makes a man of you." René shrugged.

Count and Countess Alworth lived on between London and Thun, the Count absorbed in manly sports, the Countess given to charity, a great deal of amusements, withal good, and by her example leading many to a better mode of life. Herr Sternbach lived on to a happy old age, ever devoted to Carl and to the Countess; he proved by his actions that old friends had for him greater charms than the new.

THE END.

PENTECOST.

MOTHER FRANCES RAPHAEL DRANE, O. P.

"Give quiet times"—so breathes the Whit-sun prayer;*
Ask we in those sweet words for earthly

rest?

Some pleasant nook where we may build our nest,
The dear home circle, and the vision fair,

Calm joys, long years, with loving hearts to share?

Ask we from weary struggles to be free, Defeat and failure never more to know, 'Neath sunny skies our little bark to row

To some green islet on a summer sea, Where peace may reign, and sorrow far may flee?

Ask we that Death no more shall inter-

pose His parting hand to drown our days in tears?

That age may keep the joys of younger

years,
O'er chill December bloom the July rose,
And life flow on, still fragrant, to its close?

Vain were the thought! It is not this I

pray, Nor these the "tranquil times" my heart

would claim;
There is a peace no mortal tongue may name; Deep in the inward soul it makes its stay,

Man cannot give that peace nor take awav.

It smiles through suffering, and abides in

pain,
It is the kingdom that it reared within,
To rule the tempest, and to quell the din

Of pride and passion: where that peace holds reign

God's saints declare "a rest doth still remain."

Oh, that such blessed rest might come to me!

Give me a peace that passes worldly joys!

Give me a silence from the jarring noise Of wills and wishes, that my heart set free May find its only rest, sweet Lord, in Thee!

Forgive us now our sins and grant us quiet times.

†There remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people of God.—Hebrews iv:9.

GOOD-NIGHT.

ALONZO RICE.

Good-night, and may God bless you is my prayer.

The moon goes down . . . may guardian angels keep

Their watch and ward above you while

you sleep,
And may the faithful fays of fortune fare
Around your pillow as they softly bear
The boon for which so many wake and

weep;

For I would have not any tears to steep The roses that your cheeks at parting wear. May no rude storms assail. May only wings

Of faring doves against your casement beat.

With fond reports. I pray the wind that springs

From tropic lands, and filled with odors sweet,

To visit you with balsam that it brings. Good-night, and may God bless you I repeat.

^{*}Dimitte nunc peccamina et da quieta tempora.—From the Breviary Hymn for Pentecost.

THE ROSARY IN ART.

THE ASCENSION.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

God is gone up with a shout, Alleluia; and the Lord with the sound of a trumpet, Alleluia, was the song of David as the Ark of the Covenant was borne to Mount Zion, and the Church repeats the triumphant ejaculation in her office of the Lord's Ascension into Heaven.

It is with ever-increasing wonder as we study the Four Gospels, that we note the brevity with which the incidents in our Lord's life are narrated by the Evangelists. Neither Saint Matthew nor Saint John describes this closing event of the Ascension, with so many wonderful and beautiful circumstances to commend it to the imagination. Saint Mark, in the last verse but one of his Gospel, says, briefly: "And the Lord Jesus, after He had spoken to them, was taken up into Heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God." Saint Luke says: "And He led them out as far as Bethania" (which is understood as Mount Olivet) "and lifting up His hands He blessed them. And it came to pass, whilst He blessed them, He departed from them, and was carried up into Heaven." This same Evangelist, Saint Luke, in his Acts of the Apostles, which may be considered the sequel of his Gospel, speaks more fully: "And when He had said these things, whilst they looked on, He was raised up, and a cloud received Him out of their sight. And as they looked steadfastly on Him going up to Heaven, behold two men stood by them in white garments, who also said: Men of Galilee, why stand ye looking upto Heaven? This Jesus, who hath been taken up from you into heaven, shall come so as ye have seen Him going into Heaven." And this is all we find of this event in these precious books, save, indeed, the predictions of our Lord Himself more or less hinting at this

glorious consummation of His Passion. And yet the mind of Christendom has ever had this miracle of the Lord's Ascension before its eyes clothed with a beauty in which our humanity is not wholly lost in the Godhead; in which the human Heart of Jesus has carried the world for which He died, with all its woes and sorrows and manifold necessities, into Heaven, so that we can appeal to that Heart as akin to ourselves.

Standing in the loveliness of a May morning on that Mount Olivet with its name of peaceful significance, the personality of the risen Jesus must have come before His disciples with a charm never before realized even by Peter and James and John, who were witnesses of His Transfiguration, blinding as that was in its awful splendor. Now, all is benignity, and the tenderness of His affection for those disciples, persisting to the last in their worldly expectations, is manifest, as He lifts up His hands and blesses them: for, while his hands are still outspread, He rises gently from their midst; rises, rises, before their wondering eyes, their lips dumb with astonishment; rises into the blue of Heaven until a bright cloud receives Him out of their sight! How their eyes must have longed for one more sight of that benignant face, of those hands outspread in blessing! How their vision must have been strained, their hearts, at last, aching with the sense of loss, when, as if sent by Himself for their consolation, two angels draw their eyes to earth again, and the word of cheer brings back to their memory all this beloved Master had said to them to prepare them for His departure, and they return to Jerusalem, "adoring," as the _vangelist says, "with great joy, praising and blessing God."

In his parting instructions the Lord had "Stay ye in the city"—that is, in said: Jerusalem-"till ye be indued with power from on high." How carefully all the instructions and commands of this beloved Master, now removed from their sight, are fulfilled by these, so often, hitherto, obstinate disciples! The Cenacle, sacred room in which had been celebrated the last passover, drew their willing feet, and there, with the Virgin Mother as their adviser, assembled not only the eleven apostles, but all those faithful disciples who had followed Him to Mount Calvary, and lastly to Mount Olivet; the joy of His Resurrection and of His glorious Ascension never dying out of their hearts; their praises united to the acclamations of joy which had welcomed the God-Man, with His five roseate wounds, to His place at the right hand of His Eternal Father.

It was this record, so eloquent in its brevity, which became the heir-loom of Christian imaginations in the first age, enriched, as we must believe, with the oral descriptions of that scene on Mount Olivet from Apostle and disciple, who could never have wearied of reciting, to adoring listeners, the story of our Lord's Ascension. Still, this subject does not seem to have been treated by the early artists. Like the Crucifixion, Entombment and Resurrection, it waited for another phase of artistic conceptions. Even in the subterranean church of Saint Clement, where the Crucifixion, Resurrection, Descent into Limbo, and even the Assumption of our Lady are found, we miss any representation of our Mystery. We may, however, suggest that, as the subjects we mention are on crumbling stucco. the Ascension may have fallen before the others were discovered. The early ivories, however, and the miniatures in the missals and antiphonals, those precious links in the chain of art, showing its vital continuity in all ages, treat the Ascension in a way to prove inspirations to all succeeding artists, and to Giotto, in this instance, as in many others, we owe the fusing of the Scripture narrative, all the most beautiful traditions, on the walls of that treasure house of Christian art, the Arena Chapel at Padua.

The first glance at the picture shows the vacant space on which the Redeemer had stood on the rounded summit of the Mount. Around it, precisely as they must have stood when listening to Him, are the eleven Apostles, six on one side, five on the other, the Blessed Virgin at their head, all kneeling and following the flight of their ascending Lord with intensest love and adoration, while two angels stand between the groups, pointing to the fleeting form of their Master, His face turned heavenward, the hands raised as if meeting with joy the hands of His Heavenly Father, the sloping figure with its mandorla of glory giving the action of ascent, like the flight of a bird in air, while the light cloud which received Him out of the sight of His adorers on earth, clings to His feet and the hem of His tunic. On either side of this exultantly ascending figure are two lines of saints, ascending with Him, their hands raised toward Him in adoring joy. The whole picture must have been conceived and executed under a vivid realization of the Mystery as an event, almost a present reality, which was one of the characteristics of Giotto's genius.

One of the most beautiful compositions by Taddeo Gaddi in the upper, pointed arches of the celebrated Spanish chapel in Santa Maria Novella, Florence, represents the Ascension. We see the rounded summit of the mountain with its olive trees, the Apostles in line on either side of the Virgin Mother, all kneeling, and with every variation of love, astonishment, adoration and grief, (for one is turning from the sight as if too much to Je borne), on their faces and in their gestures. Only the Virgin Mother, kneeling directly below the ascending figure of her Son, kneels immovable, her hands crossed on her breast as if in a trance, her eyes fixed on her Lord and ours, as He passes out of her mortal sight. On the extreme right ad left of the line of the Apostles stand the two angels in white who have come to instruct and console them. Above the olive trees are groups of rejoicing angels, some with their musical instruments. filling the air on each side of the mandorla of glory in which is the Redeemer, the wounds on His feet and extended hands plainly to be seen, His right hand giving a blessing to those He is leaving orphaned, as it were, below Him, His tunic and mantle sown with stars, His head crowned with its cruciform nimbus, all as if He were, indeed, "entering into His glory." Our Mystery may be said to have inspired one of Taddeo Gaddi's masterpieces.

But on the "Grand Ascension," as it is entitled by his admiring countrymen, the memory rests with a depth of contemplation which belongs especially to Perugino to inspire. It might be hard to say why, unless we attribute this quality of the composition to the mind of the artist himself.

Fronting the spectator stands the Virgin Mother, with that grace of mingled modesty, of dignity, of rapture, in the pose which belongs to Perugino as an endowment of piety as well as of genius; the hands joined at the finger tips, the head thrown upward with a sweet expression of longing love for the Son leaving her so gloriously. At her right stands Saint Peter, in one hand the key of his primacy, but the other is raised high above his head, in admiring astonishment, ardent I-ove, almost of deprecation, that his Lord should leave them thus. It is Peter, such s no other artist has known how to conceive him; the Peter of the Transfigura-Lion, of the washing of the feet; not one Character line lost, and still it is Peter lorified, the most attractive figure in the wo groups. Saint Paul, with the sword • his martyrdom, and book of epistles, and scholarly head, stands at the left hand of the Blessed Virgin, which shows that this treatment of our Mystery by Perugino is an ideal one; Saint Paul, looking out of the picture, not on the ascending Christ. The beauty of all these heads, with their different expressions, invites a lingering study, for all are individualized so that we can easily recognize Saint Andrew, the first of the Apostles and brother of the ardent Peter, whose head we see between Saint Paul and Saint James. Saint John, beardless indeed, but with his Gospel under his arm and a something in his look which reminds one of its opening verse, which has a grandeur which has given him the eagle as his symbol. In the other group, next to Saint Peter, is the gentle Philip, whose personal love for his divine Master shows through so many events narrated in the Gospels, and also in the Acts of the Apostles; and all this is manifest in the face and adoring hands turned so lovingly towards his ascending Lord.

A lovely landscape is seen between these figures. The distant mountains, however, appear below these apostolic heads, only the near olive trees above them; the turf on which the figures stand is enameled with tiny vernal blooms, while between the Blessed Virgin and Saint Peter springs the tender iris with bud and blossom, the lily, which the Florentines love so well and even cherish as their symbol.

I'his is our earth at the hands of Perugino. What is that vision which he gives us above? A vision and yet a reality. Within a mandorla of cherubs' heads-no smiling infants, not even playful angels, but serious in their never-to-be-told sweetness—the feet of the ascending Redeemer rest on a light cloud. Two angels point to Him as they seem to speak to the group below, but do not touch the ascending mandorla, while four angels of surpassing loveliness, two on each side, standing on clouds, celebrate with voice and harp and viol the wonders of this Mystery, and prepare our minds to anticipate the resounding praises of Heaven.

But the Lord Himself? Within this mandorla, as we have said, is the radiant figure, the impassable body, bearing the five wounds, all to be seen—in the hands, the feet, the uncovered side. The right hand gives the blessing to those He is leaving on the earth to be witnesses to Him even unto martyrdom; but the left hands points upward to the eternal joys of Heaven, to which He invites them as true followers of Himself on earth. But the head, how shall we express its benignity in words? The eyes turn on those below Him, as if the grief of their hearts in this parting were also His own; the yearning of the God-Man for the creatures whom He has not only created but redeemed with His own most precious Blood! Never has this yearning of the Heart of Jesus been expressed by tranced saint or enraptured devotee as in this representation of our Lord in His Ascension at the hand of Perugino. It has even been hinted by Lord Eastlake, in his "History of our Lord," that the grandeur of the composition has been injured by this expression of the human Heart of Jesus toward His creatures. But we who adore that human Heart, recognize the meekness which is one of the most touching attributes of the God-Man, of "the Word made flesh and dwelling among us."

And we, who meditate also on this glorious Mystery as we recite the Beads, touch with reverent fingers our rosary, how are we to respond to its special graces? All of us are so poor in a personal love of our Lord; all of us cling to this world which we see with our eyes, and we dread the passing into that other

world, even with its eternity of joys. We may speak of it in health with a certain consoling anticipation, but when sickness comes, and the shadows of the Valley of Death gather around us, an unspeakable dread comes over us. We say to ourselves: "Passion of Christ comfort us!" But that Passion is too much for our strength; even the Resurrection, by reason of that tomb for a background; but the Ascension! Let us nourish our imaginations with this reality of our Lord's Ascension; let us whisper to Him, "Draw me, that I may run after the odor of Thine ointments." Let us cherish in ourselves a desire for Heaven, for the personal presence of our Redeemer, for in this way the saints overcame that dread of death which may be regarded as an instinct, and in desire we shall ascend to Him who, clothed in our humanity, sits at the right hand of the Eternal rather in all the glory of the Beatific Vision, which we were created to behold.

A PRAYER.

LORENZO SOSSO.

O Thou in whose eternal power I place my faith and trust, I realize it every hour That I am but of dust.

That I am formed alone of clay Whose life is but a span; Though everlasting seems to-day The soul that makes me man.

The soul that gave me light to see, And gives me thoughts to speak; Making of my impiety A thing both base and weak.

I seek Thee, God, in pure belief, In faith that makes men strong; Not in a tragedy of grief Enacted in a song. I seek Thee through communion wise With holiest of men; In Books revealing prophecies Penned by no mortal pen.

I seek Thee in remotest fields Of planet-peopleu space; Or in what life to reason yields Of Love and Hope and Grace.

I seek Thee in the fern or flower, Within the seed of fruit; Not making energy the power Creator absolute.

I seek Thee in whatever mould
I dream Thou mayest be;
Whose mighty purpose worlds unfold
Through all eternity.

O lead me outward from the dark, And guide me in my need; If I am only, God, a spark, Be Thou a sun indeed!

DOMINICANS IN CALIFORNIA.

SISTER M. ALOYSIUS, O. P.

v.

Following the long period of temporary labor in S. Brigid's and S. Francis', San Francisco, the unsettled condition of affairs which had delayed the permanent location of our Fathers was terminated by the assignment to them of an opening in "the Western Addition," then a stretch

by the generosity of the people of San Francisco, were rewarded, after years of patient waiting.

On November 13, 1887, the feast of the Patronage of our Lady, Archbishop Riordan dedicated the new S. Dominic's, which is justly regarded as one of the the largest and finest churches on the Pacific Coast. The exterior and interior of sand dunes. Courageously the work views of it which illustrate this article of starting anew was undertaken, and on show how noble a structure Catholic piety



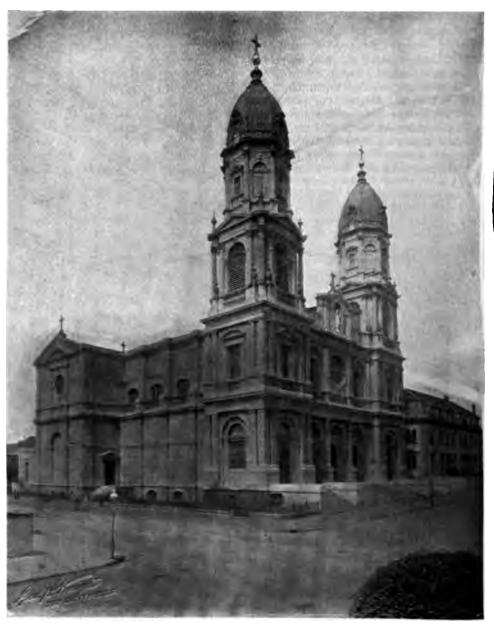
THE ORIGINAL'S. DOMINIC'S OF SAN FRANCISCO.

June 29, 1873, Archbishop Alemany dedicated the humble wooden church which still stands on Pine street, and of which we present to our readers an illustration.

In due course of time the population in the neighborhood of S. Dominic's had so increased that it was found necessary to provide a more spacious church. The zealous labors of the Fathers, encouraged

and liberality raised to the glory of God, even in the early days of San Francisco's city life.

The style of architecture according to which S. Dominic's Church is built is that of the Italian Renaissance. The walls are very massive, being nine feet thick for a distance of thirty feet from the floor. On approaching the granite steps in front,



EASTERN VIEW OF S. DOMINIC'S, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

one is struck with the great size and harmony of the parts. The five large entrances, three of them twelve feet in width, are arched. In a niche midway between the towers, which rise on either side to a height of two hundred feet, is placed a statue of S. Dominic, made of Carara marble and of heroic size. The towers are crowned by octagonal domes.

Below, the church is simple and severe, but as the eye passes upward the work gradually becomes more elaborate and ornate.

On entering the building we find ourselves in a vestibule extending the entire width of the church. On the right hand are stairs, leading to the organ gallery,



VIEW OF S. DOMINIC'S PRIORY SAN FRANCISCO.

and on the left the Baptistery. On passing through the glazed doors one is struck by the appearance of vastness. The length of the nave is one hundred and eight feet, the width of the transept is one hundred and thirty feet, and the width of the nave between the wall is eighty-nine feet.

The interior is unencumbered by columns the five altars can be seen from every part of the church. The nave has four bays of the Tuscan order, in the arches of which are the beautiful Stations

of the Cross. The transepts measure two bays in width and one in length. In each transept is an apse with altar. One bay more beyond these brings us to the arch of the sanctuary, with a chapel on each side. The sanctuary and choir are sixty feet deep and thirty-nine feet wide. Over and enclosing the high altar is a Baldachino forty-nine feet high, and in the composite order, surmounted by a dome. In the center at the rear is a statue of S. Dominic, and at the four corners are figures of angels. A screen behind separates from the sanctuary the choir of the Community, which is in the large apse behind the altar.

The ceiling of the church, coned from all the walls and in the central panelled, is sixty feet high.

The altars are of Italian marbles and onyx. The tabernacle is of gilt metal and onyx. The side altars are dedicated to the Holy Name, to our Lady of the Rosary, to S. Joseph and S. Thomas Aquinas. In the transepts are life-size statues of S. Catherine of Siena and S. Rose of Lima.

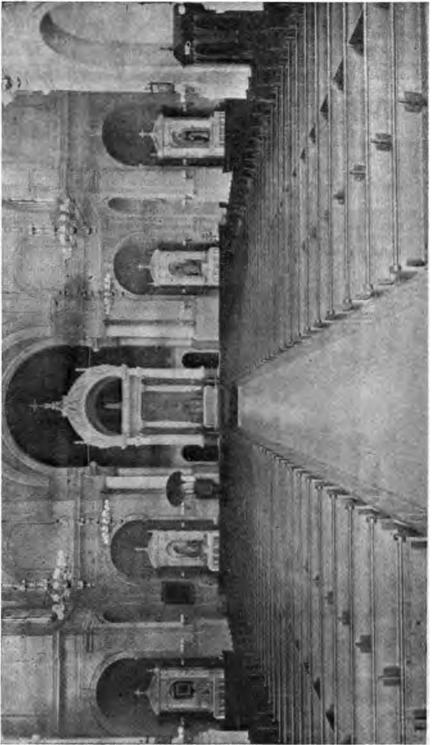
The church is lighted by windows of stained glass, representing different Saints of the Order. From an artistic standpoint the designs of the windows are really meritorious. At night the church is lighted by chandeliers, both for gas and electricity.

One of the finest pipe organs in the United States has recently been built for S. Dominic's. It is remarkable for its fine tone, power and peculiar force of certain stops. Its gilt and painted pipes, arranged within a casing of quarter-oak, add to the general beauty of the church. The organist is a musician of established name, and the choir ranks high in San Francisco.

The plans of this beautiful church were drawn by Father Raymond Johns, but mainly to the untiring energy and labor of Father Thomas O'Neill, who was Prior at the time of its construction, is due the success in raising the necessary funds for its erection. Although the priory adjoining the church is not of brick, it is a substantial building, and, with the church, occupies the entire block on Steiner street.

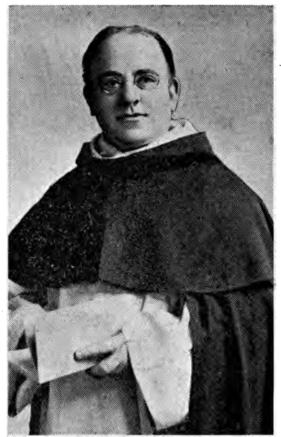
It will be of interest to our readers to

INTERIOR VIRW OF PRESHNT S. DOMINIC'S, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



note the series of Priors who have presided over the affairs of S. Dominic's. Father Pius Murphy became the first Prior in February, 1876. He was succeeded after three years by Father Benedict McGovern, who had previously served as Vicar during three years. He was followed by Father Thomas O'Neill, who held office for two terms or six years. The subsequent incumbents were Father

this State. In 1889 the late Archbishop Gross had appealed to the Superior of the Dominicans to send members of his Order to labor for the welfare of souls in the archdiocese of Portland. The wishes of the good Archbishop could not at that time be gratified; but, at repeated and urgent demands, several members of the missionary staff went to Portland in 1893. The foundation received the appro-



THE VERY REVEREND PIUS MURPHY, O. P., FIRST PRIOR OF S. DOMINIC'S, AND PRESENT VICAR-GENERAL OF THE CONGREGATION OF THE MOST HOLY NAME.

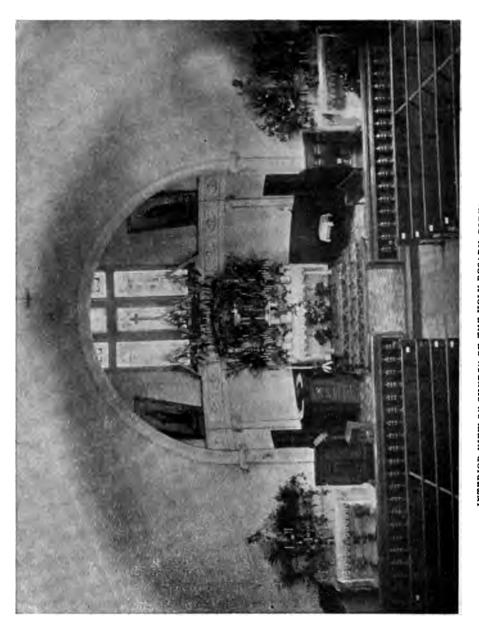
Riley, Father McGovern (a second time) and Father Reginald Newell.

In 1887 S. Dominic's, without losing its conventual character, became a parochial church.

The foundation of the church of the Holy Rosary, Portland, Oregon, was begun in 1893 by the Dominican Fathers of

Patrick Callaghan, Father Alphonsus bation of the Master-General of the Dominican Order, and also the authorization of the Holy See.

The site at first selected for church and convent was exchanged for the more favorable spot in Holliday's Addition. The present situation is on high ground in the vicinity of the various electric roads of Portland. The church is a sub-



INTERIOR VIRW OF CHURCH OF THE HOLY ROSARY, PORTLAND, OREGON.

stantial frame building, 103x52 feet, so constructed as to be made available for school purposes should the needs of the congregation require in future a larger edifice for church service.

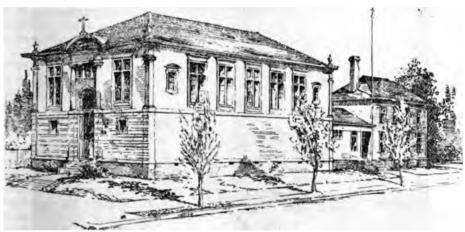
On the occasion of the dedication, May 28, 1894, Archbishop Gross expressed his joy at having secured the services of the sons of S. Dominic for his diocese.

Since the Dominican Fathers have settled in Portland they have given more than seventy missions and retreats in Oregon, Washington and Idaho. In fact, their time and attention are at the disposal of the people in all matters not strictly parochial. They are also called

a colony to San Francisco. Their work has since developed in a singularly happy manner, nor is it confined to the original purpose.

The following succinct account of their foundation has been kindly furnished by one of the members of this congregation:

"It is now more than twenty-four years since the Dominican Sisters of the Congregation of the Holy Rosary began their educational and charitable work on the Pacific Coast. During this time they have labored quietly, but earnestly, ever setting the first and highest value upon that progress which tends to the moral greatness and eternal happiness of their pupils.



CHURCH AND PRIORY OF THE HOLY ROSARY, PORTLAND, OREGON.

upon from time to time to assist or substitute for the local clergy of the diocese.

The labors of the Fathers have met with the appreciation of the people, who are untiring in their efforts to beautify the church of the Holy Rosary.

The beautiful new organ secured by their generous subscriptions is in itself a testimony of their interest. The choir is among the best in the city of Portland.

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In 1876 Archbishop Alemany introduced to California another branch of Dominican Sisters, who have since been formally organized as the Congregation of the Holy Rosary. The Archbishop had in view the special needs of the German-speaking portion of his flock when he invited the German Dominicanesses of New York to send

Their first foundation was in San Francisco, whither they came, from the Convent of the Holy Cross, Brooklyn, New York at the oft-repeated request of Most Reverend J. S. Alemany, O. P., at that time incumbent of the Archiepiscopal See of San Francisco.

"The first community numbered but three religious, all of whom are still living and actively engaged in the duties of their vocation.

"The Sisters arrived in the month of November, 1876, and three days afterwards opened the parochial school attached to S. Boniface Church, Golden Gate Avenue. The school was located in the basement of the building, and counted but forty pupils. Their ranks, however, increased from year to year till, at the present time,

ceived fresh accessions from the novitiate which was established about this time, so the work begun by the patient labors of the Sisters has assumed such magnitude that a handsome brick structure, costing *\$20,000. has replaced the original school quarters, and the number of pupils has reached five hundred.

"To keep pace with the constant growth of the school, it became necessary to add to the number of the teachers. Accordingly, in 1878, two more religious from the mother house in Brooklyn joined their Sisters in California, and in 1881 two others arrived. Soon, also, their numbers re-

"During the succeeding five years the labors of the Sisters were divided mainly between their two schools and the training of candidates in the novitiate.

"The next six years were marked by

mumber of foundations which we shall mention in their proper order.

"In the year 1888 the Sisters opened S. Joseph's Parochial School, in Portland, Oregon; in the year 1889 S. Catherine's Parochial School and Orphanage for boys under ten years of age, at Anaheim, Orange County, California, and also the Parochial School of the Immaculate Heart of

Mary, in Albina, Oregon; in the year 1890, the Sacred Heart Parochial School, in East Los Angeles, California; in the

year 1891, the Josephinum, an orphan asy-

CONVENT AND ACADEMY OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, SAN FRANCISCS, UNDER DIRECTION OF DOMINICAN SISTERS OF THE HOLV ROSARY CONGREGATION.

that it was no longer necessary to rely upon the Mother House to provide subjects for the California mission.

"Their work continuing to prosper, in the year 1883 the Sisters erected a commodious convent on Guerrero street, near Twenty-fourth, San Francisco, which is at present the Mother House, and to which a boarding and day school is attached. The beginning here was also small, but this school, too, steadily prospered, and to-day has an attendance of three hundred pupils.

lum in the historic old town of Mission San Jose, the site of the mission founded by the Franciscan Fathers in 1797; in the S. Joseph's Parochial School, in Angeles, was founded; in the year 1892 Los Angeles, was founded; in the year year 1892 S. Joseph's Parochial School, in San Francisco, and the same year S. Elisabeth's Parochial School, in Fruitvale, Alameda County, California.

"With the passing years the little community of 1876 has grown into a congre-

gation of over one hundred members, who are in charge of these various schools and orphanages, in which more than two thound children are receiving a Christian

education.

JOSEPH.

EMMA HOWARD WIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

The lad who tended the flocks leaned upon his staff, his eyes fixed thoughtfully upon the misty hills in the distance. His eyes were gentle and innocent, his cheeks had the delicate coloring of a girl's, there were gleams of gold in his silky-brown hair. His slender, boyish form made a spot of brilliant color against the green of the meadows and the white wool of the sheep, for he wore a coat woven of many different hues.

"All day have I pondered in my dreams," he murmured. "They come to me in my sleep and abide with me in my waking hours. I shall tell them to my father; he is older and wiser than I and can, perhaps, tell what the dreams forebode."

He straightened his slim shoulders and pushed back the soft hair from his brow with something like a sigh of relief.

"Those dreams, it does seem to me, were not sent for naught," he said. "But the sun grows low in the heavens; 'tis time to drive homeward the flocks."

"Joseph! Joseph!" cried a childish voice, and over the brow of the hill came a little lad carrying in his arms a lamb.

"Benjamin, what has befallen thee?" asked Joseph. "Thy garments are soiled and torn. thy hands cut and bleeding."

The child lifted his sweet, fair face, framed in curls of bright gold, to his brother's.

"Oh, brother, see my poor lamb!" he cried. "I fear it is hurt. This morning it was missing from the flock, and all day I have searched for it. Only a little while ago I discovered it caught in some bushes over the side of the precipice. I tore my garments and cut my hands in rescuing my poor little lamb. It was my own pet lamb, brother. The mother died when it was but two days old, and I have cared for it ever since. See, brother, how its white

breast is torn; its wool is stained with blood.

"Lay thy lamb upon the grass, my Benjamin," said Joseph, "that I may see its wounds."

The lad obeyed, placing the lamb gently upon the grass. Joseph knelt down and laid his hand gently upon the soft breast. The beautiful, pathetic eyes looked up into his face for a moment and then softly closed. Joseph arose and drew the child Benjamin to his breast.

"Thy little lamb is dead, my Benjamin," he murmured, gently.

Benjamin clung to his brother, while the tears fell over his rose-hued cheeks, and his small breast heaved with sobs.

"My Benjamin, thy grief makes sad my heart," said Joseph, as he smoothed tenderly the little lad's curls. "But, see, here come our brothers, Simeon, Ruben and Juda. Dry thy eyes, my Benjamin; our brothers look not well pleased that we have tarried."

Benjamin lifted his head and wiped away his tears. The three young men had drawn near. Simeon, who was tall and strong and dark-skinned, looked frowningly at Joseph, and said:

"Why hast thou tarried here, Joseph, thou and the child Benjamin? Seest thou not that the sun has nearly set and it be long past the time to drive homeward the flocks? We came to search for thee while Zabulon and Issachar go onward with the herds. Speak, boy, why hast thou tarried? Thou thinkest, no doubt, that our father will not chide thee because thou art his best-beloved son."

Joseph's head drooped, but he answered not.

"Hast thou, then, no excuse to offer?" cried Simeon, angrily. "Speak, boy!"

"Nay, nay, brother, be not harsh with the lad," said Ruben, who was fairer of face and slighter in build than his brethren. "Thy harshness does scare away his wits. Speak, my lad; no doubt thou hast some good reason for tarrying and neglecting thy flocks."

"See!" cried Juda, pointing to the dead lamb, "'tis ill indeed that the boy, Joseph, tends his flocks. Let us strip from his shoulders his fine coat of many colors and chastise him as he deserves."

He advanced threateningly upon Joseph, followed by Simeon. Ruben stood apart with troubled brow. Joseph lifted his gentle eyes and looked quietly into their angry faces, but he neither spoke nor moved. As Simeon's hand fell heavily upon his shoulder, with a cry Benjamin ran forward and threw himself before Joseph.

"No, no, my brethren, thou must not hurt Joseph!" he cried, "for he has done no wrong. 'Tis my own pet lamb that is dead. I found it but a little while ago over the side of the precipice, wounded and bleeding, and I came with it to Joseph. 'Twas because of me that he tarried. Therefore, my brethren, it is Benjamin thou must chastise."

As he spoke he slipped the robe from his white, childish shoulders. The silken curls clung caressingly to the tender flesh. The small face had grown very white, but there was no sign of fear in the blue eyes which looked up unflinchingly into the lowering faces of his brethren. As Simeon and Juda looked irresolute and somewhat abashed, Ruben stepped forward.

"Enough of this!" he cried. "The lads have done no wrong, and thou shalt chastise neither of them."

"Dost think we would lay rough hands upon the child Benjamin, Ruben?" said Simeon. "But with the lad Joseph 'tis different." And he looked darkly at Joseph, who was drawing Benjamin's robe tenderly about the child's shoulders.

"Ay, I know that thou and thy brethren hate him because he is the best-beloved of our father," replied Ruben, in a low voice. "But, again, I say that he has done no wrong, and thou shalt not chastise him. But let us delay no longer. The sun has set and darkness will be upon us ere we reach our father's house. Go, get

together thy flocks, Joseph, and I will help thee drive them homeward."

Simeon and Juda turned sullenly away. Ruben went forward to drive up the flocks. Benjamin knelt down beside the dead lamb, and touched caressingly its soft, white wool.

"My poor little lamb," he murmured.
"The wild beasts will come in the night and devour thee."

"Nay, do not fret, my Benjamin," murmured Joseph. "The wild beasts shall not devour thy little lamb, for I will carry it home on my shoulder, and there make it a grave where no wild beast can find it."

"Ah, how good thou art to me, brother," cried Benjamin. "When his shoulders have grown broader and stronger then will thy Benjamin carry burdens for thee. But I fear thou wilt become tired. The lamb is heavy, and thou art not strong like our brethren. Perhaps, after all, no wild beasts will come in the night and eat up my lamb, so—so we will leave it."

"Nay, I shall carry home thy lamb, my Benjamin. And if I grow weary, Ruben will help me, for Ruben is kind of heart."

"Joseph! Joseph!" cried Ruben from the distance.

Joseph turned away to where the sheep were beginning to move slowly forward, a shadowy mass in the dusky faling of the night. The lambs, aroused from sleep and missing the warmth of their mother's bodies, bleated plaintively.

Some faint gleams of crimson still lingered in the west, while in the east a single golden star glittered.

Joseph went forward to join his brother Ruben, while the child Benjamin knelt with the head of the dead lamb in his arms.

CHAPTER II.

"Upon what art thou pondering, my son?" asked Jacob, laying his hand tenderly upon Joseph's shoulder, as the boy sat at his feet. "Thy face is grave, and thou speakest but rarely."

The evening meal was over, and Jacob sat with his sons about him. The boy Benjamin slept, his fair head pillowed on his arm.

Joseph lifted his gentle eyes to his father's face.

two dreams haunt my slumte memory of them abides with plied. "Listen, my father, and ate to thee my dreams. I at I. with my brethren, was aves in the field, and my sheaf : were, and stood erect, while y brethren bowed down before

puldst thou have us interpret boy?" asked Simeon, angrily. thou shalt be a king and rule ethren?"

t," cried Jacob, sternly. "Boy, ther dream."

cain in a dream the moon and s bowing down and worshipsaid Joseph.

linkest thou thy dreams foreson?" asked Jacob, gravely. id thy brothers then worship v could it come to pass that st rule over thy father and thy Thou who art but a mere lad. ould come the power which e thy father and thy brethren vn before thee?"

not, my father," replied Jot it does seem to me that the 'e not idle dreams."

speak of them no more at iid Jacob, as he looked around llen faces of his elder sons. y brother Benjamin; 'tis time our rest."

linkest thou, my brethren, of Joseph's dreams?" asked Simthe old man and his younger retired. "Believest thou that I come when we shall bend the e this best-beloved son of our

st thou ever try to incense thy gainst the boy Joseph, Simenstrated Ruben. "His dreams ow upon a boy's idle fancies. alous of the lad because of our e for him. Come, my brethren, ı at a boy's idle dreams."

her did not so lightly regard ! Juda. "On the contrary, he uch impressed."

said Ruben, "let us go to our

rest. Hast thou forgotten that to-morrow we journey to Sichem to tend there our father's herds?"

. .

The sons of Jacob had driven their herds from Sichem to the fields of Dothain. It was noon, and the brothers were gathered together to partake of the midday meal.

'Go fetch some water from the spring. Zabulon?" said Simeon.

Zabulon took up the pitcher and started for the spring. Suddenly he stopped, and, shading his eyes with his hands, stood gazing towards the east.

"Why dost thou linger, Zabulon?" asked Simeon, impatiently,

"Nepthali, thy eyes are keen and farseeing," said Zabulon. "Look thou towards the east. Is that the form of man or beast that approaches?"

Nephthali arose and looked towards the ARRE

"Perhaps some wild beast menaces our herds," cried Ruben. "Come, let us hasten to protect them."

'Tis no wild beast, but the form of a man," said Nephthali. "Nay, he has not the height nor breadth of a man; 'tis a lad, and he wears a coat of many colors. My brethren, 'tis the boy Joseph who cometh."

"Ah, so the dreamer cometh!" cried Simeon, with a sneer. "Let us kill him. and thus it shall appear what his dreams avail him."

"But what shall we say to our father when he demands of us our brother?" asked Levi.

"We will say to our father that a wild beast devoured his son Joseph," answered Simeon.

"My brethren, thou wilt not take away with thine own hand the life of thy brother, shed his innocent blood?" cried Ruben. "There is a pit near by; cast him, into that, and go thy way, and thy hands will not be red with his blood."

"Ruben speaks with wisdom," said Juda. "Let us not stain our hands with the blood of our brother, but cast him into yonder pit and go our way."
"So let it be," agreed the others.

Joseph, who had now drawn near, per-

ceived his brothers and ran forward, crying eagerly:

"At last, my dear brethren, Joseph has found thee."

Not one of the brethren spoke a word in greeting. The boy's gentle eyes wandered wistfully from one cold, frowning face to the other, and his lips quivered.

"Why lookest thou coldly upon me, my brethren?" he asked. "Have I done aught to offend thee? If so, tell me of my fault, for it was unwittingly committed, and gladly will I make amends."

"Thou hast an apt tongue, boy," said Simeon, "but it will avail thee naught. We have long hated thee because our father loves thee best. He has sent thee to us. Thou shalt return no more to thy father's house."

"What meanest thou?" asked Joseph. "Dost intend to kill me?"

"We shall not shed thy blood, but thou shalt look no more upon the face of thy father," answered Simeon.

"No, no! Surely thou wilt not harm me who has never done thee wrong," cried Joseph.

"We shall place thee in yonder pit and leave thee to perish, but we will not shed thy blood," said Simeon.

"I fear not death, but my heart is sad that my brethren do this evil thing against me," murmured Joseph. "Wouldst thou bow the white head of our father with sorrow? He sent me to thee that I might return to him with tidings of his sons. He and the boy Benjamin watch and wait for my return."

"I have said, boy, that thy apt tongue will avail thee naught!" cried Simeon. "Here, Zabulon, Isaac, Dan, strip from his shoulders his fine coat of many colors, and cast him into yonder pit."

"I shall pray that the Lord will comfort my father and my young brother Benjamin," said Joseph; "also that he will pardon thee, my brethren, this evil deed."

"Away with him to the pit!" cried Simeon. and Zabulon, Isaachar and Dan, having deprived Joseph of his coat of many colors, led him to the pit and cast him in. Ruben now spoke.

"Tis not well that we linger here, neglecting our herds," said he. "Thou speakest with truth, Ruben," said Simeon. "Come, let us return to our herds."

The brethren went away, with the exception of Issachar, Zabulon and Juda, who remained in the vicinity of the pit.

"The boy Joseph has a noble heart," said Juda. "'Tis true that we shed not his blood, but still will his death be upon our heads."

"Thou speakest truly, Juda," replied Issachar. "I care naught for the boy, but I would not that his blood be upon me."

"See!" cried Zabulon. "Some Madianite merchants are approaching. Their camels are loaded with spices which they are carrying into Egypt. What sayest thoushall we take the boy Joseph and sell him to these merchants? Thus his death will not be upon our heads?"

The other two immediately agreeing to this, the brothers drew Joseph from the pit. Then they went forward to meet the Madianite merchants.

A little while later Ruben cautiously approached the pit.

"Joseph!" he cried; "'tis I, thy brother Ruben, come to release thee and return thee to thy father. Reach up thine hands that I may draw thee forth. Be quick, that hou mayst be on the way homeward ere thy brothers return."

Receiving no answer, Ruben leaned forward, and saw Joseph was no longer there. Ruben lingered no longer, but made haste to join his brethren.

"What hast thou done with the boy Joseph?" he asked. "He is no longer in the pit where thou didst cast him."

"We have sold him to some Madianite merchants on their way to Egypt for twenty pieces of silver," replied Juda.

"Sold into slavery thy brother!" cried Ruben, reproachfully.

"Didst thou not say to us, 'Stain not thine hands with the blood of thy brother'?" said Juda. "If we had left him to perish in the pit still would his blood have been upon us. Be not angry, Ruben; thou shalt have thy share of the twenty pieces of silver."

"I will have none of it," cried Ruben.
"Tis accursed—thy ill-gotten silver.

.. hat wilt thou say to our father when he demands of us our brother?"

'We shall kill a kid and dip in its blood Joseph's coat of many colors", replied Juda. "Simeon, Issachar and Levi will carry the coat to our father and tell him that a wild beast did devour his son Joseph."

"Thus wilt thou bow the white head of our father to the dust with sorrow," said Ruben, and he turned away and wept bitterly.

Six times had the sun risen and set since Joseph left his father's house with his face turned towards Sichem. Upon the seventh day Jacob said to the boy Beniamin:

"Watch thou to-day, for it be time for thy brother Joseph to return from Sichem."

So the child Benjamin went out to watch, his heart filled with joy. Some time later he sought his father and said:

"Three forms approach from the direction of Sichem, my father. Tninkest thou that one of them may be Joseph?"

"Ay, and two of his brethren do accompany him," answered Jacob. "Come, let us go forth to meet him."

So they went forth, the old man leaning upon the shoulder of the boy.

"Thou hast young eyes, my Benjamin," said Jacob, when they had proceeded some "Tell me is it my son Joseph distance. who cometh?"

"Alas, no, my father," sadly replied Benjamin. "'Tis my brothers Simeon, Issachar and Levi who draw near."

When the three brothers perceived the old man and the child coming to meet them they paused and looked at each with troubled eyes. Levi, who carried Joseph's coat stained with the blood of the kid, hastened to conceal it beneath his garments.

"Look upon yonder old man and fairhaired child," he said. "Is it not a wicked and cruel thing to bring to them such tidings of woe?"

"Come," said Simeon, "our task will not grow easier by tarrying."

"Why hast thou left thy herds at Siasked Jacob, when his sons drew chem?" near. "Seven days ago I sent my son Joseph to bring me tidings of his brethren. Why has he not returned with thee?"

The three brothers replied not, but stood with downcast eyes.

"Why dost thou not speak?" cried Jacob. "Where is my son Joseph, thy brother?"

Then Levi drew forth the coat and showed it to Jacob, saying:

"Is not this the coat of many colors which thou didst give to thy son Joseph?"

"'Tis indeed "Ay," replied Jacob. the coat of my son Joseph."

"We found the coat near where we tend our herds" said Simeon. "See, there are stains of blood upon it. We fear that a wild beast has devoured the boy Joseph."

Jacob rent his garments, saying:

"Alas! alas! why did I send him forth alone! Joseph, my best-beloved child of my old age!" And the old son. And the old man and boy wept bitterly, refusing to be comforted.

To be continued.

PRAYER OF FRA DOMENICO.

REV. J. NILAN, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

My heart for Jesus' sake to these I gave, My Filipino children in the Lord;

For their dead souls I loved to be a slave, To spread the Freedom of the saving Word.

Beneath the glowing beams of torrid sun Our schools and temples with more glor-

ispelled the clouds which made the heathen shun
The ways of Christ, in which they now delight. Dispelled

Permit not, Jesus, that we lose their love, Or they lose ours for love of earthly gain; Rather draw both to Thine own Heart above In peace and joy eternal to remain.

THE PHILIPPINES ONCE MORE.

G. N. COLE.

The Philippine Information Society of Boston has issued a series of pamphlets containing re-prints of official documents, some correspondence between Aguinaldo and our American Generals, and the opinions of some private citizens. The series includes the following heads:

I. Jose Rizal, the Filipino Patriot: together with an account of the Insurgent Movement of 1896.

II. Aguinaldo: a Selection from his Official Documents, together with the Authorized Accounts of the alleged "Spanish Bribe."

III. The Insurgent Government of 1898.

IV. Our Relations with the Insurgents prior to the fall of Manila, August, 1898.
V. Aguinaldo and the American Gen-

erals, August, 1898 to 1899.
VI. Hoilo: An Episode of January, 1899,
and Incidents leading up to the Outbreak

and Incidents leading up to the Outbreak of Hostilities.

VII. Outbreak of Hostilities, February

4, 1899, and efforts to secure an armistice.
VIII. Efforts at Recognition, October and November, 1899.

IX. Present Condition and Attitude.

The correspondence between Aguinaldo and our Generals peculiarly illustrates the unbounded confidence of the Filipino leader in American honor (?) and the adroit craftiness by which his confidence was betrayed.

The transparent mantle of American charity thrown over the Filipino people reveals the purpose entertained by the Administration—even before Admiral Dewey located the formidable torpedoes in Manila Bay.

The opinons pro and con in the matter of Filipino capability for self-government are many and various. From Blumentritt's pamphlet on "The Philippines" we have the following:

"The excuse that they (the Filipinos) are not ripe for independence is not founded on facts. The Filipinos number more educated people than the kingdom

of Servia and the principalities of Bulgaria and Montenegro. They have fewer illiterate than the states of the Balkan peninsula, Russia, many provinces of Spain and Portugal and the Latin republics of America. There are provinces in which few people can be found who do not at least read. They pay more attention to education than Spain or the Balkan states do. There is no lack of trained men fit to govern their own country, and, indeed, in every branch, because under the Spanish rule the official business was transacted by the native subalterns. The whole history of the Katipunan revolt and of the war against Spain and America serves to place in the best light the capabilities of the Filipinos for self-government. For, even in Polavieja's time, excesses occurred only exceptionally, and they were always punished. The history of the Philippine revolution is not stained with a long series of cruelties like those of the revolutions of the great civilived nations of Europe
* * The existence of a spirit of

discipline and subordination and respect for authority is shown by the morale of the Philippine army and its obedience to Aguinaldo's orders. * * Therefore no one can deny that the Filipinos have more right to form an independent government than many European and American countries."

From Senate Document 62, p. 454, we have the following question put to Mr_John Foreman, and his answer, in his testimony before the Treaty Commission at Paris:

Q.—"What do you say, from what you know, as to these natives being capable of self-government, if left to themselves?

A.—"To speak briefly, I say 'No.' The anative has no expansive ideas; he cannot go far enough to understand what it is to rule matters for the benefit of the commonwealt; he canont get past his own personal interest, or his town at most.

==

I think the greatest length he would go would be his own town. But constructing laws and obeying them, for the benefit of the commonwealth, I do not think he is capable of it at all. I think an attempt at a native government would be a flasco altogether."

In the matter of opinion Mr. Foreman is an evident "flasco," for in the National Review, September, 1900, under the heading "The United States and the Philippines," he formulated elaborate plans for the gradual but conditional relinquishment of control over the islands by the United Statese.

From the report of the Philippine Commission, p. 182, we have the following: "For the bald fact is that the Filipinos have never had any experience in governing themselves.

"Their lack of education and political experience, combined with their racial and linguistic diversities disqualify them, in spite of their mental gifts and domestic virtues, to undertake the task of governing the archipelago at the present time.

"Should our power by any fatality be withdrawn, the Commission believes that the Philippine government of the Philippines would speedily relapse into anarchy, which would excuse, if it did not necessitate, the intervention of other powers, and the eventual division of the islands among them."

We quote modified views of the Commission at a later date: "The civilized and Christianized people, although few in number, include the majority of the inhabitants." (Report, p. 12.)

A truly "expansive" American axiom— "the few" include "the majority."

"The majority of the inhabitants of the Philippines, then, are possessed of a considerable degree of civilization." (P. 16.)

Does the foregoing statement apply to that era of Philippine civilization since its inoculation with American grit?

"In view of the facts set forth, it must be admitted that the average native has never as yet had an opportunity to show what he can do. The attainments of some of his fellows who have had exceptional advantages have been such as to dispose the Commission to credit him with ability of no mean order." (P. 41.)

The reader will draw his own conclusions from these few samples of inconsistent statements. While the Commissioners are touring through the Archipelago upon distortion bent, the intelligent citizen of the United States is gathering facts concerning science, politics, religion and literature of the Filipinos—compared to which our "American institutions" are modern indeed. And, in the matter of accumulating scientific data for future justification of our Filipino brothers, let us make haste lest "other powers" less worthy than ourselves should "intervence."

A THOUGHT.

А. М. Вівву.

How soon they pass!
The happy hours;
How soon they fade!
The lovely flowers;
The flowers fade,
The hours glide,
The wind doth blow,
And the river's tide
Is rushing out to sea.

How sweet the dew!
The flow'rs drink;
What happiness
It is to think
In the spring of life
Those gilded thoughts.
But ah they pass!
And onward rush
As river floweth out to sea.

How soon the flower From bud doth bloom!
How soon each day
To twilight gloom
Returneth.
How soon all pass!
In joy or grief,
To the flowing sea—
All life is brief!

EDITORIAL.

The present May is notable for the richness of its Rosary celebrations. Our readers are requested to observe the special commemorations as announced in the Calendar.

It is with feelings of personal loss that we chronicle the demise of the venerable Sister, Madame Ten Broeck, at the Academy of the Sacred Heart, Eden Hall, Torresdale, Pennsylvania, on March 19.

This esteemed religious sacrificed the associations of youth and ties of kindred by entering the Catholic Church. Responding to the call to the religious life, Madame Ten Broeck became later a member of the Society of the Sacred Heart, and up to her eighty-sixth year labored unceasingly for her heavenly crown. Unusually gifted in music, drawing, painting and literature, this indefatigable worker accomplished much for her neighbors' welfare and the advancement of God's glory.

Contributions from her pen have been numerous and far-reaching in effectual good.

DOMINICANA has been deprived of an honored contributor. May she rest in peace.

The daily press, despite official censorship over telegraphed news, is publishing ugly details of bribery and embezzlement in Manila, as practised by some United States Army officers, to the great discredit of the service, and to the scandal of our "colonial subjects," who are, perhaps, not yet sufficiently tutored in ways American to appreciate, at their full value, these demonstrations of Anglo-Saxon civilization and Yankee morality. Nevertheless, it is sad, sad beyond words.

The meeting of the Catholic educators held last month in Chicago, under the presidency of Monsignor Conaty, marked a memorable advance in the work of the associated Catholic colleges. Some features of the convention we shall consider more fully in our next number.

Brigadier General Funston is likely to get a house in Washington if he keeps up his present chase for strategic fame. His entry into the enemy's camp outdoes that of the Greeks of old in the matter of personal valor. They were secure from Trojan darts in their comfortable quarters inside the wooden horse, but Funston! he was not even on his feet! Yet he captured Aguinaldo!

Aguinaldo, the Filipinos, the Friars, "the inevitable church and convent" throughout the Philippines, are subjects worthy of the traveler's research and the scholar's pen. But the attempt to foist upon the literary public the repeated "hearsay" calumnies of returned American looters, or of well-disposed "captives," will fail on account of its rabid absurdity. Fortunately such books will scarcely go farther than the reviewer's desk. There are opportunities for all to become acquainted with the Uve monk or friar and his work in all climes—a more satisfactory proceeding certainly than to accept the monk or friar as typifled by prejudice.

The recent publications on the Filipinos and their woes by pro-American authors are like so many dictation exercises, differing only in an occasional burst of originality, when the pupil feels that he can surpass the dictator himself in extravagant expression.

The unhappy decline of morality in "public opinion," which has grown out of our iniquitous war proceedings, has not been more acutely accentuated than in the case of the capture of Aguinaldo by Funston. Fortunately, many voices have been raised in protest and in denunciation of an ignoble deed; but the stamp of approval, set upon low cunning and treachery, by the elevation of Funston over the heads of true and worthy soldiers, is an unhappy sanction of a disgraceful affair, as well as a degrading confirmation of the low tone pervading our newspapers—a tone that is demoralizing to our growing youth.

bringing of the Little Sisters of the to California, is one of the most e incidents in the administration of ishop Riordan. The noble charity e devoted women labors for a cause deeply sacred—the cause of the and infirm poor.

young Rosarians acquitted themin a most creditable manner on the on of their Easter Monday perice. The large audience which i the actors in Golden Gate Hall ppreciative and encouraging. We on hearing further good things our Rosarians in ways dramatic. ICANA congratulates the society.

March 30, Archbishop Riordan preat a meeting of ladies held in e's Academy, San Francisco, for the e of devising ways and means for uidation of the debt on the houses Dominican Sisters in his diocese. 'collowing appeal, issued by His requires no comment beyond the that its earnestness and paternal thip were even more emphatically sed in the happy address with the Archbishop welcomed the and bade them God-speed and sucn their efforts to raise a fund of the Sisters' golden jubilee.

S. Mary's Cathedral.

San Francisco, March 30, 1901. he Graduates and Friends of the ican Sisters: The Sisters of ninic will celebrate this year the Jubilee of their arrival in Californ fifty years they have labored midst with a zeal and devotedness all praise. In their schools and iles, they have educated a large of young women, who in every I life are a credit to their teachers honor to society. No Sisters in ocese are more devoted to their and more competent to perform it, nesse Sisters of S. Dominic. They ained and retained the esteem and nof their numerous pupils in a at is alike creditable to teachers pils. At the close of fifty years of nremitting work, they find themburdened with a debt of \$50,000. is to me that it would be a most act of gratitude on the part of

those who owe in a very large measure the formation of their character as educated Christian women, to present on the day of the Golden Jubilee of the Community, a donation in money which would enable the Sisters to meet their obligations and go on with their work free from the burden of debt. I am convinced that if the former pupils and many friends of the Sisters will take this matter in hand, the desired result will be attained. I commend it in the warmest manner to all who were pupils of the Sisters of S. Dominic, and their many well-wishers in this State. It gives me great pleasure to be the first subscriber to the Jubilee Fund.

P. W. RIORDAN, Archbishop of San Francisco.

Archbishop Riordan generously headed the subscription list with one thousand dollars. His heart-spoken words of high approval of fifty years of Dominican labors in California nobly devoted to Catholic education, and his equally heart-felt regret that he could not, of his own means, wipe out the debt hanging over the Sisters, gave a tenfold value to his handsome donation.

DOMINICANA is greatly pleased for this opportunity of making known to its readers the praiseworthy work that has been undertaken under the personal initiation of the Archbishop. Contributions may be sent directly to any of our Dominican Convents—San Rafael, Benicia, Vallejo, Stockton, San Leandro, San Francisco.

The Lenten season of our mission work was happily enriched with special opportunities for the spread of our Dominican Confraternities of the Rosary, the Holy Name and the Angelic Warfare. The mission band, including Fathers O'Connor, Newell, Johns, O'Neil, Netterville and Driscoll, filled engagements in the following churches: S. Agnes, San Francisco, Father W. P. Kirby, Rector; S. Anthony, East Oakland, Father William Gleeson, Rector; All Hallows, South San Francisco, Father Daniel O'Sullivan, Rector, and S. Alphonsus Turibius, Suisun, Father W. P. Quill, Rector. In all of these parishes our Confraternities were erected with the cordial approval of Archbishop Riordan. More than two thousand five hundred were enrolled as

Rosarians, about eight hundred men pledged themselves to the Society of the Holy Name, and almost one thousand children received the Cord of S. Thomas. To the Confraternity of our Lady of Mount Carmel several thousand were also affiliated.

The Congregation of Dominican Sisters known as that of S. Catherine de Ricci, whose headquarters are at Albany, N. Y., have added to their establishments a foundation in Philadelphia. On March 25 their work in that city was formally inaugurated by Archbishop Ryan, who had invited the Sisters to come to his diocese. The Catholic Guild, an admirable organization of charity, social improvement and education, has been placed under the direction of this Congregation, the members of which are specially trained for the work of retreats and for the practical apostolate of "settlements" and other kindred enterprises.

From Havana we have very encouraging advices as to the progress of the asylum and the academy conducted there by this Congregation.

The Lenten work of the Dominicans in Paris was this year emphasized in a delightfully encouraging way by the success of the League for Weekly Communion among men, inaugurated at the Church of S. Thomas Aquinas by Father Coube, and by the splendid demonstration of the Paschal Communion of men in Notre Dame the pulpit of which has been filled by Father Etourneau. The diocesan band of missionaries has also been most effective in its work for the men of the French capital.

Thus while Freemasonry seeks the destruction of the Religious Orders in France, Spain and Portugal, a revival of faith and piety among the men of Paris is a consoling sign.

California is proud to welcome the President of the United States, and our Golden State honors herself in honoring the nation's Chief Executive. But much more blessed would Mr. McKinley's visit be if he came on a message of peace and brotherly love. Alas, that the President of a Republic numbering nearly eighty

millions should cross the continent, in these early days of the twentieth century of the era of Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace, to witness the dedication to the god of war of a mighty engine planned for the wholesale destruction of human life.

The modest sum of six hundred and fifty thousand dollars is being expended upon a marble temple in New York City to be dedicated to the followers of the Christian (?) Scientists. Mrs. Eddy, the mother of Christian Science, avers that "There is only one being. This being is all mind. This being is infinite. Consequently there is no such thing as matter, finite beings or things; no such things as sin, suffering or death."

What spirit moved Mrs. Eddy to assume the name of Christian if there be no sin, no Christ, no redemption?

MAGAZINES.

The Literary Era for April contains a good paper on "Critics and Shams," by William S. Walsh; in his "Old World Themes" Henry F. Keenan makes some spirited comments, on Heinreich Heine aus Scinem Leben und aus sciner Zeit, by Geo. Karpeles. "The Oxyrnchus Papyri," by Sara Y. Stevenson, "An Illustrious Plagiarist," by Eugene L. Didier, "The Jew in London," by Henry Ilowizi, and "The Passing of the Historical Romance," by John Gilmer Speed, are papers evidencing research and careful preparation.

The illustrated book notices for young people, and also those for people who would fain remain young, are charmingly attractive. Sir Oracle holds forth in his usual happy style to listeners wrapt in attentive silence.

Mr. Charles J. O'Malley, formerly editor of The Midland Review, a Catholic journal that deserved to live, contributes to Donahoe's Magazine for April a plea for "Catholic Journals and Journalism," that is likewise an energetic arraignment of our delinquent Catholic public. While there is nothing strikingly new in his paper (the same thoughts have often been spoken), we appreciate the pathetic character of his indictment, and we should

at the cause of religion had been erved, if this article were brought to every Catholic family in the States.

ser's for April is notable in the exsubject matter and variety of its ous articles. The illustrations are riate and artistically beautiful. ditor's Drawer contains bright bits ial humor.

Century Magazine for April conreadable set of papers upon ing subjects. "Romance and Trade,"
hur I. Street; "The Transportation
," by Walden Fawcett; "Trades
in Japan," by Mary Gay Humph"Fashions in Literature," by
Dudley Warner, and "Malaria
ertain Mosquitoes," by L. O.
d, are worthy of perusal. The
tions throughout are excellently
ed.

manner of the recent "looting" of ldo by Funston calls for the exeof every upright citizen and the of every schoolboy—otherwise the t for military fame must eliminate norable idea of manliness. Upon int, Ernest Howard Crosby, in The dent for April 18, writes well:

notable that the defenders of Geninston have as a rule appealed to dier's code of honor as being less it than that which applies to orpeople. A prominent New York ewspaper goes so far as to say exthat actions disgraceful in a prilividual may be glorious in a sol-This line of argument is of itself startling. We have been told for y centuries that the soldier is the stodian of honor that it sounds alasphemous to assert that his idea or is lower than ours. Forgery, n, the violation of the laws of ity, the use of a man's bread and his own destruction, the cultivad reward of the basest treachery human tools and the wanton er of troops drawn up under false itations of peaceful intention, all lings, we are assured, are manly

in the eyes of a soldier, and hereafter we are to look in the military man for the qualities which distinguish the forger, the counterfeiter, the bunco-steerer and the green-goods man. When we think of a Brigadier-General henceforth we must try to picture to our minds a sort of glorified Tombs-police-court detective. It is going to be hard work for some of us whose intellects are of a hopelessly civilian cast; but let us make the effort, or else we shall be left far behind in the march of national development along which the President is leading us.

The Funston episode is only a single event pointing out the general nature of the change in the idea of manliness to which we must readjust ourselves, but it covers by no means the whole of the field. As a nation of mere tradesmen and farmers we have never assimilated the ideals of honor, manliness and glory which distinguish the military peoples. The spirit of West Point and Annapolis has never penetrated into our blood, and the lessons taught there have been too much like voices crying in the wilderness. It is not too late, however. Let us give heed to them now. The Congressional committee which examined into the question of hazing at the Military Academy disclosed some customs among our embryo army officers which the lay mind found it difficult to grasp. The West Point conception of a fight, for instance, is to pick out a raw, untutored "plebe" who scarcely knows his right hand from his left, and stand him up against the best boxer in the corps, and let him take his punishment until he is knocked senseless. Clearly this is a part of the new standard of manliness which we must perforce adopt. The old civilian injunction to "take a feller of your size," is the relic of a bygone era, fit, perhaps, for prize fighters and such low folk, but altogether unworthy of an officer and a gentleman. We see in the great Powers of the world an exemplification of the strict application of the new rule. Does any truly military nation ever tackle a nation of its size? Of course not. Little Greece may do such a foolish and unsoldierly thing, but did not the first soldier of the

world, the German Emperor, turn up his nose when he visited Athens some years ago because the Greeks had practically no standing army? Nations of peasants like the Boers, savages like the Filipinos, may try conclusions with powers their equals or superiors in strength, but a Great Military Power? Never! They pass their time in searching the ends of the earth for little peoples to massacre and rob, and in making abject applogies to each other for every unintentional discourtesy. This is a part of the new ideal of manliness. which, with the spread of a diet of tabasco sauce, will undoubtedly become national. That the public are already well advanced in this direction both in England and America was shown by the wild rejoicings in the one country over the capture of four thousand farmers by 40,000 picked troops, and in the other by the delirious reception accorded to an admiral who sank a few water-logged Spanish ships without losing a man. "Take a feller of your size?" deed. The new military maxim is, "Take the smallest kid you can find!'

The new ideal of manliness involves a high degree of sensitiveness. This explains the jealousies prevalent in the military and naval professions. Did Admiral Jones or Admiral Smith win the battle of San Pedro? Is the Commander-in-Chief on speaking terms with the Adjutant-General? Who is going to be promoted over whose head? Who will succeed in legislating somebody else out of office or on to the retired list? These are the questions which harry the military mind. And in England we see the same thing. Lord Lansdowne, the Secretary of War, and Lord Wolseley, the late Commander-in-Chief, attacking each other publicly in the House of Lords, while a British officer writing to the London Times (November 20, 1900), ascribes the wretched performances of the British army in South Africa to the "petty jealousies" of the generals. Nο other profession, except that of the actress, can compete with the army and navy in feline amenities. We used to think such behavior effeminate. It is a mistake. Such behavior is manly.

There is another false conception which we must get rid of before we can appreciate the new manliness, and that is the ancient belief in freedom and independence which prevailed before the recent repeal of the Declaration. Absolute obedience, readiness to obey orders, to do anything, these are necessary military qualities. Our admiral at Samoa illustrated this feature when, in answer to the question what he thought of expansion, he answered proudly, "I do not think. I obey orders!" The great War-Lord of Germany emphasizes the truth every year when the recruits are sworn in at Berlin. "Now, my children," he is accustomed to say, "you have sworn to obey my commands, and even if I should order you to fire upon your parents and children you are bound to obey me. I am responsible before God for your acts, but you are responsible only to me." It is a pity that this interesting ceremony is never reproduced at Washington. Such a speech would well befit the President, and it would do much toward enlightening the public as to the true military spirit Shakespeare understood it, for he tells us that "if a king bid a man be a villain, he's bound by the indenture of his oath to be one" (Pericles, Prince of Tyre, Act I, Scene 3), and in recognizing the principle we are simply following the best traditions of our race. Absolute obedience to orders involves, of course, the abdication of conscience and reason, but what are such trifles in exchange for the consciousness of genuine military manliness? The motto, "My Country, right or wrong," is the proper one for the man who does not think but obeys orders.

The outward expression of the military man in brass bands and brass buttons grows inevitably out of the conception at which we have been taking partial glimpses. A livery becomes the obedient; the proud display of all sorts of finery is not out of place in the man who is sensitive as to his dignity and given to boast of his achievements over the feeble, while a general reversion to the primitive taste for head-feathers and gold-lace is to be expected when a man's trade is the legitimate offspring of the tomahawk.

d tom-tom. As I close my nuse upon the new manliness, ape in my mind in the guise of n turkey-cock, the drum-major, t with padded chest and towerd plumes, whirling his glitterin an inextricable maze of and puffing cheeks, while civilian world bows prostrate

l's Atlantic Monthly Charles gives a most interesting paper lante's Quest of Liberty,"which comment on the Puryatorio. Itions "How can a man be freed and presents in his answer the doctrine of expiation of sins after baptism—that is—by the of penance, the integral parts are confession, contrition and 1 joined with the priest's abso-

satisfactory punishment, both relics of sin and destroys the pits acquired by an evil life, by cts of virtue.' But life is short, ie before the footprints of evil They are not fit for l out. ney are not subjects of hell; , therefore, be an intermediate re they are cleansed from all sness. In purgatory retribuings are designed both to satised moral order and to become oward the sufferer. Yet the d not bear the full recoil upon The intercessory prayers and ove on the part of others take of punishment without weaken-, for one act of love is dearer n years of penalty."

rgatorial process not only comanses the soul; it restores it to vigor by reviving all the good had weakened or defaced. epted these teachings of the art and soul and they are the ic principles of his wondrous

Williams gives some valuable figures upon "The Anthracite 3." "Reconstruction in South is considered by Daniel H. Chamberlain. The negro problem is assuming so gigantic a proportion that it will scarcely be solved by the "Rule of Three."

John Muir gives an alluring description of the "Fountains and Streams of Yosemite National Park," in which he includes an awe-inspiring account of a storm and also of an earthquake in Yosemite Valley. In conclusion, Mr. Muir says: "Storms of every sort, torrents, earthquakes, cataclysms, 'convulsions of nature,' etc., however mysterious and lawless at first sight they may seem, are only harmonious notes in the song of creation, varied expressions of God's love."

"Penelope's Irish Experiences" end in this number.

The Examiner, San Francisco, Sunday, April 21, gave the place of honor to an editorial that we are happy to reprint:

PROFANITY—IT OFFENDS DECENCY, WEAK-ENS LANGUAGE, CHECKS PROGRESS.

"But above all things, my brethren, swear not, neither by Heaven, nor by the earth, nor by any other oath, but let your speech be yea, yes; no, no, that you fall not under judgment."—St. James v:12.

Whatever is forbidden in the Bible is harmful to man. Whatever is commanded in the Bible is for man's good.

The laws of God are laws working for the good of mankind, and the orders that He gives us, misunderstood sometimes, as a father's orders are misunderstood by the child, are all for our betterment.

There is no doubt that in America, and in great cities especially, the vice of profanity is on the increase.

Little children may be heard swearing and cursing with voluble proficiency. Their elders set the example and act as tutors.

Why do men swear? Does profanity add force to speech or increase the impression made?

Does a man gain in respect when he swears at another man, or does he acquire dignity when he curses an animal or an inanimate object?

Is there anything more despicable than a habit of calling upon the name of the Creator in the trivial affairs of life. ls it not contemptible, as well as blasphemous to drag into violent discussion the name of Jesus, the Teacher of peace and the founder of Christianity?

We believe that profanity would diminish if the fact could be made clear to men that it is actually harmful to them as individuals as well as an offense against abstract morality.

Instead of adding force to man's language, oaths weaken speech.

The man who swears lack force of thought to express his meaning, and the very fact that he does swear proves his mental weakness.

Young men who resort to profanity when deeply moved simply and deliberately check their own progress.

They show lack of dignity, earn the contempt of those very persons whose admiration would gratify them.

A young man begins an enthusiastic description somewhat in this fashion—unfortunately the missing words are but too easily supplied:

"Well, it was the — — thing that you ever saw, and I said, 'Well, — — .' etc."

Such a young man, if asked to express in decent, forceful, descriptive language the idea that he has in mind is unable to do so. He should be told that his habit of cursing places him intellectually on a plane with the most ignorant of men—and below the animals, who, if they cannot talk, at least do not curse.

If a young man wants to succeed, swearing will hurt him, for it will disgust those best able to help him on. If he aims at refinement, intellectual or other, swearing will hurt him, for it is brutalizing of itself.

A man, when he curses, has the feeling of brutality in him and a feeling of shame at the end, if there is any good at all in his composition.

Do you remember the splendid wording of the Declaration of Independence, Mr. Swearing Man? Should you be glad to write with such power as he displayed in the arraignment of the English King?

Do you think Jefferson could have written that if he had accustomed himself to express deep earnestness with stupid profanity? That would not have been a very fine Declaration of Independence, would it?

Swearing is harmful in the mind, because it breeds disregard of the wonders of the universe. It brings a man nearer to brutality, for it kills reverence in the soul. "But 1 say to you not to swear at all, neither by Heaven, for it is the throne of God; neither by the earth, for it is His footstool; nor by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great King. Neither shall thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black.—S. Matthew, v. 34, 35, 36.

Young man, don't think that swearing is manly. It is irreverent, stupid and demoralizing. Avoid profanity, and tell your friends who swear that if they had brains enough to express their meaning clearly, they would not need to disgrace themselves by cursing.

Old men, don't swear yourselves, unless you are willing to forfeit the respect of others.

And do not hesitate to rebuke and argue with young men who do swear.

Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain, for he shall not be unpunished that taketh His name upon a vain thing.—Deuteronomy, v. 11.

Such an utterance by a great metropolitan daily we welcome and applaud. In harmony with the apostolate to which our Order is devoted, and in line with the special efforts which our missionaries are making for the building up of the Holyname Society, the editorial in The Examiner we regard as a public act of Chris are faith and as a noble plea for the honor of our Redeemer's Blessed Name.

MUSIC.

Through the Windsor Music Company—Chicago, has been sent us CASTANET DANCE, by C. J. Wolcott, a bright planopiece, bringing in a good imitation of the click of the little wooden instruments for which the piece is named; a pleasant and easy salon piece. NIGHT WAS MADE FOR COONS, by Jas. T. Brymn, the usual jolly coon-song, with the rag-time swing to it

as merry as they make them. 3IE O'SHEA, by Will Fieldhouse, a le little song, with a pleasing waltz in, one to be easily hummed and tled at will. L'AZORA, march and step, by Hans S. Liné, vivacious and ty; also written for full orchestra, band and two mandolins and r. In the Shadow of the Cross and in B flat, mezzo-soprano in F), and S. Liné, a fine sacred song, workip to a big climax; full orchestra and band parts to be had separately.

J. Hogben & Co. of New Haven, ., have sent us the following ragspecialties for piano: Uncle Remus TH AND Two-Step, arranged also for and small orchestra, military bands, lolin and guitar orchestra; LIMBER Y MARCH AND TWO-STEP, arranged rchestra and military bands, both hes by Edward J. Hogben. They are of vigor and spirit and are within bility of the average performer. THE IANDIE WALTZES for plano, by M. J. ley, brilliant and tuneful, presents a ty of melodic themes; also written orchestra. Golden Nugget March io), by A. J. Lallier, vigorous and of strong chords. Catchy and sure to e. Arranged for band and orchestra. TOGA MARCH (piano), a splendid, y march, full of the life and gaiety , found at the noted seaside resort rhich it is named. Also arranged for and small orchestra and brass and bands. Ludus Waltz (piano), meloand catchy. Abounding in octave thord passages, and requires a player erage ability. Arranged for full and l orchestra. The two last-named ositions by Edward J. Hogben.

e Boston Music Company has sent ro songs by Jas. H. Rogers: (1) Love Wings (soprano), a bright, dainty dy, flitting up and down in winged, ling fashion; bound to be a success the musician and the public; (2) O Thy Cheek on Mine, words by rich Heine, a fine sustained melody, ir and caressing in sentiment, and orted by a beautiful accompaniment,

now in soft syncopated chords and anon in flowing, harp-like arpeggios—altogether a lovely song; (3) AND GAVE THEM YOU. music by H. Clough-Leighter, the beautiful poem by Madison Carwein. This is a song of pronounced merit, an octave in compass; rather difficult in rhythm, but music and words are in perfect accord.

The publishing house of Ignaz Fischer, Toledo, has sent us Morning Prayer (Meditation for piano), by John Wiegand. Besides being tuneful, it is a good study on arpeggios, grace notes and sustained melody through a lacework of arpeggios. It will repay study and prove a pleasing salon piece.

воокв.

LIFE AND LITER TURE OF THE ANCIENT HEBREWS, by Dr. Lyman Abbott, comes to us from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. of Boston. This book is a plain rejection of the Revelation of God to man as believed, hitherto by all Christians and by Catholics still, to be contained in the Bible.

Arbitrary theories, gratuitous assumptions and bold reversions of the sacred text are in constant evidence of the vain attempt of the author to sustain his pet heresy of the divine immanence, whereby the Sacred Scriptures are to be viewed, not as the dictation of truth and law by positive Revelation and Inspiration from God to man, but as the result, "more or less erroneous," of the gropings of humanity toward the god within us! Suffice it to say that the ancient Hebrews had no literature worthy of notice apart from the divinely inspired Scriptures, and that the only immanent god manifested in humanity, apart from the Bible and Christ's Church, has proved to be a sorry and a wretched sort of "god!"

Dr. Abbott is not an unworthy successor of Henry Ward Beecher. The excellency of the publishers' work is in marked contrast to that of the author.

A TREASURY OF IRISH POETRY IN THE ENGLISH TONGUE, edited by Stopford A. Brooke and T. W. Rolleston, comes to us from the Macmillan Company, New York.

In a later issue we shall more freely consider this volume.

ROSARY GEMS is the title of a collection of beautiful little stories illustrating humility, charity, poverty and obedience; in fact, all the supernatural virtues commemorated in the mysteries of the holy Rosary.

The stories are bright, entertaining and practical. Miss Lushington, the authoress, has presented edifying examples worthy of imitation. The book is peculiarly adapted for young girls.

R. & T. Washbourne, London (Benziger Bros., New York) are the publishers of this praiseworthy little volume.

TEN MONTHS A CAPTIVE AMONG THE FILIPINOS, by Albert Sonnichsen, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, is a narrative of the author's actual experiences during his captivity.

Although the writer's observations are limited in the main to prison life and its concomitant evils, many incidents occurring during the march from Malolos to Vigan, are related, illustrative of Filipino hospitality. Charitable toleration under the existing conditions could scarcely be expected; however, considering the thousands of Spanish prisoners quartered upon the Filipinos, it is surprising that they displayed so much leniency to the Americans, who had so unceremoniously thrust themselves upon them.

In concluding his narrative, Mr. Sonnichsen says: "I have now no other relic of my experience than Alejandro's undress uniform coat, which I shall keep as a memento of one of the enemy, who treated me as a friend.

"As the transport turned her bow north and ploughed through the waters of the China Sea, I leaned over the taffrail and watched the ruggged hills of Luzon sinking down on the horizon. A strange sense of loneliness crept over me, for I had just parted, perhaps forever, from those whose friendship had been extended to me under circumstances that proved its quality, where the veneer is thrown off and the man stands forth in its true light.

"I had experienced much hardship, even much suffering in that land, but when I compare my experience with that of others in similar situations during our Civil War, say Andersonville of the South or Rock Island of the North, held by their own race and nationality, then my resentment vanished, and I am willing to forgive, yes, even a Francisco Donato. Had we been prisoners of the Sapnish or the French, would we have fared better? No, I think not, nor even as well.

"Some of the hardships endured might many a time have been ameliorated, had the men been made to feel in the only officer among them more of the moral influence of a leading mind and of a spirit better befitting the situation in general, and if fewer efforts had been made in obtaining those personal 'rights' and 'privileges,' the claims to which not only had the tendency to embitter them against them, but even frequently caused the most disrespectful bickerings and undisguised ill-feelings, undisguised at times even among those who, for reasons of their own, felt that loyalty and silence might some day be golden.

"Considering the circumstances, the poverty of those who held us, themselves sometimes starving, we ought not to complain. Those who have come into sufficiently close contact with the Filipinos to know them, and are enabled to judge then without racial or national prejudice, cannot but admit that they are as entitled to be called civilized as other nations, and even more so than some whose representatives we receive at our capital and accord the same honors as those of the most polished nations. Considering the chance they have had, or, rather, not had, and who their teachers were, the Filipino have certainly behaved as well, if not better, towards their prisoners than other nations have done in recent wars.'

It is the blessed privilege of the American citizen of an enquiring mind to visite the land of Mr. Sonnichsen's adventures to "see for himself."

"The inevitable church and convent," monuments of Spanish zeal, which this dapper young fellow saw, the later American traveler may also see (unless where pillage and looting have done their work), but he will also see the saloon and the

brothel. American contributions to oriental civilization, and "the little red school house" prepared for its mission of sending out men of clever heads and untrained hearts, the unhappy product of "education," pretending to teach morality without religion.

The publishers printed the volume in excellent form. The fine frontispiece portrait of the author is a convincing proof of his good treatment (?) by the Filipinos.

KODAKS, by Guy Alby Buell, is an album of snap-shot and time-exposure portraits of personal idiosyncrasies. In this collection no attempt has been made to strengthen illusion by accessories of picturesque loveliness. The artist has skillfully produced true likenesses of everyday people in everyday life. Of the objectionable sort we have the "Liar" -as Kodaked:

"The liar who lies with malice in such a way as to injure his fellow-man, either financially, physically or morally, is the scum of the earth; he deserves to be ostracised the same as a murderer. One can guard against thieves by bolts and bars; by ordinary precautions can generally avert physical disaster; by flocking with the proper kind of birds can keep his cloak of morals unspotted; but there has as yet to be invented a method that is a safeguard against a liar." .

"I mean the kind of 'LIAR' that looks as if there were a clenched fist back of

The following will be of interest "To Whom It May Concern":

Some say that love, the passion that imparts

New life into a human being's heart,
Is something that the will can sway,
Or force to do as it may say.

And others, just as firm in their belief, To such an argument are blind and deaf;
They say 'tis like a fragrant, fragile
flower,
And must be kept within a guarded

hower.

To save a discourse, both tiresome and long, Let's say that both are right and both are wrong, But if you wish a love to last and be in-

Use one-half love and one-half common sense.

The Record Publishing Company. Stockton, California, have printed and bound this interesting volume in good style.

We have received from Benziger Bros., New York, (1) THE CAVE BY THE BEECH FORK, by Henry S. Spalding, S. J. This is an excellent story for boys. The incidents-happening in Kentucky in 1815so spiritedly described by the reverend author are calculated to inspire a high degree of courage in imitative youth. The boys, Owen and Martin, are of the stuff of which heroes are made. In strong contrast to the virtues of these interesting youths are the vicious habits of the dwellers in the "Cave." The fate of these men is the theme upon which hangs the moral of the tale. (2) MILLY AVELING, by Sara Trainer Smith. This is an interesting story of the patient endurance of physical suffering by a young girl who is a helpless invalid for a year. Milly's beautiful traits of character have a happy influence upon all her associates. (3) NAN NOBODY, by Mary T. Waggaman, is an illustration of the amount of good that may be accomplished even by a small child. Nan is a prodigy of energetic achievements and practical comfort to all with whom she comes in contact. (4) DIMPLING'S Success, charmingly related by Clara Mulholland, contains many examples of sterling worth. The uprightness and perserverance of the little heroine conquer the prejudices of a stern old relative and her efforts for good are crowned with success.

The stories are peculiarly adapted to mould habits of virtue in young people. An earnest attempt should be made to place such reading in the hands of children.

The publishers have printed and bound the books in good style, and sell them at reasonable prices.

A new edition of STUART'S HISTORICAL MEMOIRS OF ARMAGH has been published simultaneously by Brown & Nolan and M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin.

The original Memoirs, written in 1819, have been for some time out of print-a fact to be regretted, as the author, although a Protestant, has refrained from detailing calumnies against the Church, and is singularly free from petty prejudice. The work of re-editing the Memoirs was undertaken by Father Ambrose Coleman, O. P., at the suggestion of the present incumbent of the See of Armagh-His Eminence Cardinal Logue. Innumerable emendations of the text, rearrangement of the chapters, valuable and apposite notes, appended to each chapter, have made the re-issue practically a new book.

Armagh is the primatial See of Ireland. It was here, in 445 A. D., that S. Patrick placed his chair and laid the permanent foundation of the Irish Church, after thirteen years of incessant and zealous labor. Through persecution, war and vicissitudes of every description the See of Armagh, although frequently and sorely distressed and wounded, has endured.

Treating of a city so intimately connected with Ireland's national life, one so closely associated with all that makes the Irish nation so noble and true, Father Coleman's volume should claim the attention and hearty appreciation of Irish readers the world over. As he justly says: "The Irish race, wherever it is found, is linked to the old country by ties of sympathy, and, as far as those sympathies are religious, they are directed principally to the ancient city of S. Patrick and the ruler of his primatial See. Still to them, as it was to the ancient Irish, Armagh is the 'Head of Erin.'"

Father Coleman has a historian's qualifications in a marked degree. He writes, moreover, as a scholar whose erudition is unobtrusively and agreeably placed at the service of his readers. We congratulate him because he has gracefully accomplished a difficult talk. In like spirit we commend the publisher's fine work, highly creditable to Irish mechanics and artists.

NORTHERN GEORGIA SKETCHES, by Will Harben, is an interesting collection of tales

illustrative of the traits of negro character developed under the trying circumstances of plantation life. The stubborn resistance of the slave to the tyrannical cruelty of the overseer is placed in strong contrast to the devoted service of the grateful bondman to the humane master. "A Humble Abolitionist," "The Whipping of Uncle Henry" and "The Sale of Uncle Rastus" are of tender interest. The seven remaining sketches abound in sympathetic pen portraits of virtue and valor in Northern Georgia.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, are the publishers of this excellently printed and appropriately bound volume.

A fourth edition, revised and enlarged, of A DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN AUTHORS is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The present volume contains the names of seven thousand five hundred persons as well as the titles of their contributions to American literature. Fifteen hundred names have been added to the list given in the first edition of this work, which was printed in 1884.

Oscar Fay Adams, the compiler, is entitled to the highest praise for his patient research in the matter of accurate data for this comprehensive dictionary of authors.

Aside from the intrinsic excellence of the work, its serviceableness to critics, editors, publishers and literary students is undoubted. It is an invaluable book of reference for the class-room and library. The publishers have brought out the work in a handsome crown octave volume. The double-column page is notably attractive in clear type and spacing. The bold faced type in which the names are set serves the double purpose of giving prominence to the author and relief to the eye of the reader.

From D. Appleton & Co., New York. we have received Some Ill-Used Words.—
The author, Alfred Ayres, already enjoys a well-deserved reputation for practical exactitude in the use of English. The present work points out errors in speech and construction that prevail even in the language of cultured persons.

e of words is perpetuated by have fallen into habits of

fine discriminating sense of ality of words is perceptible leation of them. This handrolume in brown and gold is side to seekers for correct not only should be in the sudents, but, with its commes, "The Orthoepist" and list," should be eagerly wells conversationalist whose aim "the best word."

TES OF DOMINICAN SAINTS, by the Congregation of S. Cath-1a (Stone), has been received Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., ough Benziger Brothers, New

le introduction to the Lives, Reverend Father Proctor, of the English Dominicans, not a book of precepts; it is amples. It is not Christianity her and perfect state of the fe in the abstract; it is all the concrete. It is not a ascetic theology; it is a e practice of ascetic theology, cloister and in the world. It l us what ought to be done; it is what has been done. Synshows us what can be done. more practical still-it proves ıy do."

are brief—more than a hungiven—arranged according to r of the Dominican rite. The lave produced these notable in a handsome octavo volendable in the details of good p. We cordially recommend of the Dominican Saints to

HE MOST HOLY—CORAM SANC-Mother Mary Loyola of Bar ork, is published by Sands & (B. Herder & Co., S. Louis, merican agents).

uable little treatise on the

presence of Christ in the Blind Sacrament is edited and prefaced by Father Thurston, S. J. The work is an earnest pleading for daily devotion to Christ upon our altars. Each page breathes the spirit of infinite tenderness and devout aspirations of a sincere adorer of the Most Holy Sacrament. Such a book should be in the hands of every Catholic.

THE PASSION—HISTORICAL ESSAY, by the Rev. P. M. Y. Ollivier, O. P., translated from the French by E. Leahy, comes to us from Marlier & Co., Boston.

A masterpiece, once seen, cannot fail to create for itself due recognition. As such, we hail the work of the illustrious Dominican, Father Olivier. The divine tragedy, enacted nearly two thousand years ago on Calvary, that opened to the whole world the portals of the gospel of eternal truth, enabling the nations to walk in the "newness of life," has again and again been represented, in prose and in poetry. The Passion of Christ has been the theme of the orator as well as that of spiritual and profane writers. We believe, however, that the author of the present delineation of this old, but ever new event has, by scrupulous investigation and minute exactitude, grasped and mastered the beauty and awe in the mystery of the Redemption.

The introduction is followed by a description of Jerusalem in the year 34 A. D. The scene of the excommunication of the Redeemer by the Sanhedrim is graphically portrayed. The second book, "Gethsemane," treats of the garden itself, the agony, and the apprehension of our Lord by the High Priests. The third book, MOUNT SION, opens with a historical discourse on the sects of the Sadducees and the Pharisees, their doctrines, mutual oppositions and political influence at that time. The Sanhedrim, the interrogation of Annas, the denial of Peter, the twofold sentence and Judas, subjects ably treated. The fourth book, "In the Antonia," considers Pilate and the Pretorium, Christ's first and second appearance before Pilate, Herod; Barrabas, the scourging and condemnation of the Son of Man.

In the fifth book, "From the Antonia to

Calvary." the Via Dolorosa takes up the narrative which includes the account of Veronica, Calvary, the cross, the crucifixion and the seven last words.

Finally, the sixth book, "At the Tomb," as the closing act, represents the burial, resurrection and apparitions of Christ to his disciples in Galilee.

The book is not intended as a work suitable for meditation, but has solely in view historical facts, hence it is that from such, and not from an ascetical standpoint, The Passion will supply a long-felt want as a store-house for exact dates, time, places and conditions, when, where and how the Passion was accomplished.

The publishers have, both in printing and in binding, given the book an artistic dress

EASTOVER COURT HOUSE is the first novel of the series to be published by Harper and Brothers, New York, in illustration of social life in the United States. Considering the vast region included between the cardinal points of representative American society—Manila and Boston—and realizing the multitudinous phases of human nature latitudinally and longitudinally diversified, one naturally feels an interest in the development of the scheme which will enlighten us in regard to the sayings and doings of the various "sets."

The agreeable combination novel of Henry Burnham Boone and Kenneth Brown introduces us to some individuals of a class whose intellectual development ceases with the loss of their earthly possessions or with the hope of acquiring those of their neighbors. The hero of Eastover Court House is of the inert and selfish type—morally dishonest—occasionally roused to action by the exciting presence of a dangerous rival in the field either of love or of horsemanship.

Such an individual can not allege enenvironment—particularly that of Old Virginia—as the cause of his reprehensible shortcomings. The story is well told and contains some accounts of darkey dealings—amusing to those who are not immediately concerned in the consequences of the darkey's tricks of trade. The volume is excellently printed and bound.

FOR THE BLUE AND GOLD, by Joy Lichenstein, is an original tale of life at the University of California. It is ...ed with incidents of rollicking sport, combined with earnest effort on the part of the student that appeal particularly to the Californian.

From our introduction to James Rawson, "the raw article, with an oilcloth bag in his hand" at the entrance of the University, until the moment of his departure from the old campus, interest has kept pace with his energetic effort and creditable achievements.

Mr. Lichenstein best tells the tale. It is most exhibitanting in quality. California University may be equalled in regard to its athletes—intellectual or otherwise—but in regard to the good will and genuine cordiality of her "jolly freshman" she is unsurpassed.

We trust that Mr. Lichenstein will not disappoint us by keeping the gentle co-ed—Miss Gray—too long behind the "half-closed shutter." She should emerge in the bright sunshine of Riverside. We might imagine a fitting sequel, but could not give it as Mr. Lichenstein could.

A. M. Robertson, San Francisco, has made the book a model of elegance in printing and engraving. California's emblematic colors displayed in the dress inspire a hearty cheer for The Blue and Gold.

THE STORY OF SARAH, by Louise M. Forsslund, is published by Brentano, New York.

Vonstradam, a transplanted Dutchcolony on the shores of Long Island, and— Shoreville, an American hamlet of mush room growth adjoining its sturdy neigh bor, furnish the living pictures grouped in this well-written novel.

The undisciplined nature of theheroine, Sarah, her vaciliations between good and evil, lead gradually to thetragical climax of the story. Some of thephases of human nature presented are too realistic even for the realm of romance, and the delineation in stark English of such scenes of unbridled passion has not an elevating effect on the reader.

The gentle goodness of "Fahder's" family, the sweetness of character manifested by Squire Brumley and his wife, the sterling worth of the Reverend Dan, are strongly and agreeably depicted by the authoress.

The excellent taste displayed in the selection of paper, type and binding is commendably characteristic of the publishers. A bright bit of sky and sea outlining a point of our historic island is an appropriate illustration for the cover.

FATHER HECKER is one of the series of the Beacon Biographies. Reverend Isaac Thomas Hecker stands in the foremost rank of America's philanthropists. His biographer, Henry Sedgwick, Jr., includes in his sketch extracts from the letter of His Holiness Leo XIII. concerning opinions held and advanced by the founder of the Paulists.

Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, are the publishers of the Beacon Biographies, a uniform pocket edition, excellently printed and bound.

THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST—AN ARGUMENT, translated from the French of Mgr. Emile Bougaud by C. L. Currier, is published by William H. Young & Co., New York.

After the completion of the seventy weeks as mentioned by Daniel, and amidst an alarming increase of perversity and immorality, bitter prejudice and hereditary animosities amongst nations, Christ whom the prophets had foretold, appeared, clothed in our human nature, to abolish the law of fear and servility and to establish the Gospel of undying love. His marvelous doctrine and supernatural wisdom could not be disputed. yet public opprobrium branded Him as the seducer of a nation and condemned Him to the infamous death of the gibbet. He established a Religion, the sublimity, equity and clemency of which consummated the Mosaic law, and prepared the way for the donwfall of paganism.

Keeping strictly within the bounds of human reason and observation, the aurnor clearly presents, in an analytical

sketch, the true character of Jesus Christ. What is He? Who is He? Is He God? Is He man? Is He merely a sublime effect of human effort to produce an ideal, a representative worthy of itself? Or does the beauty of His soul, the greatness of His mind, the extraordinary results of His earthly mission, bring us to the conclusion that He was something more than man? In ten chapters an answer to these queries is given.

In studying the physiognomy of Jesus Christ the soul is made to pierce the dust of the body and manifest to all the purity, holiness and loveliness of the "light of the world." From the many miracles, the assertions of Christ Himself, the love and homage paid to Him for nearly two thousand years, the inexplicable contradiction of history that would follow from the denial of the divinity of Christ, the author proves "that He was indeed the Son of God, the fairest flower, the choicest fruit the earth has ever produced, the innocent Lamb who purchased the redemption of mankind with the price exceeding great, namely, His sacred blood.

In recommending this book to Catholics and non-Catholics, we trust that the reading thereof may bring with it a more intimate knowledge of our Redeemer, to whom our Holy Father dedicated in a special manner the twentieth century.

The venerable Dominican missionary, Father Hyacinth McKenna, has recently brought out an "up-to-date" edition of his Crown of Mary, a booklet that has done untold service in the cause of devotion to our Lady. As a repository of reliable information, available to all at the low price of ten cents, we gladly commend The Rosary-The Crown of Mary, published by Benziger Bros., New York.

A revised edition of Humphrey J. Desmond's Mooted Questions in History is published by Marlier & Co., Boston.

The student of history will find this work a serviceable handbook of reputable authors, the possession of which will obviate the arduous and often unsatisfactory labor of original research.

MAY HYMN.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY REV. J. R. NEWELL O.P.



BLESS'D OF ALL AGES AND ALL LANDS! FAIRER THAN MORNING SUN'S BRIGHT RAY! ALL-PERFECT WORK OF GOD'S OWN HANDS! NO LANGUAGE CAN THY GRACE PORTRAY :

PURE SHRINE WHEREIN THE HOLY ONE BEGAN REDEMPTION'S JOYOUS DAY! FIT MOTHER OF TH'ETERNAL SON! THY WAYS ALL HEAVEN'S LOVE DISPLAY; WE CROWN THEE QUEEN-SWEET QUEEN OF MRY. WE CROWN THEE QUEEN-SWEET QUEEN OF MRY.

> DEAR REFUGE OF SIN-BURDENED MEN! THY GOODNESS LURES FROM SIN AWAY AND BERUTY WINS TO GOD AGRIN! O! MOTHER, FOR THY CHILDREN PRAY; WE CROWN THEE QUEEN. SWEET QUEEN OF MAY.

CALENDAR FOR MAY.

Philip and James, Apostles. Nohonor of S. Antoninus begins. tion.) May devotions every day), m.

Athanasius, Bishop and Doctor. ding of the Holy Cross. (Bene-

Monica, Widow. (Votive Mass of iry.)

ST SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—S. O. P., Pope. Four Plenary Indulg-hree for Rosarians only: (1) risit Rosary Altar; prayers; (2) sist at procession; visit; prayers; .; assist at exposition of the Sacrament; prayers; (4) for all hful: C. C.; visit Dominican prayers. Communion Mass for s at 7 A. M. Meeting of S. Sodality at 2 P. M. Rosary Prosermon and Benediction at 7:30 Enrolling of new members in the mity of the Rosary.)

ohn before the Latin Gate. Meetsarian Reading Circle at 8 P. M. we of S. Catherine of Siena, O. P. lesday in honor of S. Dominic. n preparation for the Feast of usion begins.

ollowing beautiful prayer by ine of Siena, His Grace, the Most Archbishop of San Francisco, y indulgenced:

Thy Blood, shed for us, O Lord ist, obtain for me the remission sins, my negligences, my ignority It strengthen, increase and within me, Faith, Hope, Charity, d every virtue; may It bring me sting life; may It deliver the my parents and all those for m bound to pray."

iving within his jurisdiction the p grants an indulgence of one lays, once a day, for the devout of this prayer.

rition of S. Michael the Archotive Mass of the Rosary.)

regory Nazianzen, Bishop and

10—S. Antoninus, O. P., Bishop, Plenary Indulgence for all the faithful: C. C.: visit a Dominican Church; prayers. (Benediction.)

11—S. Stanislaus, Bishop and Martyr. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

12—SECOND SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—B. Jane of Portugal, O. P., Virgin. Plenary Indulgence for Holy Name Confraternity: C. C.; procession; prayers. Mass for Holy Name Sodality at 7 A. M. Meeting at 3 P. M. Meeting of Men Tertiaries at 2 P. M. Procession of Holy Name, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

13—B. Albert of Bergamo, O. P., Tertiary, Layman. (Rogation Day.) Meeting of Young Men's Holy Name Society at 8 P. M.

14—B. Giles, O. P., Priest. (Rogation Day.) Fourth Tuesday in honor of S. Dominic.

15—Conversion of S. Augustine, Bishop and Doctor. (Rogation Day.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

16—The Ascension of our Lord—Second Glorious Mystery of the Rosary. Three Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers. (This may be gained from the first Vespers, about 2 o'clock on afternoon of Vigil, till sundown on the feast. (2) C. C.; visit any Church; prayers; (3) C. C.; visit five altars of any Church or one altar five times—the Indugence granted for the Station Churches in Rome.

17—B. Ambrose, O. P., Priest (from March 22.) (Benediction.)

18-S. Venantius, Martyr. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

19—THIRD SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—S. Peter Celestine, founder of Celestines, Pope. Plenary Indulgence for members of Living Rosary. Meeting of Women Tertiaries at 3 P. M. Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

The usual musical service in Saint Dominic's Church.

20-B. Columba, O. P., Virgin.

21—S. Bernardine, O. S. F., Priest. Fifth Tuesday in honor of S. Dominic.

22-S. Servatius, Bishop, Patron of Dominican Order. (Votive Mass of Rosary.) 23-Octave of the Ascension.

Parish outing and annual family reunion of the members of Saint Dominic's congregation.

24-Feast of our Lady Help of Christians. (Benediction.)

25-Vigil of Pentecost. (Fast Day.) Baptismal blest.

26-LAST SUNDAY OF THE MONTH-Pentecost.—Third Glorious Mystery of the Rosary. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit; prayers; (2) C. C.; assist at procession; visit; prayers. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite a third part of the Rosary three times a week: C. C.; visit any Church; prayers. Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

27-Of the Octave. (Benediction.) General Chapter of the Dominican Order in Ghent, Belgium.

Closing exercises of the school year for the pupils of Dominican Sisters, Sacred Heart School, at 2 P. M., Native Sons Hall, San Francisco.

Meeting of Young Men's Holy Name Society at 8 P. M.

28-Of the Octave. (Benediction.) Sixth

Tuesday in honor of S. Dominic. Novens in preparation for the feast of Corpus Christi begins.

Commencement exercises of the Dominican College, in the College Hall, San Rafael, 2 P. M.

29—Ember Day. Of the Octave.

Closing exercises of Saint Rose's Academy, Golden Gate Hall, San Francisco, 2

Closing exercices of St. Vincent's Academy, Vallejo, 7:30 P. M., in the Opera

30—Of the Octave. 31—Ember Day. Of the Octave. (Benediction.)

Only two days more for fulfilling the precept of Easter duty.

The Patron Saints of the Living Rosary for this month are: Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Monica, W.; S. PiusV., Pope; S. Angela Merici, V.; S. Paschal Baylon, C.; S. Ferdinand, King. For the Five Sorrowful Mysteries-S. Julia, V. M.; S. Flavia, V. M.; S. Philip Neri, C.; S. Stanislaus, B. M.; S. Emily, W.. For the Five Glorious Mysteries—S. Athanasius, B. C.; S. Philip, Ap.; S. Bernardine of Siena, C.; S. Isidore; S. James the Less. Apostle.

S. PASCHAL BAYLON, O. F. M.

H. M. TUCKER.

A shepherd on the hills of Spain, Among the peaceful sheep, His heart in love with loneliness, His spirit pure did keep.

A bother in the Convent's shade, A son of Francis, given To find in lowliest tasks the best And safest road to Heaven.

His greatest bliss when freed from toil To kneel in loving prayer, Before the altar where our Lord Would wait his coming there.

The priest's high gift too great he thought, Penance and charity,
He chose as wings to life him up,
Till he the Lord should see.

His humble labors done at last, Lay-brother, all unknown, He sweetly fell asleep in Christ, Who took him to His own.

But now his lowly name is named Amongst the saints in light; And the meek brow of Paschal wears The aureole's circle bright.

Pray we may copy Christ as thou, Saint of the hidden life; That we in labors all unpraised May find our noblest strife.

AMERICA CALLAND

;



JOSEPH.

EMMA HOWARD WIGHT.

CHAPTER III.

ing of all Egypt, was greatly

e night had the same dreams and it seemed to Pharaoh ams were prophetic of comn his kingdom. So he had e him all the wisemen and f dreams in Egypt; he reeams and demanded who could interpret dreams.

me men and interpreters ponie dreams of the King and together concerning them, raoh again summoned them ce were forced to acknowliey could not interpret the

ioh, who was troubled and use of his dreams, said to

gain take counsel one with to him who does rightly in.oh's dream shall be given

nen and interpreters withowed the instructions of the ain they failed to interpret

oh rebuked them, saying: s this the wisdom thou

the hope of reward nor fear anger brought about the inof the dreams of Pharaoh. men and interpreters were disgrace, and Pharaoh was ed in mind. After the departure of the wise men and interpreters the chief butler of the King sought his master and said:

"My lord, is it true that the wise men and interpreters of the kingdom have failed to interpret the dream of Pharaoh?"

"Yes, it is true," replied Pharaoh gloomily.

"My lord, thy servant knows of one who can interpret thy dreams," said the butler.

"What meanest thou?" asked Pharaoh quickly.

'Thou dost remember, my lord,'' answered the butler, "that thy servants-myself and the chief baker-were so unhappy as to offend thee and thou didst cast us into prison. At that time there was in the prison a young Hebrew lad called Joseph. One night I had a dream which greatly perplexed me; also, did the chief butler have a dream which troubled him much. We told our dreams to the young Hebrew lad, Joseph, and he, my lord, did interpret them, and it came to pass as he foretold, for thou didst pardon me and restore me to my office, while the chief butler was hanged upon the gibbet. young Hebrew asked me to remember him when I was restored to liberty, but I ceased to remember in my prosperity the one who had done me a favor in my time of adversity. Only when the wise men and interpreters failed to interpret thy dreams, my lord, did I remember the young Hebrew who had so wonderfully foretold to me and the chief butler what would come to pass."

"Go, give orders that this young Hebrew, Joseph, be brought at once before me," cried Pharaoh.

When Joseph was brought into the presence of the King Pharaoh regarded him with much interest; also with surprise.

"Thou dost not look like a malefactor," he said. "For what wast thou cast into prison?"

"My master was Potiphar, chief captain in the army, my lord," answered Joseph, "to whom I was sold by some Israelite merchants. The wife of Potiphar did unjustly accuse me of a wicked act, and, my master, believing her, had me cast into prison."

"I have heard from my chief butler that thou art very wise at interpreting dreams," said Pharaoh. "Two dreams have come to me that both perplex and trouble me. I have summoned all the wise men and interpreters of my kingdom, but not one among them has been able to interpret the dreams. Listen, while I relate to thee my dreams. I dreamed that I stood upon the banks of a river out of which came seven kine which were exceedingly beautiful and full of flesh, and they grazed in green places upon a marshy pasture. Then followed seven more kine, which were lean and ill-favored, and the last seven kine devoured the first, and yet showed no signs of being full, continuing lean and ill-favored. I awoke, then slept again, and saw in a dream seven ears of corn, growing upon one stalk, full and very fair; and seven ears, thin and blasted, sprung from the same ear and did devour the first." Pharaoh paused, and then looked eagerly and questioningly at Joseph, added: "How dost thou interpret the dreams of Pharaoh?'

"God has shown to Pharaoh in a dream what He shall bring to pass," replied Joseph. "The seven beautiful kine and the seven fine ears are years of plenty; the seven lean kine and the seven thin ears—blasted with the burning wind—are years of famine that shall follow upon the years of plenty. Thus there will be seven years of plenty in all the land of Egypt, and, following, will come seven years of such scarcity that the years of plenty will be forgotten. God has sent these dreams

to Pharaoh as a token. Therefore should Pharaoh make ruler over the land of Egypt a wise and industrious man that he may see to the gathering into the barns of one-fifth of all the grain during the years of plenty and the laying up and reserving of the corn in the cities. Thus when the famine shall come to pass the land shall not be consumed with scarcity."

Pharaoh, who had listened with the closest attention, turned to his courtiers and servants, saying:

"The spirit of God surely dwelleth within this man. Behold, I shall make him ruler over all the land of Egypt, for where shall I find a better man than he?"

Then Pharaoh took from his finger a ring, which he placed upon the finger of Joseph; he also commanded that a silken robe and a chain of gold be put upon Joseph. Then, laying his hand upon Joseph's shoulder, he said:

"I am Pharaoh, and I appoint thee ruler over all the land of Egypt."

CHAPTER IV.

Prosperity and plenty were over all the land of Egypt. Soft warm winds swept the fields golden with grain; gentle and refreshing rains alternated with bright sunshine; in the meadows the grass was green and sweet and the cattle grew sleek and fat.

Pharaoh, seeing all this, said to Joseph: "Wisely, indeed, didst thou interpret the dreams of Pharaoh, for the seven years of plenty are over all the land. I have bestowed upon thee riches and honor and power; now I sall give thee to wife Aseneth, daugter of Potiphar, high priest of Heliopolis."

So Joseph was married to Asensth, daughter of Potiphar, high priest of Heliopolis, and in course of time two sons were born to him, and he called his eldest son Manassas and his youngest born Ephraim.

One day a servant of Joseph came to him and said:

"My lord, a small maid is without who would speak with thee. I inquired of the maid her will with thee, but she would tell me naught, but only wept and begged me to bear this message to my master

h, a Hebrew maid, entreats eat and good Joseph will give g.' Shall I send the maid ord, rebuking her for her pre-

hou that the maid wept and oubled?"

lord."

ither the maid," commanded id remember henceforth that re never closed to the poor or 'ul."

int bowed low and retired. In ie he returned, ushering into esence a little dark-eyed maid, r, coarse garments.

I ran forward, sank upon her oseph's feet and pressed his to her lips. Her eyes, as she to Joseph's face, were full of

evest thou, little maid?" asked ing his hand gently upon her "Thou art too young to be so rt. Thinkest thou that I can

t Joseph, so good and so wise, rach has made ruler over all Egypt?" said the maid.

m Joseph, and it is true that a made me ruler over all the ypt, but I am also a Hebrew

thou art a Hebrew lest I would d the courage to seek thee, my

y child, and tell me thy purseeking me," said Joseph,

1e, my lord, to ask thy pity for I father, who is a slave in thy my lord," answered the maid, to her feet and stood humbly ph.

thy father's name, my child?"

s, my lord."

him not. Still it may be as st. I will question my chief

mmoned his chief steward and

in my household a Hebrew Barnabas?"

"Yes, my lord," replied the chief steward.

"And this Barnabas is thy father, maid?"

"Yes, my lord. Misfortune overtook us and my father was reduced to slavery in his old age. I am come to ransom him."

"Hast thou then money, little one, with which to buy thy father's freedom?" asked Joseph.

"No, my lord," replied the maid, "I have no money. I have come to offer thee myself in exchange for my father's freedom"

"Thyself?" cried Joseph.

"Yes, my lord. Thou wilt not lose, for he is old and feeble, while I am young and strong. I will serve thee faithfully, untiringly, if thou wilt let my father go free."

"Thou lovest thy father very dearly, my child?"

"More dearly, my lord, than I can tell thee. My mother died when I was born and I have known no other love and care save that of my father."

"Bring hither the Hebrew slave, Barnabas," said Joseph to the chief steward.

The chief steward withdrew. Joseph laid his hand gently upon the little maid's head.

"Know, little maid, that Joseph, whom Pharaoh has made ruler over all the land of Egypt, Joseph who has riches, power and greatness, envies thee."

"Thou dost envy me, my lord?" faltered the maid.

"Yes, because thou wilt soon look upon the face of thy father."

The chief steward returned, ushering in an old man with white hair and bent shoulders. The maid ran forward, caught his hand and covered it with kisses.

"Thou, my child?" murmured the old man. "What hast brought thee here, my Beulah?"

"Thy daughter comes to offer me ransom for thee, Barnabas," said Joseph.

"Thy words fill me with wonder, my lord," murmured the old man, bewilderedly. "What does my child bring thee as ransom?"

"Herself." 'Tis her wish that I give thee thy freedom and take her for my slave in thy place. What sayest thou, old man? Shall I take thy young daughter and let thee go free?"

"No, no, my lord. I am thy slave and shall serve thee faithfully. Freedom, bought at such a price, would be far bitterer than bondage."

"Father! father! say not so," cried the maid. "I shall be happy in bondage knowing that thou art free."

"Come hither, maid," said Joseph.

She moved forward and timidly took the hand Joseph extended to her. "Child," said Joseph, "I give to thee thy father's freedom. Thou hast ransomed him not with thy young body, but with the truth, the tenderness, the unselfishness of thy soul. Barnabas, take thy daughter, and though thou hast no worldly good, still art thou rich. Go in peace."

To be continued.

ROSES.

CHARLOTTE CALLAHAN.

Under the warm June sun,
June roses bud and blow,
Bushes and laden vines
Heavy with blossoms glow
In red and creamy white,
Beauty and grace and light.
For You make earth a shrine,
O Heart Divine.

Under the late June sun,
June roses fade and die;
Petals once scented sweet,
In dusty pathways lie.
Love's roses, fresh with dew
In hearts, live on. For You
These deck the loveliest shrine,
O Heart Divine.

THE ECHO OF LIFE.

K. D.

Life had no charm, the earth no tie To hold her spirit here; Without a pang, without a sigh, She left this mortal sphere.

She sought not for its fame or praise As o'er its path she trod; But left its dark and hollow ways To live and toil for God.

And when Death's Angel came at last. She laid her crosses down; And gladly, oh! how gladly, went To claim her virgin crown.

A LI'1TLE WHITE ROSE.

MARY ALLEGRA GALLAGHER.

A little white rose in my garden,
Where a red one lately stood;
"Tis sweet in its virgin beauty,
But I cannot think it as good.
It lacks a soul to my vision,
Though fit for a bridal head;
It seems but a ghostly flower,
And a forgery of the red.

S. ANTHONY.

ELISE PARLOUR ROMA.

O blessed Anthony, whose kindly heart
Has not, in centuries, lost e'en a part
Of its sweet charity;
Thou art our mentor dear, our guiding
star,
That watches o'er us from that land afar
We call eternity.

The faithful see in thee a vision bright
And fair, illumining the depth of night
That wraps so gloomily
Our weary souls, and ever find thy face
Upon us beaming. Ah, thou'lt send us
grace

And send most bounteously.

We lay before thee all our heavy load
Of sin and trouble, rife in this abode
Of earthly misery—
Well knowing that thy helping hand will
lift
Away the weight. We thank God! Great
the gift
His love hath granted thee,
O dear S. Anthony!

AS SEEN IN CHINA.

REV. BERTRAND COTHONAY, O. P.

arance of the Chinese habitaess the beholder as totally comfort to the inmates. Large cupy small, filthy and badly es, in company with their ogs and goats. The provision t after death, however, is caropposite extreme. The Chinas to have a spacious place all and of which he hopes to be il possessor. Ordinarily he habitation during his lifetime. al is cut stone, put together in as solid as possible to defy the time. He inscribes beautiful upon it; short poems cut in nay be read by the passer by. pository his descendants will an appointed day to make him f rice and other provisions, as ed and gilded papers which there, and which, by a process Chinese only, will be converted sian Fields into money, of good mong the spirits.

one of the plagues of China, from the character and superthe Chinese. There is not a any importance that does not or two in the course of the the cities they are more fre-1e causes are manifold. They e frequently among the women men. This arises from the iniition of the women. Families bdivide so easily as among us. marrying, continue to live same roof with their parents. nusual to have fifteen or twenty in the same family. in-law are subject to the autheir mothers-in-law. There the sisters-in-law a hierarchy to age. The wife of the elder as precedence over the wife of er, and she has the right to the wives of the younger

brothers. Hence the source of lasting strifes, anguish about everything and about nothing, frequent vexations over questions of precedence. They often come to angry words, insults, blows, then to tsi, that is, extreme fury; and, in consequence of this excess, blinded, maddened with rage, they give themselves up to acts of violence to themselves. The suicide of those young maidens whose betrothed dies before the marriage, or that of widows, not only is not disapproved, but is generally encouraged by this degraded people.

They tell me of a young maiden of Fou-tcheou wnose betrothed died before the celebration of the marriage. She resolved not to survive him, and when her parents saw her so determined to take her life, they resolved to accompany this act after a solemn manner which drew attention to their family and covered it with honor. On a day appointed their young daughter was carried in a palanquin to the house of her deceased betrothed. There she was raised on a stage in the middle of the principal apartment. Then she adored the tablets of her ancestors and offered a sacrifice to their spirits. Her relatives and friends were assembled to be witnesses of the scene. The parents of the deceased young man came first to prostrate themselves before her whom they had chosen for daughter-in-law. They offered her afterwards tea and sweetmeats. She then mounted the scaffold, and passing her neck through a sliding noose which had been prepared and which was overhanging her, she then gave a kick with her foot to the stool which supported her. They allowed her to die calmly; they placed her in a coffin, which was solemnly interred beside that of her betrothed. Her name was inscribed on the tablets of her new family, and these unfortunate pagans invoke her as a divinity.

Formerly the mandarins themselves used to assist at these criminal exhibitions. They do not attend any more since a farce was played upon them by a widow who pretended to suicide, and who, at the moment of upsetting the fatal stool begged of the assembly permission to go to feed her hogs. She did not return, and the assembly was disappointed in regard to the performance.

The men commit suicide for two special reasons; because they have been ruined or for vengeance upon an enemy. It is towards the end of the Chinese year that the first cause produces the greatest number of violent deaths. It is a universal custom that debts be paid and all accounts settled before the expiration of the year. The debtor who cannot satisfy his creditors before the first of the new year loses all credit, he is a ruined man; he must either exile or kill himself. Accordingly, towards the end of the year, an incredible activity reigns in the shops, stores and everywhere. On the last day of the year they hide from the creditor whom hitherto they have escaped, that he may not overtake them at the last moment. The creditor does his utmost to overtake his debtor before the new year has commenced. On the first day of the new year one often meets a business man rapidly walking along the streets, lighted lantern in hand; it is a creditor who has not yet been able to present his claims to a debtor; for him it is always night so long as he is not yet paid, and if he can find his man before noon of the first day of the year and then has his lighted lantern, the law will be on his side. Many resort to suicide to avoid being cast into prison, to escape dreadful tortures that might be inflicted, and to avoid shame and misery.

A Chinese proverb having the force of law says: "Life pays for life." If you have been the cause of another's self-inflicted death, you have a bad affair on hand. Were it only a beggar who cuts his throat before your door, you will have law suits without end and heavy costs of court. Two merchants are in competition; the one beaten takes opium and

goes to die in the store of his adversary. An attorney loses his case; he goes to hang himself at the door of him who has gained. Behold the means of revenge; for he with whom the corpse is found will be ruined, if not executed by Justice.

The Chinese greatly fear suicide for revenge. M. Simon relates the following instance in a Chinese city, to show the fear that suicide instils into others:

"A man having some money meets, on a bridge, a pickpocket, who relieves him of it, to whom he cries:

"'Robber, restore me my money.'"

"But the robber starts to run away."

"'Robber, if you do not restore me my money, I shall kill myself."

"And the robber immediately brings back the stolen money."

A fine country where the fear of suicide seems to take the place of police!

As there are no statistics existing in China, it is difficult to form an exact idea of the number of suicides, but it must be large. A missionary who has been a long time in this country estimates the proportion as one to every two or three thousand inhabitants. The first Emperor of the present dynasty, Chountse, committed suicide. The last Emperor of the preceding dynasty, that of Min, also committed suicide. This is what he wrote with his own blood before committing this act of despair:

"I have lost the kingdom that I received from my fathers. * * I am, therefore, going to close my eyes so as not to see my empire destroyed or ruled by a tyrant. I am going to deprive myself of life, because I cannot suffer it to be dependent upon the lowest and most unworthy of my subjects. I cannot any more appear before those who, having been my children and my subjects, are now enemies and traitors. Since the State dies, it is expedient that the Prince also die."

Poor Chinese people! Like every human creature, they have a heart naturally religious. They build innumerable temples, and fill them with thousands of gods. These they honor by sacrifices, prayers and ceremonies repeated without cessation. But how the great enemy of the human control of the human center o

has misled them, and continues them!

is truly the Prince of this vast
Besides the idols which all honor,
illy has its protecting genius. In
lage, each mandarin, upon enterhis office, receives one of these,
ssigns these pretended protecting
individuals or populations? I
t how the choice is made in the
s, but at Fo-kien it is done in

ceroy, representing the Emperor, eaven, is deemed to have unlimver over the world of spirits, hich he can delegate, and which, he does delegate, compensation reed upon. Letters, artistically), and in pompous language, purommunication of this divine powhead of the family wishes a proenius for his house; he goes to a man, explains to him his wish. rned man draws up a docuigned and sealed with large s, in which, for a year or forever, he is assured that nily will be under the protecn idol already known, or, oftener, imal, such as a white fox, or yel-, an old tiger, a dragon of bright . The simple man pays accords fortune, receives his document away. He and all his family y make their prostrations and to their supposed protecting

ief of a village makes the same in by letter, and obtains a proenius, which all the village will is, and in honor of which they occasions, illuminations, sacriff the people have good harstead of thanking the Creator, tes His sun rise and His rains give thanks to their protecting

drought or the typhoon has heir crops, or if an epidemic on them, the Chinaman is astonen takes it patiently, but someomes angry at the genius, which negligent or powerless. In that case the people will give their last sapequies to change the genius which has not protected them, or even to punish it.

I have before my eyes a very curious document, which was recently copied in a temple of Fou-tcheou, which Mgr. Massot has had the kindness to translate for me:

"Degradation of the god Young-tsin. The pious and holy grand emperor, and, with heaven, grand sovereign Creator, and sacred oriental Mountain, makes known as follows:

"It has come to our knowledge that the administrator-general and assistant of the second rank, Young-tsin, is an idler, and thinks only of living a joyous life, continually neglecting his duties; it is just, then, that he be degraded. Therefore, we order that six ministers of our court efface from our official list the names of the administrator-general and assistant of the second rank, and that the vice-president of the same tribunal or bureau of administration take his place, etc.

"That the present be faithfully executed.

"24th of the 9th moon.

"I, the Oriental Sovereign Mountain."
The following is no less curious. Differing from the preceding, it accords a signal honor to the idol Tchen, which, no doubt, had behaved well:

"Promotion of Governor Tchen.

"We, Siang-haung, protector of the government, by imperial decree majestic duke and admiral, having authority in all the province of Fo-kien, we grant to Governor Tchen that in public procession he can be carried in a palanquin, and that he be venerated by all the people.

"We, the Slang-haung."

The enemy of the human race, no doubt, laughs at these promotions and degradations, and despises the Jugglers, who, for a few sapequies, issue these decrees in his name; but he is elated at the honors he has succeeded in robbing from his Creator, and has attributed to himself by this poor, misguided people. Under these names of animals, fabulous or fantastical protecting genii, governors, etc., it is him

that they adore, that they invoke, and whom they fear.

In the buildings erected after the naval battle of Pagoda, in honor of the victims of Admiral Courbet, may be seen the altars upon which large gilt tablets bear the names of the Chinese marines and officers slain in that battle.

On the Isle of Pagoda there is a monument a thousand years old, which has given its name to the Isle. In a group of houses where reside European employees of the arsenal are situated the new chapel and the house in which I write. From this spot one enjoys an incomparable view of the river Min and the pointed mountain of Fo-kien.

The devil often shows his power when God, for special reasons, permits, whether in His justice to punish or to give a salutary warning to those who are witnesses of Satanic intervention. Of this here is a striking example: The Dominican Sisters of Fou-tcheou inform me that, a few years ago, a pagan woman, aged about twenty-five years, had been employed by them as a nurse of one of the many infant girls that they gather in large numbers. For a supposed favor from her protecting genius, this woman made to him a vow to abstain from certain meats during a year. It happened that, being invited to a family feast, she yielded to the temptation of eating a little of the meats which she had forbidden herself. That evening, as she afterwards stated, she saw suddenly appear before her a monster that reproached her for having broken her vow.

"I will punish you for it," he said. "I must kill you. Let go that child which you hold, for she has a sign that hinders me from approaching you."

The unfortunate woman, hearing these words, was terrified, and, instead of leaving down the little Christian girl she was carrying, pressed her more closely to her bosom. Half dead with fright, she arrived at length at her home sobbing. The devil had preceded her there, and the whole night long her husband and other persons of the family, as well as herself, heard frightful noises, howls and threats that made them shudder. The woman passed

a dreadful night, but did not separate herself for an istant from the little girl.

The next day was pay day for the nurses. She came with the others to the establishment of the Holy Infancy. The Sisters, remarking her strange appearance, pressed her with questions, and in presence of a hundred women she narrated all that had happened. They wished her to take some nourishment, but, through fear of breaking her vow again, she accepted only a cup of rice water. The Sisters told her that in the condition in which she was she could not continue to nurse the little girl.

"If you take away from me this little child," said she, "the devil will kill me; that is certain."

The other women joined their entreaties to hers. Finally, the Sisters believed they should yield. They wished her to accept a blessed medal of the Holy Virgin, but the unfortunate woman obstinately refused, saying that the little girl was a sufficient protection for her.

During several days she did not separate herself from the child, day or night; but, the noises and threats having ceased, she believed she could lay down the child to prepare a meal for her family. What happened then? No one can tell; but, when her husband entered, he found his wife dead in the middle of the room, her body horribly swollen. A neighbor woman, weeping, brought back the little girl to the Sisters. The poor child was confided to another nurse, but died some time afterwards.

Mgr. Massot, Vicar-Apostolic of Foutcheou, was once called to a sick woman, who seemed as one dead. He sprinkled her with holy water, and immediately she arose, very wild looking; she uttered savage cries, and foamed in a horrible manner. Four men could scarcely control her. In spite of their efforts, she formed a kind of bridge, her head and feet only touching the bed. Scarcely had Mgr. Massot made the sign of the Cross with holy oil upon her eyes than she yielded, became calm, and asked what had happened. She remembered nothing that had occurred.

An account of a Chinese funeral will

perhaps interest you. Upon the death of my nearest neighbor three men appear to dig the grave. They are accompanied by an expert, who is to determine the location of the body and its exact eastern aspect. He has a book, several manuscripts and a mariner's compass. Having for some time surveyed the ground with a grave and thoughtful air, he selects the spot, and the diggers commence their work to the east of the selected ground. Soon the corpse is brought, enclosed in a solid coffin, painted black, carried by four men in mourning apparel. They are followed by six women, also in mourning. The women are dressed in white, with veils; these are weeping. With them is the widow of the deceased, holding her little son by the hand. She wears a peculiar garb. There are also three or four men wearing caps of white paper, making them resemble our cooks. Some of them scatter little papers representing, it would seem, money, which the spirit of the deceased gathers up on his passage, to serve him in the other world. Others carry baskets filled with cooked rice and other provisions. Last of all comes a young man that puzzles me. A crown of braided rice straw encircles his brow. He is, perhaps, the son of the deceased. He seems to preside over the funeral. He throws small papers into the grave, and casts some handfuls of rice grains upon the coffin, as, also, some shovelfuls of earth. When all is finished he places his straw crown upon the tomb, and sticks in the middle of it a red candle.

The undertaker's men then come, clamoring, disputing with one another, laughing, in great disorder. After laying down their burden by the side of the grave they group themselves before the baskets filled with little dishes that I had thought destined for the spirits. Armed with chopsticks, they soon make these disappear; then they smoke. At a signal from the young man of the straw crown the six women in mourning suddenly lower their veils and burst out into sobs. The lamentation lasts about a quarter of an hour. In the middle of their cries of grief are heard, from time to time, words in praise of the deceased. Then, upon a new signal, this scene of desolation as suddenly ceases as it had commenced. The mourning women throw off their robes of white cloth, as also their veils, and appear as ordinarily dresed women. Their countenances are joyous, and they are talking at their best. They are decked with artificial flowers in their hair. They roll their mourning robes into a small parcel, and depart as gaily as if going to a ball.

The serious work of the expert begins at the moment when the body has been deposited in the grave. Until now he has for some time considered the sky and the four cardinal points of the compass. At other times he has been attentively reading a book, and consulting the weather. He has another small instrument resembling a mariner's compass. He has also a red string stretched the whole length of the coffin, and across at about the center. The body being then in the grave, he arranges his instrument near the feet, taking care to have it plumb. He then has a white string held by two men over the red string, and, consulting his instrument, orders the head of the coffin to be turned to the west, the foot to the east, then a little more or a little less. This maneuver occupies about twenty minutes. At length he gives a sign that they may fill the grave.

This is the explanation given to me. The man interred was born under a certain sign of the Zodiac, carefully recorded in the papers of the family. On the occasion of his marriage, and on other important occurrences of his life, this sign had been consulted, and has exercised an influence of which an account had been kept. Now that the dead had gone to his last sleep, it concerned his personal repose and that of his family that his corpse is exactly towards the signs of the Zodiac under which he had been born. Hence the movements of the expert.

When the grave has been filled up they leave on the ground a score of little dishes of rice, beans, etc., among red lighted candles around a small statue of a Chinese god. They have a quantity of little papers, silvered and gilt, which it appears

in the land of spirits are changed into silver and gold, of which the soul of the deceased avails himself to pay his passage or to establish himself in the new region.

They wait a short time conversing and beating the tom-tom; then, seeing that the soul of the deceased does not wish to eat the victuals which they have prepared for him, they share them among themselves. Then they drink two large pots of tea, and all depart in a very joyous mood.

On the same evening, while walking in little garden saying the rosary, I beheld the clay freshly dug on which had been placed the straw crown, red candle and a score of little money papers, held on the tomb by small stones. I suffer distraction, I acknowledge. I think not only of the poor deceased, lately my neighbor, but of the innumerable pagans of this vast empire who go down into the tomb without hope, who have had to guide them in their sad life only the uncertain and almost effaced glimmerings of revelation.

The poor deceased that they have just interred dwelt not far from here; so it was adjudged not necessary to tie a white rooster on his grave. The signification of this custom is that the Chinese think that man while living has two souls. After his death one of them goes into the sun; the other wanders over the earth, according to its inclination. It is of the utmost importance, if not for the happiness of this soul, at least for the tranquillity of his surviving relatives, that it be not too far estranged from the place where its body rests. When the body has been transported to a great distance this soul does not always easily follow the body, if left to itself. But the shrewd Chinaman has discovered a means very simple and effectual to compel the soul to follow its body. You, perhaps, do not know that white roostersthey must be completely white-have received from the gods the power to attract the wandering souls of the dead. To tie a white rooster on a coffin is to compel the soul to follow its body as faithfully as a dog tied by a cord to a blind

man is obliged to follow its master. If a family cannot provide a live rooster, a rooster made of paper or of white zinc serves the same purpose.

Fowls in China are generally very cheap, but white roosters are very dear. At fifty paces from my house is a pagoda guarded by a bonza. It serves as a depot for deceased Cantonese, in the vicinity, awaiting opportunity of transportation to Canton. The bonza, my neighbor, buys up all the white roosters brought to him, for he often has need of them to accompany his dead compatriots to Canton. He feeds the precious fowls in large cages. I have seen them often-not without a strong desire to wring their necks-for each morning their crowing disturbs me before daylight. Fortunate white roosters of China, which, in recompense for the services they are thought to render to departed souls, arrive at old age and die their natural death.

I have said that the Chinese think that the souls of the dead linger near their body, or come betimes to visit it. So, near the tombs they have the custom of building shelter against the inclemency of the seasons. As in Chinese society the two sexes never resort together in public, they think it should be the same way with spirits. This is why these small shelters are so often in pairs; and that the souls be not exposed to make mistakes on one side is inscribed a character that signifies "man," and on the other that which means "woman."

I lately paid a visit to Lien-kon-kain, where the pastor-a Chinese priest- had invited me to go to baptize some of his catechumens. We descended the Min for two hours. I was on board with M. Dogere, director of the arsenal, and M. and Mme. Sculford, who were to be sponsors. We pased the night at Quartas, a village of a thousand families. Towards eight o'clock A. M., we set out for Lien-konkain, distant about six miles. We first crossed the beautiful rice fields. Then we climbed a mountain, and descended the opposite side. We found ourselves in a beautiful plain, very well cultivated, in the middle of which is the sub-prefecture of Lien-kon. The weather was fine. The crown of mountains that encircle this plain was brightened by magnificent sun- . ried off two children on this road, and on shine, and presented the most beautiful tableau that a painter could desire.

We went, in the first place, to the church—a very small one, and bare of even the most necessary things. Four catechumens were expecting us-a man of about forty years, and three youths, aged from eighteen to twenty years. Their collected and pious air impressed us favorably. They knew their catechism and their prayers well, and recited them with faith and conviction.

A large number of Christians, catechumens and even pagans came to see us, and to be present at the ceremony. Some poor Chinese have renounced the worship of idols, and have become members of the church of Lien-kon. This church had arisen from the tomb, after having been drenched in the blood of its children. The two sponsors were from the old Church of France, which had already been so fertilized by the blood of its martyrs, and which still sends out missionaries and sponsors to baptize the Chinese. The godmother appeared very much affected. Only a few months since she had quitted the brilliant society of Paris, and in a poor church of China she became, of a sudden, the spiritual mother of four Chi-

The missionary of Lien-kon has already united a thousand neophytes. Formerly he had there a flourishing Christian congregation, but incessant persecutions have scattered his flock.

The church yet stands, but alas! changed into a temple of the demon. Our party went to see it, and with my saddened eyes I read the following inscription:

"First year of the Emperor Youngtchen (123), the said San being prefect of Lien-kon, this temple of the Religion of the Master of Heaven was changed into a temple of the five Sages. and given to the principal inhabitants of the village, whose names follow: Ting, Sian, etc. At the second moon it was restored again by their descendants."

We hastened to depart. We were ad-

vised not to wait until evening to cross the mountain, for tigers had recently carthe morning of that same day one had been perceived prowling around these parts.

On a certain occasion a large portion of European society of Fan-Tchiou and vicinity held a reunion at the arsenal of Mamoi. They were about to launch a cruiser, The Vice-Roi. The Tartar Marshal, a hundred mandarins, a multitude of Chinese, some poorly clad, others in rich garments of silk of various colors, or in costly furs, some hundreds of soldiers and marines, with many banners, cannon thundering from the forts and war vessels anchored in the river, presented a spectacle picturesque, original and impressive.

The launching was announced for halfpast one. The programme arranged for the sacrifice of two hogs and two sheep, offered to the goddess of Ma-tsan, protectress of marines. I reached the arsenal an hour beforehand to witness this curious pagan ceremony, but all was finished. The mandarins had anticipated, by some hours, preferring, no doubt, to make their prostrations and their sacrifices in the absence of the Europeans.

In the morning they repaired in large numbers to the temple of Ma-tsan, who presides over the arsenal, to ask the goddess of the sea to take the new cruiser under her protection. Then they assembled in a small tent prepared on the cruiser.

This was a booth, open in front, and splendidly decorated. In the background was painted, in red gigantic characters, "Fau," which means felicity. Surmounting it were four large bats. This is one of those plays on words to which the language readily lends itself, and which the Chinese like so much. The word "bat" has the same signification as "felicity." Instead of writing the sound, they often paint the animal. There are generally four, to represent the four blessings, which are the ambition of all the Chinese, viz: to have much money, good health, during many years, many honors, and male children that will honor them after their death. At an appointed hour the rear ropes of the cruiser were raised at the sound of a clarion.

The vessel rested on a long beam. An order was given to saw it towards the rear. This was a solemn moment. The

piece of wood was scarcely sawed at three-fourths its thickness when a little creaking was heard. The Kien-wei glides into the water, and balances with much grace amid the enthusiastic applaudings of the multitude.

RECOVERY.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

Far off on a horizon dark
I saw one gleam of light;
"Strike for that shore," Hope said,
Although the waves are dread
And frail thy bark
To breast the dangers of this wintry
night.

Thine angel, see, appear! He will thy frail bark steer; And saints, afar and near, In this thy hour of need Bid thee "Good speed!"

Can such as we
Dare shorten God's right arm of clemency?

WHILST THOU ART NEAR!

SISTER AMADEUS, O. S. F.

When in the tumult of daily life
Sad grows my heart with fear,
Quickly I turn from the care and strife,
Knowing that Thou art near;
Upward I look with the strength I own,
Rest I upon Thy will,
Feel I no longer distressed, alone,
For Thou art with me still.
Let me rejoice in Thy gentle care;
Purify mind and heart;
Give me the grace ev'ry cross to bear;
Wisdom and love impart;
Shield me, O Lord, with Thy pow'rful
arm,
Trust I my all in Thee;
Nothing through life, or in death, can
harm
Whilst Thou art near to me.

THE HIDDEN GOD.

M. G. R.

Lord! who can fathom the abyss of Thy Eucharistic Love!

Closed is thy golden door, O Love!
O Light of happier skies,
Yet round thy little home we kneel,
And lay before thine eyes
Our hopes, our joys, our cares, our tears,
Thou sharest them all for years on years.

O Love! O Light! could sorrow cloud Thy calm, eternal way, How lone, how chill Thy path hath been Since dawned the far-off day When Thou didst come to lull our fears To guide, to soothe, for years on years.

What wooed Thee from Thy angel land,
Thy radiant courts above?
Why askest Thou with outstretched hand
For pity and for love?
Ah! fair to Thee our love appears,
Thou'rt seeking it for years on years.

And we, Thy loved ones, turn away,
Nor heed Thy lonely night,
Nor cheer Thy solitary day,
Nor see Thy saddened sight
For ever through those heartless spheres
Watching our steps for years on years.

O captive Heart! Love's chains are strong
Or Thou hadst never stayed
So long, so tenderly to light
'I his dark and thankless shade
For us, forgetful of Thy tears
Thy patient hope for years on years.

O Heart! Love's Prisoner! clasp to Thee
The few poor flowers we bear,
The wreath of Jubilee we twine
With fond atoning care.
Thy love our poorest gift endears,
Thou'lt treasure it for years on years.

THE ROSARY IN ART.

THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY GHOST.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

"Come, Holy Spirit, fill the hearts of Thy faithful!" must have been the sigh of those Apostles and disciples, with the Blessed Virgin herself as their head, who waited in the Cenacle for that promise of their Lord before His Ascension, saying: "Remain in Jerusalem until ye be indued with power from on high."

From that hour to this, the Church has "Come, Holy Spirit, fill the hearts of Thy faithful and kindle in them the fire of Thy Divine Love!" while all those who are held in the maternal arms of this same Church never cease to sigh for the coming of this Holy Spirit, not only into their own hearts and the hearts of the faithful, but into the hearts of those who know not the way of truth, and even of those who, like the people of Ephesus, after eighteen hundred years, "have not so much as heard whether there be a Holy Ghost." Let us, then, lift up our hearts and voices in union with the whole Church of God, saying, with the deepest devotion, with an entire concentration of mind and of will: "Come, Holy Ghost!" Come now, at this very instant and work Thy wonders of Divine love!

This event of the Descent of the Holy Ghost—as truly an event and one as visible to those who participated in it as the Resurrection or Ascension—is related by the Evangelist S. Luke, in the second chapter of the "Acts of the Apostles," with more than the usual details not only as to the event, but its immediate consequences.

"And when the days of Pentecost were completed, they"—that is, the Apostles and disciples, including not only the Blessed Virgin, but the holy women who had accompanied her so devotedly—"were all together in one place. And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a mighty wind coming, and it filled the whole house where they were sitting. And there appeared to them parted tongues as of fire and it sat upon each of them; and

they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they began to speak with 'divers tongues according as the Holy Ghost gave them to utter."

With what a condescending regard to the necessity of the senses as well as of the soul and of the intelligence bearing witness to this last act in the drama of Redemption, is made known the actual coming of the Third Person of the most holy Trinity to minds still carnal in their apprehension of divine things, and who were to address others equally so! As tenderly as a mother suits her words and actions to the mind of her child, does the risen Redeemer adapt His promise to their understanding, even while knowing that they would be, forthwith, transformed into another order of intelligence. with a spiritual discernment of spiritual things; but, knowing also, that to the end of time the wonderful circumstances attending the descent of the Holy Spirit would bear testimony to His coming and to His abiding thenceforth in the very mind and heart of each one to whom this grace had been accorded under a sacramental form.

But if the circumstances of this coming of the Holy Ghost filled the minds of all present with an overwhelming astonishment, what wonder must have come upon all of them finding themselves in possession of such marvelous gifts? These unlettered fishermen suddenly become eloquent not in their own language only, but in other languages "as the Holy Ghost gave them to utter." Some infused power outside themselves suddenly put them in possession of what the most learned men could not boast, the ability to make themselves understood by different races of different countries at the same time, and this is told in the same breath by the Evangelist as the event itself as an immediate consequence.

"Now there were dwelling at Jerusalem Jews, devout men, out of every nation

under heaven. And when this voice was made, the multitude came together and were confounded in mind, because every man heard them speak in his own tongue. Archbishop Kenrick, in his notes on this second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, says: "There were at that time in Jerusalem Jews, or proselytes, attached to the Jewish worship from every nation in which Jews were to be found. The feast had brought many together from various parts of Judea; but this general concourse from so many nations can scarcely be accounted for, unless from the general expectation, which then prevailed, that the reign of the Messiah would soon be established." And he adds the words: "When this voice was made," may be taken in its natural sense of the voice of the Apostles speaking strange tongues or of the report of the word spread abroad; while the Evangelist goes on to say: "And they were all amazed and they wondered, saying: Behold, are not all these who speak Galileans? And how have we heard every man our own tongue wherein we were born? Parthians and Medes and Elamites, and the inhabitants of Mesopotamia, Judea and Cappadocia, Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia, Egypt and the parts of Lybia about Cyrene and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretans and Arabians; we have heard them speak in our tongues the wonderful works of God. And they were all astonished, saying one to another: 'What meaneth this?' But others, mocking, said: 'That these men are full of new wine."

At this accusation, who rises and speaks to the multitude with undaunted assurance, but that same Peter, who, so short a time before, had been abashed by the word of a servant maid in the house of Pilate, had been still more confounded by the reiterated declaration of two men servants, that he was a disciple of Him whom they had bound and held ready for judgment, until in the frenzy of his fear, he had actually thrice denied his beloved Master, for whom he had sworn that he would willingly die! Of all the wonders wrought instantaneously by the Holy Ghost none was more marked than the supernatural courage which took possession of all the Apostles as well as of the timorous Peter, so that in the thirty-third verse of Chapter four of the Acts of the Apostles we read: "With great power did the Apostles give testimony of the resurrection of Jesus Christ our Lord," or, as Archbishop Kenrick puts it in his note: "With miraculous energy." This is what Cardinal Manning called "the interior mission of the Holy Ghost." and it is with this interior mission that our souls are chiefly concerned in our recitation of this Mystery, so as to gain those "Divine gifts of the Holy Spirit," prophesied by Isaiah. "There shall come forth a rod out of the root of Jesse and a flower shall rise up out of his root. And the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him: the Spirit of wisdom and of understanding; the Spirit of counsel and of fortitude; the Spirit of knowledge and of godliness; and he shall be filled with the Spirit of the fear of the Lord."

After our catechisms and those expositions of Holy Scripture which secure the bulwarks of Faith by strengthening our intelligence in regard to its mysteries, we would suggest that nothing will more surely quicken our meditations upon the seven gifts of the Holy Spirit or warm our devotion in the recitation of our rosaries in their honor, than familiarity with the hymns to the Holy Spirit imbedded in the office for Whitsunday and its octave, such familiarity, in fact, as makes them the lifelong possession of our memory, ready to be recalled at any instant, and furnishing us with aspirations for every season of devotion, of trial or of necessity. How often has an invocation to the Holy Spirit, when no human helper was at hand, brought to us what we most desired, most needed! The hymn for the first vespers of the Feast of Pentecost is not only an aspiration but an epitome of what the Holy Spirit is to those who invoke Him, its first line,

Veni Creator Spiritus,

being an invocation, which is followed by what we may well treasure in our memories in the long battle of life; while the Sequence in the Mass for Whitsunday,

Veni, Sancte Spiritus,
has a loveliness even in the translation

which lingers in the ear and in the heart, preparing us to recite our Holy Ghost decade with

"Sweet unction and true love."

But what inspirations has Art received from our Mystery? In the superior or upper Church of S. Francis at Assisi the rose window has, on one side, a representation by Cimabue of the Ascension of our Lord, and on the other the Descent of the Holy Spirit. The crumbling wall still holds the figure and veiled head of the Blessed Virgin and the heads or portions of the figures of the eleven Apostles, all seated within an interior with a beautiful architectural background, and above the graceful arches is seen the Celestial Dove of the Holy Spirit descending toward the expectant groups. The heads are individualized so that we recognize on the right hand of the Blessed Virgin S. Peter, on her left S. John, and S. Andrew and S. James are to be identified, all painted in Cimabue's most careful manner; the Dove with an elegance of form and softness of plumage worthy of Raphael.

In the Spanish chapel of Santa Maria Novella, Florence, to which we have referred so often in treating our Rosary Mysteries, Taddeo Gaddi has given the Descent of the Holy Spirit in the upper pointed arch on the northern wall, so as to bring in all the circumstances detailed in S. Luke's narrative and with every elaboration of ornament which he could command. Like Cimabue, he has represented the Apostles in an upper room with a certain elegant spaciousness, which reminds us of the Gospel account of the Last Supper, where the disciples are said to have found "a large upper room furnished." The Blessed Virgin is evidently kneeling, with folded hands, her eyes raised heavenward with an assurance of expectation which might well sustain the confidence of her companions. S. Peter, with the keys of his primacy in his hands, is standing on her right, and evidently addressing his companions, who listen to him with the deepest attention and respect. In the very height of the pointed arch, in a halo sending forth bright

rays, is the descending Dove, a beam of light touching the head of each one present and kindling a rosy flame on each forehead. The scene is most impressive, while the closed door of the lower story is besieged by anxious representatives of the various nations sojourning in Jerusalem; one eagerly knocking and all listening for a response as they stand in dignified groups, or point with eager gestures to the personages in the upper room; the vivacity of the oriental nations and their costumes making a vivid picture of the scene as given by the Evangelist. The elaborate double borders of the arch give the heads of prophets who have predicted these wonders, each with his scroll, framed in with elegant arabesques.

But a grand significance is gained for this composition by the one below it, from the same Taddeo Gaddi, representing the glorification of S. Thomas Aquinas, that exponent, we may say, of the wonders wrought in a finite intellect by those seven gifts, as set forth by Isaias. Never has there been a human soul more richly endowed by the action of the Holy Spirit than the "Angel of the Schools," the glory of the Dominican Order, and all this so expressed as to be taken into the comprehension of every one who studies the picture, the Holy Spirit acting like the sun upon the germs of human thought and human genius.

Just above the center of the picture we see S. Thomas enthroned on a gothic chair richly carved and inlaid, with spiral columns and turrets, and the saint himself seated within a shell-like niche; a majectic personality, with a grave but sweet expression of countenance, clad in white habit of his Order, and the dark cloak making the drapery; in his hands he holds upright and open his immortal work, the Summa, his eyes raised with a solemn serenity heavenward, while at his feet, almost crouching in their abjectness, sit the three great heresiarchs, against whom the calm but irresistible arrows of his faultless logic had been directed, Arius, Sabellius and Averrhoes. In the air above him float seven angels, who may be said to have brought down to him the seven fruits of the Holy Ghost. The one at

the very point of the arch is of wonderful beauty, and bears not only a tongue of flame on his forehead, but carries a flame in each hand. To the side floats an angel bearing a cross; opposite, one with a sprig, it may be, of that myrrh of tender meditation which S. Thomas as well as S. Bernard kept next his heart; of the other four, floating nearly on a line, one bears an olive branch, another a book, the sixth bears in one hand a crown, in the other a scepter, while the seventh bears a tower on one hand, carries a sword in the other, his costume half military, and helmeted. these symbols reminding one of the Seven Gifts and their fruits. On each side of S. Thomas thus enthroned sit five personages of majestic, yet benign, bearing; S. Job, with the story of his virtues, his his trials and triumphs held meekly under his drapery; next to him S. David (all of these being named in the picture) with his lyre; then S. Paul, with "the sword of the Spirit" as well as of his martyrdom, and his book of Epistles; next S. Mark; then S. John: on the other side of S. Thomas S. Matthew and S. Luke, thus presenting the four Evangelists, each with the Gospel in his hand; next Moses, on his head the horns of power; while S. Peter, with his book of Epistles and his tranced face looking to his Lord in Heaven, recalling the inspired ardor of so many of S. Peter's sentences, is succeeded by Solomon, crowned, bearing his Book of Wisdom in one hand, his scepter in the other. All these are figures to be studied for their connection with the writings of S. Thomas.

Below all these, below the trio of heresiarchs, are fourteen monastic stalls, their gothic points filled in with figures or groups rich in significance and charm, making us feel as if we must study out their story. Within these stalls, adorned with every architectural device, are seated the seven secular and theological sciences, under the forms of beautiful maidens, chaste and reverential in their simplicity, each with a symbol to identify her, and at their feet sit their earthly representatives; philosophers, ecclesiastics, astronomers, artisans, musicians, poets, law-givers, kings, all with a poetic individuality,

and most of them to be recognized by a little study, giving an insight to that intellectual mission of the Holy Spirit, acknowledged with gratitude in the age of Taddeo Gaddi. The grandeur of this composition as a whole, its intellectual scope as well as the devout rendering of all the circumstances recorded in S. Luke's narrative, give it a place never to be outrivaled, and worthy of study in an age, like our own, of intellectual boastfulness.

Ghiberti's first gate to the Baptistry of Florence, not by any inflexibility of its material, but the conventional form of each panel imposed upon him according to the bronze gate by Pisano, deprives this subject of the representation of the Celestial Dove; but gives "the upper room," the gathered Apostles, while the Blessed Virgin is made conspicuous by filling the pointed space at the top of the panel, thus satisfying Ghiberti's devotion to this Mother of Divine Wisdom, as well as of the Florentines, who delighted to honor her. Before the gate of the lower story, as in Taddeo Gaddi's fresco, we see the Jews of all nations eager to hear the wonderful voice, speaking to each one in his native tongue. The panel itself is one of the illustrations of the adaptability of the Tuscan genius to any space.

But fresco and bronze are succeeded by a new medium in which our mystery becomes glorified as light only can glorify. A section on one of the immense windows of the Cathedral of Cologne gives our subject with a magnificence of conception worthy of its place in dogma and sacred We have a spacious room, in story. which are gathered the eleven Apostles. to be distinguished by their halos, and many disciples, men and women, with the Blessed Virgin in their midst as the Mother of the infant Church, the beautiful veiled head meekly inclined, the hands joined at the finger tips, as that same Dove of the Holy Spirit, which had overshadowed her at the moment of the Incarnation, is flaming above her head, sending down its celestial beams on every one present, lighting above the brow of each, with or without its, halo, the tiny flame it had been sent on earth to kindle earts, in all intellects. To the right Blessed Virgin is seated S. Peter, upward with hands outspread in y; on her left hand is seated S. is hands crossed on his breast, the eautiful face lifted to behold the | Dove with adoring love. All are standing or kneeling, in a rapadoration, Apostles and disciples, ed heads of loving women bowed t of the Virgin herself under the of this heavenly glory; the whole spiring a meditation on the seven gifts!

ie Cathedral of Cologne is not the positor in its crystal treasures of ies of this Mystery. Close to our-:he State's boundary touching our a monastic church, which has i to itself the choicest metal work rs and for a sanctuary lamp, set i over with enamels that bring the ld with its Florence and Orvieto to ds. Frescos cover literally walls ined arches and flat ceiling above r stalls: but this was not enough. ht of Heaven must glorify this nterior by giving the Scripture om both Old and New Testament ncet and mullion windows, and its : must give on its broad spaces renderings of the story of God's with mankind through appointed days of his Church.

e left of the high altar, over the rance to the Church of our Lady lacred Heart, at Notre Dame, Insa a stained-glass picture about feet by sixteen, representing the of the Holy Ghost—full, as this allows it to be, of the most sacred ges in Heaven and on earth, and, of that glorious color which the resent light of the sun alone can ile you can see that the artist rose privileges of the occasion and of it.

very apex of the pointed arch are rith scrolls, and adoring angels fill paces left by the representation of first Persons of the adorable Trin-Eternal Father, the Eternal Son, proper being separated from the line of the mullioned window by

a graceful drapery. Beneath this, in the central space, appears the celestial Dove; truly celestial in its soft white plumage, the wings outspread in its descent, the atmosphere given by delicate blue rays surrounded by fleecy clouds. Directly below this symbol of the Holy Spirit is seen the Blessed Virgin, larger than the other figures around her, filling the center space of the window, her mantled head slightly inclined, her hands folded ecstatically on her breast; on either side the Apostles are adoring the heavenly Dove, while in the foreground on the right hand is S. Peter regarding the glorious vision with that look and gesture of mingled fear and joy which characterizes this most ardent Apostle; on the left hand S. John, his eyes fixed on the Blessed Virgin with the calm and sweet surprise of a new rapture, one hand extended, the other holding the open book of an Evangelist. Five other personages, disciples, ardently adoring followers of the Lamb of God, come into the foreground, and on the heads of all these faithful ones who have waited for the Comforter promised by their Redeemer before His Ascension, burns that tongue of fire which is an expression of the fire of Divine love in each heart.

With these glowing, living impersonations of our Mystery in our minds, before our eyes, do we not echo the sigh of apostles, the sigh of Mary, the Bride of the Holy Spirit, the sigh of the Church during all their ages: "Come, Holy Ghost, fill the hearts of Thy faithful and kindle in them the fire of Thy Divine love!" Come, Holy Ghost, into the souls that know Thee not and love Thee not because they do not know Thee! Come and enlighten the darkness of their minds, melt their cold hearts, bend their stubborn wills and bring to them, as they can receive them, Thy seven-fold gifts of mercy and of love!

Note.—The window which we have described belongs to the set ordered by the founder of the Order of the Holy Cross at Notre Dame, Indiana, the Very Reverend Edward Sorie, C. S. C., who died as the Superior General of the whole Order October 31, 1898, leaving to his Congregation inestimable treasures of sacred art. But the story of the windows is the story of a young English convert whom the Holy Spirit drew from the environment of family and high social connections to the Carmelite Convent at Le Mans, France. One of her accomplishments was painting on glass; this she imparted to her sisters in religion, from which grew a school of art, and from this holy cloister came the windows which have been, tor so many years, our delight in the Church of our Lady of the Sacred Heart at Notre Dame

DOMINICANS IN CALIFORNIA.

SISTER M. ALOYSIUS, O. P.

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With the advent of the railroad to California, came a great change in the commercial relations of the State. Towns hitherto, almost inaccessible, attained the dignity of cities, and, with better facilities for the traveling population, those in the vicinity of San Francisco were sought by business men, as places of residence.

As many new schools were opened near the metropolis, it became necessary that the leading boarding school of the Order should be located in a more accessible town than Benicia, which is thirty miles from San Francisco. San Rafael was finally selected by Archbishop Riordan as the most desirable site.

San Rafael is situated in Marin county, the smallest in the State, but claiming the longest coast line. Marin County is bounded by the Bays of San Francisco and San Pablo on the east, by the Pacific ocean on the west, by Sonoma county on the north, while the southern extremity faces the Golden Gate.

Crossing on the ferry-boats from San Francisco, one is charmed with the varying views throughout the entire journey. The Golden Gate, the most beautiful of straits, lies to the west, with the military station of Fort Point standing out in bold relief, while on the opposite shore Lime Point, the extremity of Marin county, seems almost within a stone's throw of the fortress. In the distance the vessels going out to the ocean look like mere specks, while a nearer view reveals one of our battle-ships in all its glory. Midway on our journey, we pass the army post of Alcatraz, like an old world picture. Further on we greet Angel Island, another of our government stations, with its soldier population.

In the two pictures before us of the villages of Sausalito and Belvedere, we have a delightful introduction to the beau-

ties to be revealed further inland in Marin county, where the little towns nestling charmingly on the hillsides, remind one of sunny Italy.

In this county and distant only a few miles from San Francisco, is found the most beautiful scenery in the State. The hills are covered with a growth of luxuriantly clothed trees-redwood, manzanita. laurel, madrone and bay, sheltering exquisite ferns, which not unfrequently attain a growth of ten or twelve feet. Canyons whose precipitous sides defy the foot of man, seem by their very steepness to lure one to make an effort at scaling them. Giant redwoods stand like cathedral spires piercing the blue sky. Brooks and creeks play hide and seek amongst the hills, the murmuring of their waters making sweet undertones to the songs of the birds, as they warble from thousands of tree-tops.

A vivid realization of the poet's dream! Would that we had a nature poet of the Wordsworth type to render such beautiessin enduring verse!

The town of San Rafael, like a precious jewel in exquisite setting, is surrounded by a half-moon circle of majestic hills, the most lofty of which is Mount Tamal—pais, with its graceful contour, and mantle of purple, the protecting genius of the beautiful little city which lies at its feet. Tamalpais, though only twenty-six hundred feet in height, is the landmark for all the Bay counties. Its ridge forms the outline of the figure of a sleeping woman. Our California poet, Mr. C. M. Snow, sings of her:

She sleeps, the queenly Tamalpais;
The Gate stands open wide;
And strangers come and strangers go
On every turning tide.

Through rolling years the rolling waves
Have swirled beneath her feet;
And nature weaves each year afresh
Her emerald winding sheet.



A million moons have kissed her in Her heavy hidden sleep; A million suns have made for her A mirror in the deep.

But speechless as the doubting priest Of old Judean land, Or silent as the guardian sphinx Of Afric's drifting sand,

She sleeps unmoved, in queenly grace Outlined on sunset sky, While westward sweeping tide of state Rolls all unheeded by.

Sleep on, fair queen, nor waken from Thy aeon-shrouded bier; No royal robe or crowned head Finds servile homage here.

High on thy rugged, time-worn tomb In solitude recline, Fit emblem of Republic's rise And Monarchy's decline.

San Rafael is laid out in blocks, generally three hundred feet square. Most of the streets are lined with handsome trees, which afford abundant shade in summer, while they add to the picturesque appearance of the city. The dwellings, as a rule, are large, elegant, and of modern design, surrounded by well-kept grounds. The flower gardens are famous throughout the State.

Protected as it is, by the lofty hills of the Tamalpais range from the ocean fogs and cold winds, and with its balmy air, rural seclusion, and proximity to San Francisco (being only fifteen miles distant), San Rafael stands unrivalled for suburban residences.

No agricultural country is tributary to ban Rafael; neither is it the natural site for a large town; it owes its present position among the cities of California to its beautiful park-like surroundings, and to an ideal climate that seems to grow in agreeableness, the better it is known.

Apart from its uniformity and bracing quality, there is a subtle character in the air of San Rafael that experts have failed to classify, but which makes the climate singular in its salubrity. From Inspiration Point, is obtained just such a view as travellers in Europe, would go hundreds of miles to gaze upon: San Francisco and San Pablo Bays stretching before us, the islands of Red Rock, and the Two Brothers, Points San Pedro, San Pablo and San Quentin.







"Lovely San Rafael," writes Kate Field in one of her California descriptions, and justly, for no words can express its exquisite beauty.

San Rafael was next to the last of the Missions established in California. According to some authorities this valley was first settled in 1817, by the old Spanish Fathers, to whom it was evident that the harsh winds and fogs of San Francisco, were too severe for their Indian neophytes, who under the influences of civilization had beome susceptible to pulmonary complaints. An exploring expedition was accordingly sent out to locate a convenient spot for a sanitarium. After a wide and exhaustive examination, the explorers reported in favor of San Rafael valley, and accordingly the Mission was there founded. Another account says that the Russians had established themselves at Fort Ross, and also in one of the Sandwich Islands, which looked as if they intended to make a permanent stay in the places they had settled, and were gradually extending their power. It was also thought that the Russians might claim sovereignty over the land, by right of seizure and prior occupation. Under such circumstances, the Spanish government and the Missionaries became seriously alarmed. The result was the establishment of the two new Missions to the north of San Francisco, as a barrier against the unwelcome foreigners: San Rafael in 1817, and San Francisco, Solano or Sonoma in 1832.

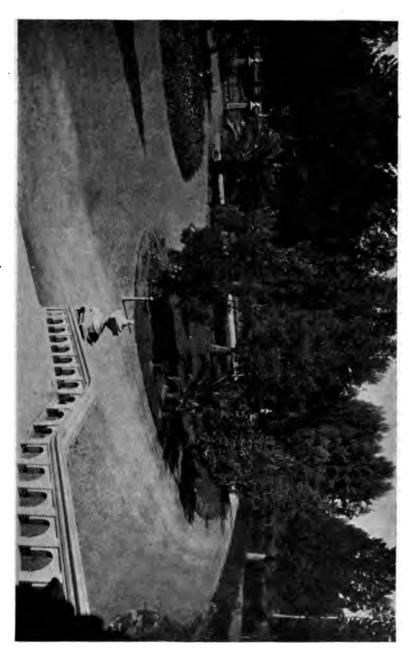
In Hittell's "History of California", we read of the establishment of the Mission of San Rafael as follows:

"It was Payeras who first sounded the note of public alarm against the Russians. This he did in May, 1817, by addressing a report upon the subject to the King of Spain, and by getting ready to found, and, before the end of the year, founding, a new mission between San Francisco and the Russian settlements, which he dedicated to the as yet unrepresented Archangel Rafael. The foundation took place December 18, 1817. The spot chosen was one of the most picturesque, pleasant, and beautiful, in all California. It was at the foot of a high

hill, in a narrow but fertile valley, having a small stream running eastwardly through it, and emptying into the Bay. Looking southward from the site of the old Mission, which has long since entirely disappeared, one saw at the other side of the valley, less than a mile distant a long steep ridge of moderate height, densely covered with evergreen trees, the whole forming a thicket of dark green foliage. High over this some five miles distant. rose into the clear air the deep purplishblue peak of Mount Tamalpais. To the right, up the valley, the view was closed in with wooded hills, here and there, bearing a clump of tall redwood trees, but to the left it opened out several miles of tule marsh to the Bay, with several islands in sight, and beyond all the Contra Costa mountains and the dim double-humped summit of Mount Diable upwards of thirty miles distant. The new Mission was about twelve miles in a direct line a little west of north, from the Presidio of San Francisco, but the dimculty, with such launches as the Californians possessed, of crossing the channe of entrance to the Bay, rendered it prac tically a very distant establishment.

"The first missionary was Father Luz Gil de Taboada. The buildings, whic 3 were gradually erected, consisted of a adobe church, roofed with tiles, an other structures, but they were not a large, nor were there as many of them a at the other missions. The Baptisms i= five years amounted to upwards of eight hundred; but in 1830 they amounted tover sixteen hundred, about a thou sand of the neophytes being the still living. San Rafael offered som but a very weak barrier to the Russians Their settlement did not come down inte the mountainous region in that neighbor hood, but it seemed likely that they woulcom extend eastward along the lower part of what is now known as the Russian River valley and over into the rich agricultural plain of Santa Rosa."

The other priests connected with this mission were Fathers Duran, Abelia and Sarria. There is not a vestige of this mission remaining to-day. On the former site the present church has been built;



the position is the finest in the whole town. The pear trees planted by the Fathers are still living, and yet bear fruit, though not of good quality, as may be inferred from their age.

In Magnolia Valley, in what is known as the Coleman tract, was erected in 1889, the Dominican College, worthy in every respect of its choice surroundings. The building, which is in the Renaissance style, and approached by an imposing stairs twenty-eight feet wide, is three stories high besides the attic. It is two hundred and twenty feet in length and one hundred feet in depth.

The first story is divided into classrooms, study-hall, recreation-rooms the refectories of the pupils and the Sisters, kitchens, pantries, etc. The second story contains three large reception-rooms, library, exhibition hall, chapel, art and music rooms. The third floor includes dormitories, bathrooms and infirmary.

One wing is entirely devoted to the chapel and the novitiate. The former is sixty-five feet in length, forty-five in width and forty in height. The windows are of stained glass, the chief being a memorial to the late Peter Donahue. This is about thirty feet in height. The main panel is especially beautiful, representing S. Peter holding the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven. Another panel represents S. Catherine of Siena. Framing this are medallions of our Lord, S. Thomas Aquinas and S. Dominic.

The main altar and those of the Blessed Virgin, the Sacred Heart, S. Joseph and our Lady of Lourdes are of hand-carved wood, the work of an Italian artist. The Stations of the Cross, which measure four feet in height, were painted in Munich on zinc. Both altars and Stations are in the style of the Renaissance.

The chapel, ever attractive, is doubly so at the close of day, when the rays of light from the setting sun, passing through the colored glass, inumine the picture of the Crucifixion, a copy of Guido's, that hangs in an arch over the main altar.

Other paintings of unusual beauty and merit, copies of masterpieces, decorate the reception-rooms.

The exhibition hall is artistically frescoed, the work of a French artist, and after the style of Louis the Fourteenth. Back of the exhibition hall are the music rooms, which are separated from one another by partitions of glass, which enable the teachers to overlook the pupils while they practise. The instruction given in this department is the same as is used in the best European conservatories, and of the results obtained the annual exhibitions are the best test.

The library, a spacious, lightsome and cheerful apartment, is well stocked with hundreds of choice volumes of the best literature.

All the rooms occupied by the pupils open on ample halls and are so situated as to receive the greatest possible amount of light and sunshine.

The water supply is obtained from springs on the grounds and from the reservoir of the city's water works, Lake Lagunitas, situated midway between the base and the summit of Mount Tamalpais.

The extensive grounds of the College are laid out in beautiful walks sheltered from the sun by various species of tail trees, none of which are more beautiful than the native redwoods. Tennis and croquet courts, swings, jumping boards, etc., afford ample scope for play and exercise. The building being heated by steam, a uniform temperature is thus secured, while on rainy days broad verandas permit one to take the air without being exposed to the inclemency of the weather. The illustrations accompanying this article will enable the reader to gain a more accurate view of the College than can be given in a verbal description.

The course of study maintained at the College is too well known to require any comments. San Rafael graduates have ever held high rank in educational circles.

On July 21, 1889, the building was dedicated by his Grace Archbishop Riordan. The San Francisco Chronicle of the following day contained an account of the ceremony, which we here re-produce:

"His Grace, Archbishop Riordan, conducted the dedicatory services. A pro-



OLIVE AVENUE.

cession of clergy, altar boys, Sunday school girls and men's sodalities was formed in the vestry and proceeded to the chapel, and thence to all the rooms in the building, where the ceremony of sprinkling with water and blessing was performed. The Archbishop and priests were clothed in vestments of rich cloth of gold and lace. The altar boys, censer and water bearers were arrayed in mauve velvet covered with white lace, and the girls were in dresses of pure white and wore wreaths of immortelles on their heads. The ceremonies were witnessed by over two thousand people, many of the prominent society people of the Coast having a place among the spectators.

"The procession marched back to the chapel, which was sprinkled and blessed, and in the sanctuary was reared the crucifix, which signified that the building had been sanctified and devoted to the service of God under the banner of the cross. Here the dedicatory discourse was uttered by Archbishop Riordan. The chapel was crowded and the remarks of the gifted prelate were heard with grave attention.

"This ceremony of blessing the school, said Archbishop Riordan, to the purpose for which it is set apart is not new to our people, but is new to a great many who are here, therefore, we will speak of the reasons why we Catholic people hold the views on this subject to which many of you are strangers, and which receive an interpretation which we are unwilling should be put on them. We take, our children from the schools of the land, which we help to build and maintain, and place them among our own people, and we have good reasons for this. Every age has one question that dominates all others. At this time the great question is the one of education; in every mind it is the greatest of any age; education is the pillar of society; the hope of our country. We think that children who are not receiving religious education, who are not trained during school hours in an atmosphere of religion, are not properly trained. We know God only in so far as He has made himself known by revelation; we can only by religious training learn to understand that revelation.

"By education we do not usually mean the mere art of reading and writing and adding figures, but we mean the higher training of man in the duties he has been sent into the world to perform. We must teach the knowledge of man's revealed duty, the knowledge of his faiththese must be parts of his education. Two classes seek to divorce religion from education—those who get along without education and those who think the introduction of religion into secular affairs impossible. Many believe intellectual development will achieve all the results we look for. All the facts make denial of this. Social regeneration, new religious life comes from the ground, from the masses. All agree in admitting the value of education; we disagree over the meaning of the term.

"In our opinion education is the harmonious expansion of all the faculties of man, the building up of physical strength, the development of intellectual acumen and religious training. We Catholics are not alone in this opinion of education. We have not only the finjunction of the Holy Scripture, but the testimony of the wisest and best of every age. Confucius said that without morality, there could be no society. The Persians said the scorner should be driven from the sight of man: whosoever destroys religion destroys the foundation of society. Others have given their testimony. The Roman philosopher said religion was the cradle of liberty, the safeguard of liberty. Spencer said intellectual culture does not mean religious culture. Catholics are agreed that intellectual culture alone does not make good citizens. The expansion of the intellectual faculty does not produce better feelings. Hand in hand with secular training must go the training of religion. The day has gone by when it can be said the Catholic Church cares nothing for education. I venture to say we are spending more money, making greater sacrifices for education than any other class. We have educational institutes dotting the entire Republic, built



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ř.,

out of the poverty of the Catholic people. There the children will understand there is a new life. Those who say the Catholic Church is the friend of ignorance should look at the facts.

"Education is the great adjunct to us in our religion; we know the educated Catholic will never give up his faith, and so we try to educate all Catholics. The Government says it will educate the children. It should not do this. If it educates the child, it should clothe and feed it, and then we would go down the steep incline that leads not to socialism, but to communism. The Government should let the people take care of themselves.

"When you speak of unsectarian schools you speak nonsense, because there can be no such thing, as everything leads to God. The Episcopalians and Methodists, knowing this system will injure them, will go back to it; but as the old Catholic Church is gaining by it, they are content to lose. The conversion of a child is the saving of its life; but here I do not undervalue the benefits of home life; the father and mother are the divinely appointed teachers. Virtue is at the root of all the temporal prosperity in the world.

"The objection is raised that these are unpatriotic schools; it is said the Catholic Church is unpatriotic. Then the history of the country is not to be believed. One hundred years ago, in the dark days of the Revolution, half the members of the Continental army were Catholic soldiers. Great Washington hoped the time would never come when the country would forget the part the Catholics played in the war. Men forget the times when the lilies of Catholic France floated amid the stars

and stripes of the young republic; men forget the Catholic was ever against the tyrant King, who was this country's enemy, while Episcopalians gave him their support. The man who loves his God will love his country. Patriotism comes not so much out of schools as out of our churches; it is a religious, not an intellectual sentiment. Train your children to know God, to love the law, to make sacrifices, to know that man lives for something more than he can see here.

"To the Sisters, by whose sacrifice we are able to stand here; whose zeal, energy and kindness have done so much toward building this College, our thanks are due. To W. T. Coleman, for his generous gift, we return thanks, and all those who have assisted us we remember with praises.

"The education of girls should be as varied and thorough as possible. The children are left in their care and we reach the child through the mother. What power is there for regenerating society in our college and universities? The great power is religion. Where the muse of Virgil and the glowing words of Cicero had failed to regenerate the world, men set forth from despised Palestine to win the earth for Christ."

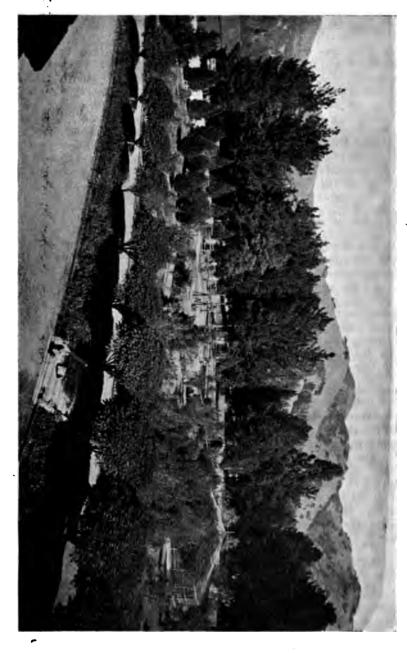
The words of the Archbishop were listened to with marked attention.

Mother Mary Louis, Provincial of the Dominican Sisters of the Congregation of the Holy Name, accompanied by the Sisters and novices, left St. Catherine's, Benicia, on August 8, as it had been decided that the Mother-House of the Congregaton should be transferred to San Rafael. The College was opened for pupils on August 26th, and has had an average of sixty boarding pupils in regular attendance.

Mother of God, we hail thy heart,
Throned in the azure skies,
While far and wide within its charm
The whole creation lies.
O sinless Heart, all hail!
God's dear delight, all hail!
Our home, our home is deep in thee,
Eternally, eternally.

Mother of God. from out thy heart
Our Saviour fashioned His;
The fountains of the Precious Blood
Rose in thy depths of bliss;
O sinless Heart, all hail:
God's dear delight, all hail!
Our home, our home is deep in thee,
Eternally. eternally!

-Father Faber.



EDITORIAL.

The June celebrations are all redolent of the precious graces of the Sacred Heart, but pre-eminently does the feast of the Blessed Sacrament draw to itself the love and tenderness and gratitude and reparation and thanksgiving of all those devout souls who have the happy privilege of gathering around Emmanuel's tabernacle home, in the spirit of holy Faith. Subordinate to this great day, but still of special power, comes the commemoration dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which so closely follows the solemnity of Corpus Christi.

At the opening of this present June the grace of the Pentecost celebration mingles with the glorious commemoration of the Blessed Trinity. Our special Rosary article is, therefore, timely. And we may add that it is a great satisfaction to us to learn, from various quarters, how highly appreciated and cordially welcomed are Miss Starr's beautiful contributions in honor of our Lady.

During the session of the Congress of Mary, recently held in the city of Lyons, much enthusiasm was displayed by the members in recognition of the wonderful results arising from the labors of that devoted daughter of Fourviere—Pauline Marie Jaricot. The following extract from the report of the Congress is a deserved tribute to her memory:

"It would be a reproach to us to close the session of the Congress should we fail to recall a name that all the holy hill reveres, and one that we have not, as yet, inserted in the report which we consecrate to Mary. It is not in regard to a community nor a good work, but in a name personating a multitude of good works and representing communities. This name, upon the lips of all, is that of Pauline Marie Jaricot. Her prodigious labors merited from Pope Gregory XVI. the title of his 'daughter of Lyons.' Cardınal Lambruschini called her his 'daughter of Fourviere.' Pope Pius IX. named her 'benefactress of the Church.'

Mgr. Retord and Mgr. Verbolles styled her 'the mother of apostles.' Cardinal Villecourt directed and defended her. Our Archbishops had confidence in her and veneration for her. She instituted the aid for the Missions (Association for the Propagation of the Faith.) She restored courage to Pere Colin, who was discouraged in the commencement of its foundation. She organized the Living Rosary for the conversion of sinners. She received into her house the Sisters of the Incarnate Word, then without a shelter. She introduced into the kingdom of Mary the holy Thaumaturgus (S. Philomena) and initiated devotion to that saint. She also brought her precious relics to the Curé d'Ars. She assisted Mgr. Forbin-Janson in the formation of the work of the Holy Childhood. She multiplied herself in the exercise of all charities of zeal and for the salvation or souls. All the holy hill speaks of her, for she loved it; she preserved it; she stocked it with religious houses. She styled herself the poor servant of Mary, the poor servant of Fourviere. To know whence Pauline drew the inspiration of so many good works it is necessary to study her intercourse with our Lord and with His holy Mother; Pauline and our Lady of Graces at S. Nizier, in its infancy; Pauline and the old chapel of Fourviere, where she passed days and often nights; Pauline and the Immaculate Conception, which she was the first to glorify exteriorly; Pauline and Nazareth; Pauline and Loretto; Pauline and the Living Rosary.

"Pauline Mary Jaricot was one of those souls most devoted to Jesus Christ, to Mary and to the Church in our age. May we be permitted to express the wish in the name of those who love Fourviere, the Rosary and the works of the Missions, that the process for the beatification of this humble servant of God and of Mary may soon be commenced."

The closing exercises of our Dominican

Academies held in May were up to the usual standard. We congratulate Sisters and pupils, and wish them a full measure of deserved rest and recreation during their well-earned vacation.

What can we expect in the way of high ideals, lofty conceptions and noble aspirations, when such a creature as Funston is headlined in a "respectable" San Francisco journal as having performed the "greatest achievement of modern times." Verily we are the laughing stock of the world, and from the moral standpoint it is all so distressingly sad.

S. Joseph's Society of the Sacred Heart, for Negro Missions, S. Joseph's Seminary, Baltimore, Md., has a most encouraging record for 1900. In addition to S. Joseph's, under the charge of the Very Rev. J. R. Slattery, institutions have been established in the following places: Epiphany Apostolic College, Walbrook Md., and the House of the Good Shepherd, for cojored girls.

In Montgomery, Ala., an institution was opened in October, 1900, under the direction of Rev. T. B. Donovan. In Wilmington, Del., S. Joseph's Home for Orphan Boys is under the direction of Rev. L. J. Welbers. There is also the Colored Industrial School at Clayton, Del., directed by Rev. M. B. Sice. Rev. J. J. Nally is in charge of the Colored Industrial School at Pine Bluff, Ark.

The diocese of Baltimore contains 100,000 negroes. The institutions are S. Francis Xavier's, Rev. J. Butch pastor; S. Elizabeth's, home for colored foundlings, in charge of the Sisters of S. Francis, and S. Peter Claver's Church, Rev. R. J. Carse pastor. The negro Catholics number 4,575. Eight hundred thousand negroes are counted in the diocese of Richmond, of whom only three hundred and twenty are Catholics. In addition to S. Joseph's Church, for negroes, there is the Foundling Asylum, which has registered one hundred baptisms during 1900. In Norfolk, Virginia, there are 280 Catholic negoes; in the same State, Lynchburg contains 140; Keswick, 20; Jarretts, 60.

In the diocese of Wilmington, Del., which numbers 100,000 negroes, but 204

are Catholics. In the diocese of New Orleans there are 250,000 negroes, of whom 660 are Catholics. The diocese of Natchez, Miss., contains 850,000 negroes; 195 are Catholics.

Little Rock diocese contains 400,000 negroes; 50 are Catholics.

The State of Alabama numbers 680,000 negroes: 194 are Catholics.

Nashville, Tenn., boasts of 26 Catholic negroes.

A mere glance at these figures can not but arrest the attention of the thinking Catholic and force upon him the necessity of encouraging the negro missions by substantial contributions to the support of the zealous pastors, who are laboring not only against terrible odds in the way of numbers, but against the appalling consequences of irreligion on all sides.

Interesting publications are issued by those in charge of the various educational institutions for colored children, which contain information concerning the progress of the work. From the diocese of Baltimore The Colored Harvest and The Josephite regularly appeal for the spiritual emancipation of our colored brethren.

Our material support to this good work will not only place blessings within the reach of darkened minds, but may probably avert the visitation upon our selfishness of misfortunes we are ill-prepared to bear.

"The Methodists are planning a vigorous campaign. Bishop Warren has arrived in Manila. The native converts are enthusiastic." Thus the telegraphic "news" from the Philippines. Thus newspaper lying and sensationalism try to keep pace with American "Christianity" in its Apostolic (?) efforts to pervert the children of the Faith. But we are prospering; trade increases; the devil gloats.

The solemn functions set for the third, fourth and fifth days of this month in Santa Clara College, California, will mark fifty years of progress in the work of Catholic education to which the Jesuit Fathers have so generously dedicated their lives. The ceremonies which commemorated during March the arrival of the original band of pioneer Sons of Loy-

ola, in 1851, are by the celebrations of this month fittingly crowned.

DOMINICANA notes these events with hearty congratulations to the Jesuit Fathers, and with equally cordial greetings and wishes for long years of continued and increasing prosperity in their apostolic work.

"The purification of politics is an irridescent dream. Government is force. Politics is a battle for supremacy. Parties are the army. The decalogue and the golden rule have no place in a political campaign. The commander who lost the battle through the activity of his moral nature would be the derision and jest of history."

These words of the late Senator Ingalls were not spoken as prophecy, but the realization of the truth so vigorously uttered is one of the painful experiences of our American public life, and daily the evil grows in force and extent.

MAGAZINES.

From the March number of our French associate La Couronne de Marie, we quote the following brief addressed by the Sovereign Pontiff to Father Froget, whose admirable work L'Habitation de S. Esprit dans les Ames justes we hope shortly to bring out in an English dress:

To our dear son, Bartholomew Froget, of the Order of S. Dominic, Poictiers, Leo XIII., Pope.

Dear Son—Health and Apostolic Benediction. The piety of Catholics delights in offering to us frequently the fruits of their talents and science. Of these works, those are certainly the most agreeable to us which serve to elucidate our own teachings. Thus the book by which you have lately done homage to us deserves a particular favor.

In it you explain, according to the doctrine of the Angelic Doctor in a treatise both rich and luminous, the admirable indwelling of the Holy Ghost in just souls. This point of Catholic faith, so capital and so consoling, we have ourselves urgently recommended, in our Encyclical Divinum illum munus, to the zeal of those who, attending to the duty of their charge, devote themselves

carefully to the eternal salvation of souls. It is of supreme importance, in fact, to dissipate in Christian people ignorance of these high truths, and it is in consequence necessary to strive to obtain that all apply themselves to know, love and implore the Gift of God Most High, from Whom flow so many precious benefits. Your book has already greatly contributed to the attainment of this end. We congratulate you on it and we have pleasure in hoping that this good will always continue, which we eagerly desire. In praising your perfect submission to our authority and your sentiments of a very devoted son toward our person, we accord to you, with all the affection of our heart, the Apostolic Benediction as a sign of our paternal benevolence and as a pledge of the divine graces.

Given at Rome at S. Peter's, February 20tn, in the year 1901, and in the twenty-fourth of our Pontificate.

LEO XIII., POPE.

The Foreign Travel number of The Century magazine includes delightful sketches of distant lands. Foremost in rural simplicity stands "A Hamlet in Old Hampshire," written and illustrated by Anna Lea Merritt. "Breakfast in Naples," by Mary Scott Uda, is a lively description of the manner of satisfying the appetite according to the Neapolitan plan. The picturesque drawings of street venders are the handiwork of Henry Hutt. "Along the Paris Quais," by Stoddard Dewey, is an animated description of the realm of book-lovers. Louis J. Read graphically delineates the "bibliophiles and bibliomanes" of Paris. "A Little-Known Country of Asia," by Mrs Lockwood de Forest; "The Deserted Capital of Raiputana," by Marion M. Pope; "The Defiles of the Irrawaddy," by V. C. Scott, and "A Recovered City of Alexander the Great," by A. L. Frothingham, Jr., are beautifully illustrated articles, notably interesting from a historic viewpoint.

An attractive novelty in Harper's—Magazine for May is the illustrations in sepia effect of J. J. Benjamin Constant's noted portraits.

hetic interest are the facts conwith the portrait entitled "My is." The early death of Emthe elder son of the artist, has the heartfelt expression of the g father. In speaking of this he says:

my beloved child, notwithstanddeparture from this life in the of youth, the springtime scarcely ed, I have established thee for in this painting by the side of viving brother. To impart the se of life, that is everything. Of ue to me is all the skill with the my son Emmanuel does not prene on the canvas the illusion of is own life?

ing in the domain of art is nother than the means to represent the individual, to reveal the soul in ression, to suggest the spoken in the parted lips. • • • • instantaneous effects of phocan never give that indefinable ity, that revelation of one soul another, which the art of the painter makes possible. And this in my misfortune I am consoled, sought to transfer to canvas the satures of my son Emmanuel, of a father's love, with all of an ion!."

ir worthy friend The Catholic and Times, May 11, we are inor the following extract from the ormon delivered by Archbishop Philadelphia, in the Cathedral, e, May 8, on the occasion of the ig of the red biretta on Cardinal II, the Apostolic Delegate:

aligious Orders, to one of the oldhich Cardinal Martinelli belongs, rays been most dear to the heart hurch. She legislates wisely for ernal government and their relah Bishops and the secular clergy, nds them when attacked by the of Religion. The present attitude III, in their defence in France, is wric attitude of the Roman Ponmany non-Catholics it must appear a puzzle and a scandal, that educated Catholics should exhibit so deadly a hostility to them, as to legislate for their destruction. But such non-Catholics should bear in mind that their hostility is not so much against the Religious Orders, as it is against Religion itsen. They hate the Orders, with the hatred that Christ prophesied the world would hate His followers. Some of these enemies profess comparative friendship for the secu- . lar clergy, but we, bishops and priests, resent the insult of such a friendship, and shall stand shoulder to shoulder with the brave army of the Cross who fight the battles of Jesus Christ. These soldiers are dear to us, because He is dear to us, and they to Him, and with them we stand or fall. This comparative friendship is hypocrisy, and we well know that when they should have destroyed the Orders, they would at once fall on us, as their fathers did on the secular clergy in the French Revolution."

In this strain the Archbishop continued his fine eulogy of the Religious Orders during a considerable portion of his sermon. These utterances of so distinguished a member of the Hierarchy, and on such an occasion are consolingly significant.

The Atlantic Monthly for May contains the first installment of Mary Johnston's new story, entitled "Audrey." "Productive Scholarship in America" is a critical review of the achievements of American scholars in the past and present. author of this paper, Hugo Münsterberg, feels justified in saying that, under favorable circumstances, American "universities will become the soul of the country, and productive scholarship will be the soul of the universities; the best men will then enter into their service, and the productive scholarship of the country will also be gigantic in just proportion to its resources.'

"American Prose Style," by J. D. Logan; "The Distinction of Our Poetry," by Josephine Dodge Daskam, and "The Teaching of English," by Albert S. Cook, are evidences of an energetic literary

movement which promises most gratifying results.

Scribner's Magazine for May opens with one of Kate Douglas Wiggin's wonderfully entertaining stories, entitled "The Diary of a Goose Girl."

In the same number Walter A. Wyckoff details his experience "With the Iowa Farmers." Notable for contentment and goodfellowship are these sturdy tillers of the soil. They never lose an occasion to proffer hospitality or to encourage honest labor.

Among other varied and agreeable contributions which emphasize the special interest of Scribner's for May, we would particularly commend a well-drawn character sketch of General Christian De Wet the latest, and perhaps the greatest of the heroes of the Boer war. The newspapers are notoriously unreliable, so far as the occurrences in South Africa are concerned. This paper in Scribner's is the work of a war correspondent who knows General De Wet, having frequently met him under the varying circumstances of his extraordinary career.

The special feature of the May issue of the North American Review is a symposium on industrial and railroad consolidations. The subject is treated from six different points of view by men who are in a position to know whereof they speak. Russel Sage considers the "trusts" in so much as they are a "grave danger to the community." Then follows a paper by James J .Hill, President of the Great Northern Railway, on "Their Advantages to the Public." C. M. Schwab, President of the United States Steel and Iron Corporation. deals with "Their Effect on the Steel and Iron Industry." "What They Have Accomplished by Capital and Labor" is contributed by Charles R. Flint. Treasurer of the United States Rubber Company. The President of the United States Export Association, F. B. Thurber, comes next in order with his paper, entitled, "Influence of the 'trusts' on Prices," and James Logan, General Manager of the United States Envelope Trust, concludes the symposium, holding that "Unintelligent Competition is a Large Factor in Making Industrial Consolidation a Necessity."

The International Monthly for May contains its usual quota of select "contemporary thought." "German Criticism," by Richard M. Meyer," and "The Iron and Steel Industry" are instructive and interesting papers. The other numbers are: "The Science of Religion; Its History and Methods," by F. B. Jevons; "The Principle of Modern Dietetics," by Carl von Noorden; "A History of Japanese Art," by John La Farge; "Women of the Renaissance," by B. W. Wells; "M. Antoine and the Theatre Libre," by A. Ferdinand Herold, and "The Native Vigor of Roman Art," by Frank Miles Day.

The general reading public will be interested in the article, "The Aurora Australis as observed from the 'Belgica," by Dr. F. R. Cook in *The Popular Science Monthly* for May. This number is very readable, containing excellent papers on the different branches of science in its latest development and progress.

For the benefit of students of comparative magic we take pleasure in registering such college "yells" as disturb the peace from time to time. The Phi Lambda Epsilon fraternity of the Kanssi City Central High School loves to stir the ether with these awful words:

"Fiz! Boom! Alli-ca-rax!
Rah! Hoo! Rah!
Phi Lambda Epsilon,
Raw! Rah! Rah!
Ching! Ching! Ching!
Chow! Chow! Chow!
Boom! a-lack-a! Boom. a-lack-a!
Bow! Wow! Wow!"

This college "yell" brings out a peculiarity of the best "yells" which has been too little noticed by scholars. If ever a common medium of speech for man and the so-called lower animals is found, it will be an extension and application of the rich intellectual resources of the college "yell."

In this neat, incisive style, characteristic of its always brilliant editorial page, a recent number of *The Sun*, New York calls attention to the modern and stupidly senseless practice of our college brawlers.

The Forum for May covers a very pleasing variety of subjects. Literature, social and economic problems, the labor ques-

litics at home and abroad. the tc., all receive excellent treathin the limits of this magazine. Scarborough in his paper, d Our New Possessions," offers tion of the Negro problem: Let territories which we have acthe recent war be opened to the scourage him to emigrate, espethe Philippine islands, where he that he can act freely, live his out the galling race prejudice neering hatred with whih he has n the South. The author would ge him along lines that promise ity, feeling confident that much esent unrest will be a thing of and that his future will be asit cannot now be, in view of exiditions in this country.'

y here suggest the outlook prothe vice-president of the AfroCouncil, Professor Jesse Lawstinguished representative of the
ace. During a recent session of
ed Baptist Lyceum, Washington,
son said, and was vigorously apor saying: "As one of the leadlocal Baptist church, and as
to an audience of Baptists, I
that only the great and powerolic Church can help us. I think
be God's will that we effect our
through the agency of the
Church."

ing to The Washington Times, rson's address was debated after ter had closed, and each speaker he idea of allying with the Cathrch as the only way out of the and the only hope for the Negro ca."

of which we earnestly say

story of the Boer war, recorded ish World, progresses, it grows in Mr. Davitt has rendered a lastce to the cause of truth and hubringing out this detailed record in infamy. The editor of The id deserves the thanks of all true is for his unflagging zeal in bespublican principles here and in rica. The portion of his journal

devoted to the affairs of Ireland is always in touch with recent events in that land of patient hope.

With great pleasure we quote from a recent number of our sturdy and sterling Canadian fellow-worker, *The Casket*, of Antigonish, N. S., the following:

"There is something very about the idea underlying the formation of the Holy Name Societies. To protect as far as possible the Sacred Names from abuse and blasphemy is surely a work worth putting one's hand to. The evil practice of swearing is making dreadful inroads among our children. Mere infants mouth the Holy Names in a horrible manner and without a pang or a regret. It is terrible, in anyone; but children who swear should be flogged until they will never forget the occasion. We fear that Catholics are worse offenders, on the whole, in the matter of profanity, than Protestants are. This is hard to understand: but we fear it is so."

Thus the good work of the apostolate spreads, and Dominicana is happy in recording the progress.

"General DeWet and His Campaign," is the title of a well-written and beautifully illustrated article in the May number of The Cosmopolitan. To quote the editor of this magazine: "Nothing which has appeared in The Cosmopolitan for a long time will be received with as much interest as this authentic picture of General De Wet, the strategist, and his campaign. Mr. Allen Sangree, who was with General De Wet in a large number of his campaigns, is one of the distinguished men who risked their lives to present to the world a vivid account of what many military men believe to be the most wonderful campaign ever fought in any age."

Portions of Mr. Sangree's article are extremely pathetic. He speaks of the young Burghers, "many of them mere school children whose astonishing adventures will scarcely be believed by posterity," who will nevertheless, "go down in history as the bravest of the brave."

Speaking of De Wet an author says: "Compared with his achievements, those of Baden-Powell or Kitchener are like a burning match dropped in the ocean."

Mr. Sangree's clever words we quote with cordial satisfaction: "It is too early as yet to discuss the ethics of De Wet in the alleged shooting of so-called peace envoys, for the information has come only through British sources. But inasmuch as the Boers in all this war have never killed a spy, though many were captured; never shot a Tommy trying to escape, though fifteen Burghers were pierced with bullets at Cape Town prison in one week, and have never hanged a traitor, though many a one deserved it, we could not blame him if he did do this. When a man is fighting for all he loves best, he does not receive kindly the cringing overtures of a renegade."

After the calamity which has overtaken the gallant Boers, the saddest phase of this unhappy and accursed work done by England is the shameful silence of the United States. But, as has so often been noted, our own infamous work in the Philippines forbade a protest against a similar crime.

MUSIC.

From Percy Ashdown, New York, we have received the following lovely songs: (1) A MERRY ANDREW, for Sop. in F. Mezzo Sop. in D, Cont. in C. Words by Gunby Hadath, music by Alice Borton. A bright, bubbling song, full of energetic melody. The burden of the text points to a moral, viz: "Tis better to laugh than be crying." Very effective as an encore song (2) THE HEAVENLY PROMISE (Sop. in G, Cont. in E flat) by W. Bertram Collingwood. A fine, strong, sacred song of great emotional beauty. The accompaniment is full of grand chords and harp-like arpeggios. It affords great possibilities for diamatic climaxes and is a thoroughly artistic song. (3) IF WE SHOULD MEET (soprano in E flat, mezzo-soprano in C) words by E. Alfleri, music by C), words by E. Alfleri, music by Frank Lambert. A beautiful heart song of extreme tenderness, finishing with a strong climax. A good teaching song. (4) THE SEASONS OF LOVE, for Cont. in D, by Arthur Rendral, an exquisite ballad of the pathetic type, with a joyous refrain thrown in and working up to a brave climax, which is always so effective for concert programs. The wide accompaniment is full of variety and of good structure. Contraltos should have this song in their repertoire. (5) O LOVING HEART, for Cont. or Bar. in C, Sop. in E flat, words and music by A. Burns Nelson. A splendid, thrilling song, affording opportunities for the rotund voice, with its long-sustained notes and phrases. The little minor strain is especially attractive, ending finally on a deep, deep tonic. It is a noble song. (6) HUSH-A-BYE! BAWN, a mezzo-sop, song in A, by Brendan Rogers Jr. A sweet, soothing lullaby that lingers lovingly in one's heart and mind. The text is full of quaint tenderness, and, added to the gentle, undulating melody, is lovely beyond words to express. It should demand instant attention.

The John Church Co., Cincinnati, has sent us for piano (1) THE CARESS, Op. 11, by Gaylord Barrett, Grade II, a dainty composition of the Rococo type, abounding in a variety of touches. It begins with a stately staccato bass, changing later to legato, by which a beautiful melody is brought out. The right hand is full of strong, majestic chords of all touches (cnord-touches), through which a melody is constantly uppermost. Phrasing is excellent. The sustained bell-like repeated note in the bass in the Finale makes lovely effect, a very fine teaching piece, full of character and sure to interest the earnest pupil. (2) Va-GRANT FANCIES, Op. 6, by Fardyce Hunter, a set of pieces; No. 1, CONTENTMENT, waltz, bright, full of tune and presenting no hard spots. Good practice in short scales of five notes, double notes for right hand. No. 3, ENCHANTMENT, polka, full of cheer and sunshine and melodious from beginning to end. Abounds in fivefinger scales with crisp staccato finish, good for devitalizing fingers. Small chords and accents are in evidence. No. 6. The Siren, waltz, charming and attractive. Melody, partly in the bass, short detached chords in the right hand, and again carried in unison passages, with soft, staccato chords thrown in between. A good study. IN CLASSIC FORM, graded recreations for piano, Op. 14, by J. Lewis Browne, graduate. No. 1, Mexicon, both hands in treble staff; aret wight

es in C major, melodious and entirely different; next eight meas-1 G major, played in unison paswith a Da Capo; eight measures in or, in double notes for two hands. imple and entertaining. No. 7, JRCH, treble and bass staffs. choral theme, with easy scale pasn contrary motion. Pleasing and a tudy. No. 9, Fugue, more complibut a good piece to begin with in g the Fugue. Thoroughly analyzed plained. Evermore and Evermore, song, with violin and 'cello obliy J. Lewis Browne. A pleasing, itial song. Three songs by George erson. No. 1, Spring Song, bright ll of fire. The accompaniment re-a player of ability. No. 2, O No. 2, O RN WIND, a musical song; gives inity for broad tone and expreslivery. The accompaniment full of ke arpeggios and deep, full chords. A HEART SONG, difficult rhythm scholarly song. The accompania fine composition. MARCH OF THE us, by Ethelbert Nevin, arranged r hands, a strong, big melody full racter, introducing a fine choral le finale. Both parts a good study. CE DE CONCERT, for violin and by Planton Brounoff, a full, broad with a fine wide accompaniment. hythmical study.

BOOKS.

Johns Hopkins University Press, ore, has published in book form a if lectures which were delivered by

Morton Callahan before the te students in the departments of and politics of the Johns Hopkins sity in 1899-1900.

following topics are extensively red:

oneers in trade and discovery. ecupation of Madison Island in the 1812.

Larly American interests on the Coast.

arly relations of whalers and with the natives.

1e United States exploring expedi-39-43. VI. Colonial establishments.

VII. Unlocking the gates of the Orient —Japan, China, Corea.

VIII. Americanization of Hawaii.

IX. Relations in Samoa.

X. Occupation of the Philippines.

These subjects will commend themselves to the careful student of literature and politics.

D. Appleton and Company, New York, are the publishers of A HISTORY OF CHINESE LITERATURE. The History is divided into eight books, beginning with the Feudal period (B. C. 600-200), and ending with the Manchu Dynasty (A. D. 1644-1900.)

From the able translation of the author, Herbert A. Giles, M. A., LL.D., Professor of Chinese in the University of Cambridge, the reader is enabled to form an opinion of the Chinese author's expression of his ideas.

Poetry, the novel, the drama, science, religious controversy are briefly exemplified in the History.

Chinese literature abounds in wit and humor. The supply of proverbs seems to be inexhaustible. Here are a few:

A man thinks he knows, but a woman knows better.

Words on earth sound like thunder in heaven.

If fortune smiles—who doesn't? If fortune doesn't—who does?

Moneyed men are always listened to.

A bottle-nosed man may be a teetotaller, but no one will think so.

With money you can move the gods; without it you can't move a man.

Bend your head if the eaves are low. Gold is tested by fire; man, by gold.

The publishers have made the book a companion volume to those already published in the series entitled, "Literatures of the World," and have executed their part of the work in becoming style.

THE WIZARD'S KNOT is a story of the inevitable suffering of the Irish peasantry under a united system of tyrannous landlords.

The circumstances surrounding the chief personages introduced develop

varied phases of character, in which the strong contrasts sharply with the weak. Good and evil are alternately delineated.

Dr. Barry, with his usual power, has bound up the fates of several interesting individuals in the fascinating Wizard's Knot.

The Century Company, New York, are the publishers of this volume which is excellently printed. It appears in an appropriate dress of green and gold.

The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago, has issued a second edition of Lectures on Elementary Mathematics, by Joseph Lagrange. The present work is a translation from the French, by Thomas J. McCormack, of La Salle, Illinois.

In his preface Mr. McCormack says: "The originality, elegance and symmetrical character of these lectures have been pointed out by De Morgan, and notably by Duhring, who places them in the front rank of elementary expositions, as an exemplar of their kind. Coming, as they do, from one of the greatest mathematicians of modern times, and with all the excellencies which such a source implies, unique in their character as a reading book in mathematics, and interwoven with historical and philosophical remarks of great helpfulness, they can not fail to have a beneficent and stimulating influence."

Essays on Numbers, by Richard Dedekind, translated by Wooster Woodruff Beman, Professor of Mathematics in the University of Michigan, is also published by the Open Court Publishing Company. Continuity and Irrational Numbers and the Nature and Meaning of Numbers are ably treated by the author.

From the report number of the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, issued for May and June, from S. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, the American headquarters of this noble organization, we glean some interesting and suggestive facts. Out of a grand total contributed during the previous fiscal year, amounting to \$1,369,740.17, more than half, or \$813,681.59, stands to the credit of France. Out of \$71,229.35 col-

lected in the United States, Boston gave \$22,742.45, leading New York by more than \$17,000. Eloquent figures! Poor Ireland stands well to the front, not less than six of her dioceses outranking San Francisco in generosity to the work of the Propagation. Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Columbus, Covington (nothing to its credit), and other large cities are very low in the scale. Ireland gave more than rich Austria and Hungary. Spain and Italy are well represented in the credit column, but Belgium gave more than the latter, and almost twice as much as the former.

Altogether, the reading of this little volume is stimulating. We are moved to say that an organization somewhat after the manner which prevails in the diocese of Boston would enable California to take its proper place. That San Francisco gave only \$608.00, Sacramento \$19.00, and Los Angeles \$42.00 suggests that our sealous friends in Lyons, France, the home of the Propagation, which contributed \$92. 347.81, cannot be greatly impressed with a sense of California liberality. Again we take occasion to commend most cordially the apostolic work of the Propagation of the Faith, while we earnestly counsel our readers to secure for themselves a share in the rich spiritual benefits that accrue to those who subscribe to this fund. We also take pleasure in saying that the Annals of the Propagation OF THE FAITH furnish reading of a quality pre-eminently entertaining, instructive and edifying.

Harper and Brothers, New York, have issued an attractively bound little volumentitled Understudies.

Mary E. Wilkins, the author has, 51 twelve interesting narratives, present analogous characteristics between human beings and animals, and also between human beings and flowers.

These instructive stories suggest practical lessons and strike a sympathetic note that vibrates throughout nature.

Twenty-five full page illustrations enhance interest in the creatures that have furnished material for these commendable stories.

: Another Helen is the title of a sting novel, by George Horton.

heroine, a charming Greek girl, s the loss of home and friends and imprisonment at the hands of a h warrior who sues for her hand in ge.

terrible experiences and brave nees of the beautiful Greek to the unities of the barbaric chieftain are ly presented by the author.

Horton's effective descriptions of life are true copies of the original ain force from the fact that the has had opportunities for observaaring his residence in Athens.

hero of the story is a loyal lover, and true.

Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianhas printed the volume in excellent The illustrations, by C. M. Relyea, cally portrayed Cretan scenes and its consequent upon strife.

RS AND CHORAL MUSIC, by Arthur is published by Charles Scribner's New York.

novel work has for its purpose the tion of amateur choral singers. It of the origin of choirs, their constiand the nature of their activity at nt periods; something about the of choral forms, particularly the and the Oratorio, about their al characteristics, and about the nd other notable performances of st known of them.

ie chapter on "Amateur Choral Cul-America," interesting details conwith the organization and developof singing societies in this country ven.

publishers have printed and bound ok in commendable style, excelreproducing portraits of eight l masters.

latest collection of Bret Harte's stories entitled UNDER THE RED, is published by Houghton, Mifflin pany, Boston.

Harte is far-famed for his striking itures of heroic traits of character ped under circumstances that apeast conducive to moral elevation. Harte's sympathy with humanity is the dominant note of both his poetical and prose works.

Californians of to-day, however, will scarcely covet opportunities offered their grandfathers for thrilling adventure during the gold-digging era of their native State.

The little volume, containing twelve interesting stories, is notably well printed and bound.

Doubleday, Page & Co., New York, have published a second edition of UP From SLAVERY, the autobiography of Booker T. Washington. The author is foremost among educators of the Negro in the United States. His life reads like a romance. His struggles for self-education and his efforts for the elevation of his own race were almost superhuman. Born and reared in the slave-quarters of a plantation in Franklin county, Virginia, the writer experienced all the hardships of the bondman. He describes, with equal frankness, the wrongs inflicted upon the slaves as well as the kind treatment received from humane slave-holders. No one can fail to admire in his narration an absence of a spirit of bitterness towards the white population of the South.

After the emancipation of the slaves, Mr. Washington's family moved to the Kanawha Valley in West Virginia, and though a mere child, he was put to work at one of the salt-furnaces which are a distinctive feature of that locality. Later he was employed in a coal mine operated by his former employers. Here, under great difficulty, he obtained a reluctant permission to attend night school. Though his progress was slow and laborious, his resolve to secure an education at any cost never left him. Hearing, by chance, of the existence of a normal and agricultural institute for Negroes in Hampton, he determined to go there and satisfy cravings for knowledge. Arriving at Richmond, penniless, without home or friends, he was obliged to seek shelter at night under the sidewalk; during the day he worked on board a ship unloading pig-iron. Finally, Mr. Washington reached the institute, from which some years later he was graduated with high honors.

Mr. Washington returned to his native place, Malden, where he taught school for two years. At the end of that period, General Armstrong, the president of the Hampton Institute, placed him at the head of an enterprise which had for its object the education of young Indians. In May, 1881, he was sent to Tuskegee, in the State of Alabama, to take charge of a normal school for colored students.

This became his life work. An industrial school for the Negroes was established in Tuskegee under his supervision. Hard work, perseverance, and indomitable will power lifted this poor slave to eminence in the intellectual world.

The book has met with the sympathetic appreciation of the reading public.

The publishers have exercised good taste in their choice of paper, type and binding.

From Benziger Brothers, New York, we have received a series of discourses published in book form, entitled: THE GREAT SUPPER OF GOD, OF DISCOURSES ON WEEKLY COMMUNION, by Rev. Stephen Coubé, S. J., translated from the French by Ida Griffiss, and edited by Rev. F. X. Brady, S.J. The mission of this volume in repeating the cry of the Angel in the Apocalypse: "Come, gather yourselves together to the great supper of God," is to induce the faithful to receive more frequently the sacrament of the Altar. It points out the advantages and necessity of weekly Communion.

The three conferences constituting the work may be summarized as follows:

First, that Communion is necessary for all without exception; secondly, that it ought to be received at least once a week, and thirdly, that men in particular should apply the second rule to themselves and approach the Bread of life weekly. The author calls the attention of his readers to the frequency with which the first Christians communicated, instituting a comparison between their practice and that of our day. The author questions why that laudable custom has suffered so alarming a decrease. "More than ever," the writer continues, "the world needs light and strength. Apparently, by some myster-

ious law, scientific progress is counterbalanced by moral decadences. The greater the domination of humanity over matter by the knowledge gained over it, the more does it become the slave of matter by the use it makes of it. Sensualism permeates modern life, and the temperaments of life, weakened physically and morally, are powerless to resist evil. As our Lord predicted, iniquity abounds, and the charity of many has grown cold." Hence it is in the breaking of Bread alone that the souls of men can find enlightenment and strength.

In an extensive appendix treating of historical documents, statements of the fathers, saints and ecclesiastical writers the preceding discourses are more clearly outlined by a concise exposition of doctrinal points and theological opinions bearing upon the subject. As a promoter of the Eucharistic League the author has received the high and cordial approval of Pope Leo XIII, whose special letter, dated Rome, January 10, 1900, is published in the editor's preface, together with approbations of fifty-five Bishops. We heartly join in the writer's wish that this work may go out amongst the faithful, strengthening and enlightening them, and as a monstrance, manifesting the Host of divine and burning love to the world.

The publishers have printed the book from clear type. The binding is substantial and attractive.

B. Herder, St. Louis, will soon publish an English translation of the Dominican Father Ollivier's Les Amities de Jesus. As this work has been undertaken by a competent scholar and theologian, Father M. M. O'Kane, the present Prior of S. Saviour's, Limerick, we are already assured of its merit.

COME, HOLY GHOST is the title of a volume containing edifying, instructive and choice selections from the most distinguished orators and writers on the devotion to the Third Person of the most Holy Trinity, the compiler being the Reverend A. L. Lambing, LL.D. The devotion to the Holy Ghost, which is the sole aim and object of this book, cannot be sufficiently propagated. Throughout the ec-

al year in celebrating the great s of our holy faith, many bestow thoughts on the Comforter who cated to us these tokens of dicy.

the Father, decreed the great the Redemption of the fallen d, the Son, carried out and come eternal designs: so it was God. · Ghost, who brought to recogniapplication of the great fruits ben creatures by the Creator, as the sacraments of the Catholic which, not only in ages past has ided and directed by the Holy ut will continue to be so, until ll be swallowed up in the ocean ty. This Spirit is that peace, by Christ to His disciples, which ld cannot give, the infallible inging down from Heaven His ts to His bride upon earth. His was to strengthen our faith, to appreciate and long for sanctiace, and to create within us the a higher, nobler and more spirit-Fittingly may we here quote the f our Holy Father, Pope Leo i his encyclical letter. "We s (devotion) not only because it mystery by which we are direced to eternal life, and which erefore, be firmly believed; but suse the more clearly and fully is known, the more earnestly it Each one of us greatly needs ection and His help. The more a deficient in wisdom, weak in bowed down with trouble, prone o ought he the more fly to Him the never-ceasing fount of light,

consolation and holiness."

a great multitude of works treatiles exalted subject, the author ered one hundred and four selections and representing a host and thoughts and learned utterthe Catholic doctrine of the ly Trinity. Amongst these, we yeall to our readers' attention inent writers as, the Curé of ather Goffine, S. Alphonsus S. Augustine, Archbishop J. Mc-L. John Chrysostom, S. Vincent

de Paul, S. Bonaventure, Cardinals Wiseman and Newman, Father Faber, Abbé Massillon, S. Thomas, Archbishop J. P. Ryan, Rev. J. B. Feullet, O. P., Cardinal Manning and many others.

Although no special system has been followed in arranging so many extracts treating of the same subject, the various styles and methods of delivery portrayed affords to the reader a pleasing variety, and relieves the monotony which many might experience in reading so extensive a work. Appearing, as it did, on the very threshold of the feast of Pentecost, we hope that many will draw consolation from this treasury.

The book, which is sold at a moderate price, is presented in a neat and attractive form by the publisher, B. Herder, St. Louis. and carries a simple and appropriate cover design.

We have read with pleasure THE PROGRESS OF THE CENTURY, by Eminent Specialists. As its name indicates, this volume contains a series of articles outlining the progress made in the different sciences during the past century. The authors, who are prominent in their several specialties, discuss their subjects in a thorough manner, but in terms open to the comprehension of the average layman.

Two notable exceptions are the articles "Evolution" and "Free Thought." The former, by P. R. Wallace, is pitifully weak in its defense of Darwinism. Discussing the theory of natural selection, he treats at great length of the adaptability of species to unchanging conditions, which no one denies, and then gives the sum total of his proof of natural selection and mutation of species: "Given a slowly changing environment, the same power must inevitably bring about whatever corresponding change is needed for the wellbeing and permanent survival of the various species which are subjected to those changed conditions."

But to conclude that because the rabbit by his rapid multiplication can compensate for his defenselessness, would under changed conditions cease to be a rabbit and become something else is "a farfetched" conclusion.

The second article, "Free Thought," is

but a "rehash" of the sophistries of Voltaire. It would be difficult to select any from among the other articles as especially worthy of mention. "Chemistry," by Professor William Ramsay, is rather too technical for the general reader. "Catholicity." by Cardinal Gibbons, is written in his usual happy style. The subjects embraced besides the ones previously men-"Archaeology," by W. M. tioned are: Flinders Petrie; "Astronomy," by Sir Joseph Norman Lockyer; "Philosophy," by Edward Caird; "Medicine," by Professor William Osler; "Surgery," by W. W. Keen; "Electricity," by Professor Elihu Thomson; "Physics," by Professor T. C. Mendenhall; "War," by Sir Charles Dilke; "Naval Ships," by Captain Alfred T. Mahan; "Literature," by Andrew Lang, and "Engineering," by Thomas C. Clark.

On another occasion we may point out some omissions touching men and things Catholic. The series, originally contributed to *The Sun*, New York, has been brought out in a large, handsome volume by Harper & Brothers, New York.

We cordially welcome a new edition of THE CATHOLIC PIONEERS OF AMERICA, by John O'Kane Murray, M. A., M. D., containing brief sketches of the lives of our Catholic discoverers and explorers. The "Honor to mottoes on the title page, "Honor to whom honor is due," and "Veritas vincit omnia," indicate that the object of the author in publishing his volume was to dispel ignorance and bigoted prejudice in regard "to what Catholics have achieved in the new world" and to render with justice the credit due to those who deserve it. Many historians, such as Bancroft, Parkman, Prescott, Irving and Belknap seem to consider it a duty to suppress the fact that the propagation of the Catholics religion was one of the primary motives that led to the discovery of the new world. When the truth cannot be concealed certain "historians" poison their writings by base insinuations and covert sneers at Catholicity as a "superstition," under the influence of which the missionaries were so many fanatics, blinded by "the vagaries of an insane mysticism.

Encyclopedias are of little value on these subjects, for they do but scant jus-

tice to the Catholic "pioneers," many of the most distinguished being omitted or merely mentioned.

Dr. Murray's book was compiled from reliable and authentic sources, and forms a valuable collection of interesting biographies. To a spirit of conscientious and industrious research our author added the graces of a sprightly and vivacious style which lends to his historical work the grace of a romance.

The publishers, H. L. Kilner & Co. Philadelphia, deserve hearty recognition for their enterprise in bringing out this volume in a style creditable to the bookmaker's craft.

An Enquiry Concerning the Princi-Ples of Morals, by David Hume, is published by the Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago.

"The Religion of Science Library" for the month of November, 1900, is devoted to a reprint of the edition of 1777, by David Hume, the Scotch philosopher. The author himself, in his autobiography, bitterly laments the failure of his work in the literary world of his day. Hume's system, known under the names of "Utilitarianism" or "Humanitarianism," is but the miserable abortion of morality devoid of the aboriginal ethical idea, and exhibiting virtue as mere enlightened self-interest; whereas its opposite, vice, is put down as a miscalculation of chances.

Utilitarian morality in its differen shapes and forms cannot be designated by the term "morality" at all. From feelings agreeable to man, laws of comfort needs (personal or national), interests (whether considered individually or collectively), it is impossible to gather one atom of morality. From the systems theorized by Hume it naturally follows that the essence of morality in human acts consists in their relative utility to society, although the acts themselves may be contrary to right reason. It destroys the notion of moral goodness os evil by falsely asserting that those acti alone are based upon sound principles of morality that bear some relation utility towards the community at large Hence follows the absurdity that the actu of a man, as a private citizen, possess no

7, deprives the individual of his commutative justice and brands icious the private transactions benan and man whenever these do e commercial utility in view. This of erroneous teachings of "moral es" has gained the unenviable noof being placed on the Index.

Two Stowaways, by Mary G. el, is published by D. H. McBride akron, Ohio. Young people in parwill commend the spirit of Ameririotism that prompted the two of this tale to stow themselves pon a transport bound for Manila at of war.

account of the wonderful advenind hairbreadth escapes of the "Americanos" in chase of ins would be likely to foster emulaardent youth were they not conwith the horrible truths that exomance. The climax of adventure 1ed when one of the stowaways, illiston, captures the noted "Witch Tondo," Tuliga, the cannibal who laily upon her numerous victims! was "six feet tall, with snownair, and small, red, cruel eyes, gleamed with satanic rage. She ie usual dres of the native women lower class, but strangely out of 7th the poor dress was a peculiar c necklace of white teeth, from was suspended a large golden , encrusted with diamonds.

not through curiosity that the inquires, Why did Mac not take 'itch' home with him, and what do with that necklace?

SENTIMENTALISTS is a thoroughly ing novel. The hero, Vernon Kent, led clerk in Boston, gradually gains se to society on the strength of his nanly and courteous manners. He he way for introduction of his widnother and sister, who have led a d life in Missouri for some years, their limited income may be econfor Boston gayeties.

nfortunate investment brings Mrs.

Kent almost to despair. A most ingenious method suggests itself to her to recover lost funds. In carrying out her scheme, however, Mrs. Kent descends to methods not strictly honorable, and loses her good name.

Frances Rowan, with whom Vernon Kent has fallen in love, is the embodiment of good sense and womanly courage. Her unselfish devotion to her lover during his darkest trials impels him to manly effort in new scenes.

Mr. Pier's style is bright and pleasing and his characters are within range of possibility.

Harper & Brothers, the publishers, have given the work an appropriate and enduring form.

THE COMMANDMENTS EXPLAINED, by Father Arthur Devine, C. P., has been received from R. & T. Washbourne, London (Benziger Bros., New York).

The pen of this learned Passionist is ever active in God's cause. Those who have read his works previously mentioned in Dominicana, notably the His-TORY OF THE PASSION OF OUR LORD, have undoubtedly felt a happy sense of thanksgiving that they belong to the Church so beautiful in her sacred mysteries. It requires but the slightest meditation on our Saviour's Passion to enkindle in our hearts those hopeful yearnings, unquenchable desires for the bliss of eternity. And within our hearts the question arises, How can I obtain this unending peace, this rest in God's love? It is the same question that was put to our Lord by the young man when he said, "What shall I do to be saved?" Jesus replied, "Keep the commandments. Unless you keep the commandments you will not have life in you."

Our duty is explained in the Decalogue, and it is Father Devine's object in this present volume to show how the law of God obliges us. Each Commandment is explained clearly and concisely, while the pious author ever keeps before his interested reader the consoling truth that the fulfilling of the law is love.

CALENDAR FOR JUNE.

1—Ember Day. Of the Octave. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

2—FIRST SUNDAY OF THE MONTH.—THE BLESSED TRINITY.—Time for fulfilling precept of Easter Duty expires. Three plenary indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers; (2) C. C.; assist at Procession; prayers, (3) C.C.; assist at exposition of the Most Blessed Sacrament in Church of Rosary Confraternity; prayers. Communion Mass for Rosarians at 7 A. M. Rosary Procession, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P.M. Plenary Indulgence for Tertiaries: C. C.; visit, prayer: "God, the Father and Ruler of all the Faithful. (If not known, recite the Our Father. Same on second Sunday of month.

Meeting of S. Thomas Sodality 2 P. M. 3—S. Gabriel, Archangel (from March 24). Meeting of Rosarian Reading Circle at 8 P. M.

4—Translation of the Relics of S. Peter, Martyr, O. P., at Milan A. D. 1340. (Fidelity rewarded). Seventh Tuesday in honor of S. Dominic.

5—S. Francis Carraciola, Priest and Founder of the Order of Mimims. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.) Beginning of Norena in honor of the Sacred Heart.

6—CORPUS CHRISTI.—With most solemn Octave. Plenary Indulgence for all the faithful: C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers. An additional partial indulgence may be gained by the members of the living Rosary during the Octave by daily reciting the monthly decade. (Benediction.) Plenary Indulgence for Tertiaries: C. C.; visit; prayers.

At the high Mass the sequence, "Lauda Sion," with music by Mendelssohn, will be sung by the choir.

7-Of the Octave. (Benediction.) .

8—Of the Octave. (Benediction.)

9—SECOND SUNDAY OF THE MONTH.—Of the Octave of Corpus Christi. Plenary Indulgence for members of Holy Name Confraternity: C. C.; Procession; prayers. Mass for Holy Name Sodality at 7 A. M. and meeting at 3 P. M. Meeting of Men Tertiaries at 2 P. M. Procession in honor of the Holy Name, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

10—Of the Octave. Meeting of Young Men's Holy Name Society at 8 P. M. (Benediction.)

Anniversary of Ordination of the Most Reverend Archbishop Riordan.

11—Of the Octave. (Benediction.) Eighth Tuesday in honor of S. Dominic.

12-Of the Octave. (Benediction.)

13—Octave of Corpus Christi. (Benediction.)

14—SACRED HEART OF JESUS. (Benediction.)

15—S. Francis Paula, Priest. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.) Novena in honor of S. John Baptist begins.

16-THIRD SUNDAY OF THE MONTH.-MOST PURE HEART OF MARY.-Plenary Indulgence for members of Living Rosary: C. C.; visit; prayers. Meeting of Women Tertiaries at 3 P. M. Rosary, Sermon, and Benediction at 7:30 P. M. In the evening special music. An enlarged choir, with the assistance of an orchestra, will sing the "Lauda Sion" of S. Thomas Aquinas, set to music by Mendelssohn for four solo voices, chorus and orchestra. It was written for and first performed in S. Martin's Church in Liege in the year 1846 on the feast of Corpus Christi (June 11). This is the first performance in San Francisco. The soloists will include Miss Lilly Roeder, soprano; Miss Ella V. Mc-Closkey, contralto; Mr. D. M. Lawrence, tenor; Mr. Walton Webb, bass; organist and director of choir, Franklin Palmer. The musical programme will also include: Soprano solo and chorus, "O Salutaris" (Franklin Palmer), Miss Lilly Roeder and choir; alto solo and chorus, "Tantum Ergo" (F. M. Dethier), Miss McCloskey and choir; "Laudate Dominum" (Randegger).

17—Stigmata of S. Catherine of Siena, O. P. (A. D. 1375.) (Patience in persecution.) (From April 3.)

Anniversary of the death of the Father Louis Daniel O. P.

B. Osanna, Virgin, Tertiary, O. P. 1505.) (Ardent Devotion.) Ninth ay in honor of S. Dominic.

ing Exercises of S. Catherine's my, City Hall, Benicia, at 8 P. M. SS. Gervais and Protaise, Brothers, rs. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)
S. Ambrose, Bishop and Doctor.
April 4.) Applyerasty of the suc-

- S. Ambrose, Bishop and Doctor.

 April 4.) Anniversary of the sucn of the Right Reverend George; omery, D. D., to See of Monterey os Angeles. Novena in honor of SS. and Paul commences.
- S. Aloysius Gonzaga, S. J., Scholas-Benediction.)
- B. Innocent, V., O. P. Pope. (A. D. (Spirit of true humility.) (Votive of the Rosary.)

FOURTH SUNDAY OF THE MONTH— Ten Thousand Martyrs. Rosary, on and Benediction at 7:30 P. M. is in honor of the Visitation of our commences.

- S. John Baptist. Feast of special ion. (Benediction.) Meeting of the r Men's Holy Name Society at 8 P. lenary Indulgence for Tertiaries: C. sit; prayers.
- B. Antony Pavone, O. P., Priest,
 r. (A. D. 1374.) (From April 9.)
 itude of soul.) Tenth Tuesday in of S. Dominic.
- B. Anthony Neyrot, O. P.; Priest, r. (From April 10.) (A. D. 1460.) re Repentance.) (Votive Mass of y.)
- S. Leo, the Great, Pope and Doctor. April 11.)

28—S. Irenaeus, Bishop of Lyons; Martyr. (Benediction.)

29—SS. Peter and Paul, Apostles—Feast of special Devotion with solemn octave. (Benediction.) A Plenary and a partial indulgence may be gained by the members of the Living Rosary: C. C.; prayers; monthly decade. This day marks the beginning of the fifteen Saturdays in preparation for the feast of the Most Holy Rosary. A Plenary Indulgence may be gained on any three of these Saturdays. Conditions: (1) C. C.; on each Saturday, (2); visit to Rosary Altar; (3) prayers. An indulgence of seven years and seven Lents may be gained on each of the other days.

30—LAST SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—Commemoration of S. Paul. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite a third part of the Rosary three times a week. Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M. Novena in honor of the Martyrs of Gorkum begins to-day.

The Patron Saints of the Living Rosary for this month are: Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Anthony of Padua, C.; S. Margaret of Scotland, W.; S. Norbert, B.; S. John Francis Regis, C.; S. Juliana, V. For the Five Sorrowful Mysteries—S. Crescentia, M.; S. John the Baptist; S. Boniface, B. M.; S. Barnabas, Apostle; S. John, M. For the Five Glorious Mysteries—S. Peter, Ap.; S. William, A.; S. Paul, Ap.; S. Paulinus Nola, B.; S. Aloysius, C.

The time for gaining the Jubilee indulgences ends with the 3d of September, 1901, in the dioceses of California.

THANKSGIVING TO THE SACRED HEART.

s.

Lo

O Heart, that bore the burden dire Of all our sin and misery, Till, like the fabled robe of fire, It close and closer clung to Thee; For that dread weight, unjustly Thine, we give Thee thanks, O Heart Divine!

Sad Heart, lamenting for our sin

With grief so bitter, so severe,

That every pore of Thy pure skin

Sent forth for us its bloody tear;

For that great grief, once, sorely Thine,

We praise, we bless Thee, Heart Divine!

Strong Heart, imploring on the Rood, God's pardon for a guilty race. Effacing with Thy precious Blood. The record of their evils base; For that sweet grace that made us Thine, We thank and praise Thee, Heart Divine!

Most loving Heart! a penance grand Thou did'st for our iniquity, In Head and Feet, in Side and Hand, Bearing the print of agony! For all these woes and wounds, once Thine, We thank, we bless Thee. Heart Divine!

NEW HYMN TO THE SACRED HEART.



'Twas to cast abroad love's fire,
That our God from heaven came:
May those sparks our love inspire,
May we burn with that blest fiame!
All our sins, our slights, our coldness,
All our insults we deplore;
Pardon, Lord! our daring boldness,
We will never wound Thee more!
Cho.—Bending low in adoration, etc.

Blessed Lord: Thy heart is cloven, With the cross of bitter woe, There are thorns around it woven, And the blood-drops from it flow; Let us take Thy cross and bear it, Let Thy thorny crown be ours, 'Twill be sweeter far to wear it, Than a crown of fairest flowers. Cho.—Bending low in adoration, etc.

DOMINICANA

Vol. II.

JULY, 1901.

No. 7

THE VOICE OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

HARRIET M. SKIDMORE.

Ah! list to the Voice of the Precious Blood!

As it floweth adown the woful Mount From Love's unceasing and boundless

Flood, m white-wing'd Mercy's Siloam From Fount.

Over the deserts its torrents pour,
Through wastes once seared by the serpent's trace;
And lo! Life blossometh evermore,
In the fair, new home of His blood-bought

TACA.

Pure hearts! where the lilies of Paradise bud.

Nourished and fed by His Manna-Dew, Ye list to the Voice of the Precious Blood, To Its Matchless Melody pulsing true.

And, sin-dyed spirits! washed whiter than

By the cleansing laver of Mercy's Fount, And e'er, in your gratitude, bending low On the cross-crown'd height of the Mystic Mount,

O! ye, too, list to the Voice so sweet
Of the Blood that flows in an endless Tide

From Love's rent hands, and His mangled Feet,

And the cruel cleft of His lance pierc'd bide!

sound, sweet Voice of the Precious Blood! Ah! sound,

In hearts now deaf with the worldly din.

And pour, in a cleansing, resistless flood Through soul-wastes, foul with the trail of sin.

May I hear, forever, that Voice Divine,
Of the riven limbs and the opened side,
Till my spirit robes with the whiteness
shine

That was won by the Blood of the Crucified!

ENDEAVOR.

ALONZO L. RICE.

Oh! sit not down despairing, Nor deem the battle done; The laurel worth the wearing, Is worthy to be won.

Not half way up the mountain, Unfurls the scene below; The charms of field and fountain, Are viewed from heights of snow,

When Dante spoke how many Were ready to admire, But only one, if any, Could tune that wondrous lyre!

Endymion lies sleeping Beside the Latmus hill, With brave old Atlas keeping The world from wreck and ill,

DOCTORS AND THEIR DOSES.

REV. L. W. MULHANE, Mt. Vernon, O.

At a recent meeting of druggists in a Western city, one of the speakers in the welcome address gave expression to the following epigrams:

"Man is the only animal that was made to laugh, and, as science teaches us that laughter is conducive to health, it is a sin for us to substitute excessive drugtaking for laughter."

"Laughter increases the blood circulation."

"It enlarges the heart."

"It expands the lungs."

"It jiggers the diaphram."

"It promotes the dioculation of the spleen."

"Don't take your troubles to bed with you; hang them on a chair with your trousers or drop them in a glass of water with your teeth."

"Beware of theologians who have no sense of mirth—they are not altogether human."

With this introduction let me add that no subject is too grave for satire or wit, and the ordinary ailments of mankind have to bear their share. Bishop Spalding in an address on "Professional Education" once said:

"Disease, folly, sin and ignorance make physicians, lawyers, priests and educators possible. * * The priest's love of ease and power, the lawyer's cunning and dilatoriness, the physician's wise look and his blunders hidden by the grave are subjects which must find a ready response in the general heart, for books are full of them. Queen Mab tickles the parson's nose, as he lies asleep, with a tithe-pig's tail, and he dreams of another benefice; she drives over the lawyer's fingers and he dreams of fees. His clients are like flies in the spider's web.

"''When once they are imbrangled,
The more they stir, the more they're
tangled.'

"Doctors themselves, I imagine, more than half agree with Macbeth when he bids them throw physic to the dogs, for he'll none of it.

"'Physicians mend or end us
Secundum artem; for although we
sneer
In health when sick we'll call them to ac-

In health, when sick we'll call them to attend us,

Without the least propensity to jeer.'

"If not witty ourselves, like Falstaff, why should we object to being the cause of wit in others?"

Holmes once said in a lecture before the Harvard Medical School: "I firmly believe that if the whole materia medical could be sunk to the bottom of the seatit would be all the better for mankind and all the worse for the fishes." Volta're had quite the opposite opinion, and he once write: "But nothing is more estimable than a physician who, having studied nature from his youth, knows the properties of the human body, the diseases which assail it, the remedies which will benefit it, exercises his art with caution, and pays equal attention to the rich and to the poor."

All through literature runs a varicolored thread of admiration and ridicule concerning doctors and doses. The famous Dr. Shrady of New York recently said: "To-day the standard required for a physician is much higher than it has ever been before, and the rewards of the successful are proportionately greater. * * * Medicine used to be & limited monarchy with a few uncrowned kings at the head. Now it is a great republic in which every good man is the equal of his fellow. There is only one thing that will bring the young man of to-day success in medicine, and that is a love for his profession and the hardest kind of hard work. The man who splits his own wood is honored twice." Hence

can deny the great field of useplaced before a conscientious in doctor, and to quote the words ry F. Amiel: "The ideal doctor e a man endowed with a profound dge of life and of the soul, intuiriving away suffering and disorder tever kind and restoring peace by e presence. Such a doctor is posout the greater number of them e higher and inner life, they know ; of the transcendent laboratoriès ure, they seem to me superficial, , strangers to divine things, destif intuition and sympathy. The doctor should at once be a genius, , a man of God." This is a high nd yet a grand one.

our and Roentgen, both Cathoave by their labors and diss almost revolutionized the scif surgery and adorned the ninecentury with brilliant success. It of the famous French physician, ier, that he once thus expressed concerning the Rosary: "I say the every day. If I am in anxiety sick person, if I am at a loss what then I address myself to Him who al all; and as on account of the ressure of business I cannot pray I turn to the Blessed Virgin and ask pray to God for me. When I go to person I put my hand into the containing the Rosary and say one Thus I entertain myself decades. lary, confide to her my anxieties shes, and she is so good that things beyond my expectation.'

rance there is a society of doctors is also a religious confraternity, as the Confraternity of S. Luke, nas and S. Damian. S. Luke was ician, S. Cosmas and S. Damian prothers and both were doctors. were born in Syria and educated in and practiced their profession with success. They were martyred for atholic faith, and their names are talized in the canon of the Mass. first president of this French medi-

first president of this French medil religious society was the late Dr. id, who, when more than fifty years of age, entered the priesthood, after having won for himself the tribute of praise that he "tended with infinite care men's souls as well as their bodies." At a recent meeting of their confraternity every doctor received Holy Communion, the act of consecration to the Sacred Heart of Jesus was read by Dr. Gourand, and the physicians renewed their consecration to Him who "healed them that were diseased."

At a recent congress of doctors in Paris this incident was told of the charity of the famous Dr. Cruveilher, who, having attended a poor woman for about a month, noticed that the husband, a poor clerk, was getting uneasy about the size of the doctor's bill. To relieve the poor man of his embarrassment without hurting his feelings, the kind doctor had recourse to a ruse that was delicacy itself. Noticing on the table a cover of Algerian cloth, worth perhaps a few dollars, he said:

"What a splendid table cover that is! What beautiful cloth!"

"Why, doctor," said the man, "if you would like to have it"—the doctor interrupting said:

"Like to have it? Of course I would. Now look here, you owe me forty dollars for my calls and your table cloth is worth sixty. Here are twenty dollars and I'll take the table cloth and we are even."

The Holy Scriptures—Ecclesiasticus, Ch. 38, v. 1—says: "Honor the physician for the need thou hast of him." Hippocrates remarks: "God-like is the physician, who is a philosopher"; and Aristotle claims that: "the philosopher should end with medicine, the physician begin with philosophy." The proverbial philosophy of physicians often must manifest itself in witty and humorous sayings to their patients, and while, as an old country doctor once remarked, you have patients, you also must have patience.

Here are some witty answers by celebrated physicians. The famous Abernethy said to an indolent and wealthy patient who asked him what is the cure for gout: "Live upon sixpence a day and earn it."

A distinguished patient who was worrying the well-known Dr. Peter Pindar with

a long recital of his symptoms, chiefly an itching, asked the man of medicine what he should do. "Scratch yourself, sir," replied the doctor.

Many a happy answer is recorded of patients to their medical advisers. When the great Irish advocate Curran was in his last illness, the physician called upon him one morning and remarked that he seemed to cough with more difficulty. "That's surprising," Curran gasped out, "for I have been practicing all night."

When Dean Swift's "Stella," who was an Irish lady, was extremely ill, her doctor said: "Madam, you are certainly near the bottom of the hill, but we shall endeavor to get you up again." She quickly replied: "Doctor, I am afraid I shall be out of breath before I get to the top again." This recalls the story of the old man of ninety, who, having recovered from a dangerous illness, his friends congratulated him and encouraged him to get up. "Alas!" he said, "it is hardly worth while to dress myself again."

As we naturally expect natives of the Green Isle to be cheerful under the most distressing circumstances, we are not surprised at the story of a poor, emaciated Irishman who called on a doctor in forlorn hope. The latter spread a large mustard plaster and at once clapped it on the poor fellows lean breast. Pat, with a tearful eye, looked down upon it and said: "Doctor, dear, it strikes me it's a dale of mustard for so little mate." Another son of Erin, when told he had the grippe, responded, "Sure, it feels like a big trunk."

The house surgeon of a London hospital was attending to the injuries of a poor woman whose arm had been severely bitten. As he was dressing the wound he said: "I can't make out what sort of an animal bit you. This is too small for a horse bite and too large for a dog bite." "Oh, sir," replied the patient, "it wasn't a hanimal; it was another lydy."

Dr. Weir Mitchell, the great specialist of Philadelphia, in his late novel, "Dr. North and His Friends," tells a few that are very good. A man dying on the field of Gettysburg asked the doctor where he was hit. The doctor replied, "In the

liver." The soldier responded, "I might have known that, for I always did have trouble with my liver."

A famous lawver was slowly dving day by day and was well aware of it. His doctor said to him: "Did you take the pill?" "Pill," said the sick man, "my daughter "A harmless mistake," gave me two." said the doctor. "Well," said the lawyer. "it is only another case of female duplicity." The next day the physician chanced to see on the mantel-shelf a bottle of German spa water with some unpronounceable name. "For whom is that?" he asked. "Oh, Mrs. C. sent it to my daughter. She takes it." "But why?" asked the doctor. "Oh, to improve her German accent, I suppose." "Her German accent?" said the doctor in astonishment. "Yes," said the sick man, "the taste is so damnably pronounced."

An old doctor was routed out of bed on a cold night by the young son of a friend and former patient. "What's the matter with your father?" asked the doctor as he hastily prepared to answer the call. "He's got the plumbago," replied the boy; "I think that's what ma says it is." "Pain in the small of the back, I suppose," said the doctor. "No, siree," said the young American, "he ain't got no small of the back. My pa weighs 287 pounds."

A Frenchman, who had a severe pain in his breast, told his doctor that he had "one very bad pain in his portmanteau," meaning his chest and thus literally translating the word.

An old lady described her symptoms to her doctor by saying that she felt like a boiled onion, because she had lost all her strength.

Scotchmen are proverbially known for their dry humor. An old Scotch doctor, discussing metaphysics with a friend, was asked, "What is matter?" He replied, "Never mind." Being asked, "What is mind?" answered, "No matter." A philosophical physician remarked once in the presence of his favorite druggist: "There are things in nature that completely overawe me. Often do I experience the greatest difficulty in finding language to express myself." "Yes," replied the drug-

gist, "I thought it must be something that way when I try to read your prescriptions."

A druggist tells this yarn: "Mister," said the small boy, rushing into the store, "give me another box of them pills you sold my father the other day." "Are they doing him good?" asked the druggist, looking pleased. "I don't know whether they're doing him any good or not, but they're doing me good. They just fit my new airgun."

The widespread fad of Christian Science is the target of many a well-aimed blow. The old friend asked the doctor: "Did I understand you to say that our friend's attack of rheumatism was cured by Christian Science?" "Oh, no," replied the doctor, "I said his attack of Christian Science was cured by rheumatism."

Aunt Nabby is a bright Yankee woman, who, under that name, has published a book, consisting of a series of letters addressed to her "Dear Cuzzen Jerushy," and sometimes to an "Editur," in which, in her peculiar dialect, she touches upon many subjects, proving she has a vast fund of good sense. She is very amusing and she is particularly crusty when she comes to treat of "Mind Kurers." You needn't try tu make me believe they kan kure akute rheumatizz by simply sayin', 'Yu ain't sick;' not by no means! Nor it won't kure Brite's disease nor a broken neck. These mind kurers don't think so much of the responsibility devolvin' on 'em ez they do uv sendin' in a big bill. Ez long ez there's roots n' herbs n' sassafrax growin' 'round Newbyville, I'll manage to kure myself."

A Western doctor says now and then "Mind Kurers" will slyly send after a physician. He was once called and provoked a smile all around by stating the ailment was nothing serious—simply a case of too much watermelon and ice-cream in close proximity, when he had been told death was imminent.

Here is an old story that will bear repetition: When an old doctor began his practice one of his first patients was a wealthy lady upon whose leg was an

ulcer. When his son assumed the responsibilities of the practice he found the case still on the books as an "incurable chronic ulcer." About two months had elapsed after he had assumed the business, when one evening the two were discussing the different cases. The son, just remembering the case in question, said:

"You remember the widow Smith?"
"Yes."

"You know she had an ulcer on her leg you could not cure."

"Yes, certainly—certainly."

"Well, I cured it."

That statement brought the elder M. D. straight up from his reclining position. Adjusting his glasses and looking his son over thoroughly he said: "Well, you blamed fool!" The son's surprise was great. Not understanding, he asked: "Why?" "Well, that ulcer has supported my family all these years and now you have spoiled the game."

A well-known old surgeon of Ohio was, not long ago, present while some younger surgeons were engaged in an operation upon a man who had met with a serious railroad accident. The old surgeon was simply present, giving advice but took no active part in the work. After amputating one of the man's extremities, and fearing that perhaps not enough had been removed to insure safety, the young surgeon, turning to the old one, asked his opinion. The old man, with a twinkle in his eye, replied: "Oh, that will do; you know 'There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will.'"

Here are a couple of stories in which our colored brother figures: "Is your wife dangerously ill?" asked the doctor as the colored man came running into the office, and nearly winded. "Tain't no illness, suh," was the reply, "she dun met up with a sarcumstance—fell off de roof of the house an' struck on a stone pile an' got combustion of the brain."

Some time ago a West Philadelphia doctor advertised for a colored man to attend the door and reception room. The following conversation took place when Rastus Williams called:

"Rastus, I suppose you understand your duties in a position of this kind?"

"I reckon I does."

"Now, when I am out, should any one call to pay a bill you know how to give a receipt?"

"I reckon I does."

"You understand arithmetic?"

"Oh, yes, sah."

"I will give you a problem: Suppose I was to lend you five dollars and you promised to pay me one dollar a week. How much would you owe me at the end of five weeks?"

"Why, five dollars, sah."

"You don't seem to know much about arithmetic."

"Maybe I done forgot dat 'rithmetic, but I know all about Rastus Williams, sah."

James Whitcomb Riley has written entertainingly in verse of the old country doctor in Indiana, but here are some lines, I know not from whose pen, that will provoke a smile at the same time that they tell a story that can be told of many a genial old physician. They are titled

"OULD DOCTOR MACK."

Ye may tramp the world over from Delhi to Dover

And sail the salt say from Archangel to Arragon,

Circumvint back through the whole Zodiac,

But to ould Docther Mack ye can't furnish a paragon. Have ye the dhropsy, the gout, the

antopsy,

Fresh livers and limbs instantaneous he'll shape yez, No way infarior in skill, but suparior And lineal postarior to ould Aysculapius,
He and his wig wid the curls so carrotty,

Aigle eye and complexion so clarety, Here's to his health, honor and wealth,

The king of his kind and the crame of all charity.

How the rich and the poor, to consult for

a cure, Crowd to his doore in their carts and their carriages,

Showin' their tongues and unlacin' their lungs

For divil a symptom the doctor disparages.

Yis, troth and he'll tumble, for high or

for humble,

From his warm feather bed widout
contrariety,

Makin' as light of nursin' all night

The beggar in rags as the belle of society.

And as if by a meracle ailments hys-

terical, Dad! wid a dose of bread pills he can

smother, quench the love sickness with

wonderful quickness,
Prescribin' the right boys and girls for
each other.
And the sufferin' childer your eyes would

bewilder,
To see the wee cratures his coat tails unravelin',

Aich of them fast on some threasure at

last, Well known ould Mac shop out thravellin'. ould Mack's just a toy

Thin his doctherin' done, in a rollickin' run.

Wid a rod or a gun he's the foremost to figure.
By Jupiter Ammon! What jacksnipe or

salmon

E'er rose to backgammon, tailfly or

E'er rose to thrigger,
And hark the "View hollo!" 'tis Mack in
full follow
On black "Faugh-a-Ballagh" the coun-

try side sailin',
Och! but you'd think 'twas ould Nimrod
in pink,
His spurs cryin' pink over park wall

and palin',
He and his wig wid the curls so carrotty.

He and his wig wid the curis so carrous
Aigle eye and complexion so clarety.
Here's to his health, honor and wealth,
Hip, hip, hooray! wid all hilarity.
Hip, hip, hooray! that's the way,
All at once widout disparity,
One more cheer for docther dear,
The bing of his kind and the grame.

The king of his kind and the crame all charity.

As in men, so in books, the soul is all with which our souls must deal; and the soul of the book is whatsoever beautiful, true and noble we can find in it. -Charles Kinaslev.

INT JOHN OF COLOGNE AND HIS COMPANIONS, MARTYRS OF GORCUM.

(A. D. 1572.)

champions of the Faith whom honors under the title of the Gorcum suffered for the truth A. D. 1572. At that time the itry was overrun by the Calo had rebelled alike against on of Spain and the authority ch. They succeeded in making masters of the town of Gorused all the clergy and religiplace to be cast into prison. n of Cologne, of the Order of having obtained permission superiors to minister to the he faithful, thus bereft of all ssistance, was then exercising as of parish priest in the neighige of Hornar, and was in the siting Gorcum for the purpose ering the sacraments. On one asions, having undertaken the order to baptize an infant, he and imprisoned with the othcruelty which their inhuman uld devise was resorted to in duce the captives to renounce especially with regard to the ice of our Lord in the Holy ind the Papal supremacy, or to 1 at least to some act of diso-After) the Church's laws. em some time without food, it meat was set before them, irposely chosen being Friday. sons except one preferred runsk of starvation to disobeying t of the Church, and the one d was not of the number of teen who afterwards obtained of martyrdom.

iers presented a loaded pistol th of Nicholas Poppel, the secpriest of Gorcum, bidding him dared, profess that faith which wont to preach so boldly. The God, nothing daunted, made an usion of his belief, then, thinking his last moments had come, he cried out with a loud voice: "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." His tormentors contented themselves for the present, however, with hanging him up and letting him fall again repeatedly, till he was half strangled. They inflicted the same cruelty on Nicholas Pick, the Father Guardian of the Franciscans, and when the rope broke and he fell, apparently lifeless, to the ground, they applied lighted candles to his head and face, from the effects of which, when he afterwards revived, he suffered great agony. The soldiers repeatedly beat their victims in the most barbarous manner, not even sparing one of the Friars who was decrepit from extreme old age, and who, at every blow that he received, answered only: "Thanks be to God." They took away nearly all their clothes, leaving them exposed to the cold night air, almost without covering.

After a cruel captivity of about ten days, the prisoners were removed by water to Bril, suffering innumerable insults and hardships during the passage. On their arrival they were made to walk in procession through the town and round the gallows erected in the market place. The holy martyrs sang as they went along the Litanies, the Salve Regina, the Te Deum and the Stabat Mater amidst the mockery and blasphemies of the spectators. They were then thrown into a dark and loathsome dungeon, where a secular priest and two Fathers of the Premonstratensian Order were joined to their number. Meantime the relatives of the Father Guardian, themselves infected with heretical opinions, were making every effort to obtain his liberation and that of the other prisoners, since, like a good shepherd, he steadily refused to accept his own release, unless his brethren also might be set free together with him.

Life and liberty were accordingly offered to all the prisoners on the sole con-

dition of renouncing their allegiance to the Pope, and, when they indignantly rejected the infamous proposal, a hasty order was given for their execution. During the night between the 8th and 9th of July they were led to a large barn outside the town, making their confessions to one another as they went. In this place they were all hanged, to the number of nineteen, namely, one Dominican, eleven Franciscans, two Premonstratensians (one of whom had previously fallen from the faith, but had made generous reparation for his fall), one Canon Regular of Saint Augustine, and four secular priests. The history of one of these last also presented a signal instance of the mercy of God and of His secret judgments, for he had led a scandalous life, which he expiated by the heroism of his death; whereas another parish priest of irreproachable life, who had been arrested with him, failed in courage and perseverance and missed the martyr's crown. Another of the sufferers, an old man of seventy, Godfrey Duneus by name, was halfwitted, yet he endured his captivity with extraordinary courage and generosity, and when at the last moment, by reason of his infirmity of mind, he was unconditionally offered his liberty, he refused, exclaiming: "I see the heaven open. I long to be with my brethren." And, the last of that heroic band, he passed to his reward.

After the death of the martyrs the soldiers cut and mangled their bodies in the most inhuman manner, but, that same

night, God was pleased to make known the glory of His servants to some of their friends at Gorcum, who were so far from suspecting what was going on at Bril, that they even entertained well-grounded hopes of the liberation of the prisoners. A pious citizen of Gorcum, by name Mathias Thoran, was in the habit of rising every night to pray for the welfare of the State. As he was practising his customary devotions at about 4 o'clock in the morning of the 9th of July he beheld this blessed troop of martyrs, clad in white garments, with golden crowns upon their heads and resplendent with glory. When day was come he told his fellow-citizens the vision which had been granted to him. A similar favor was vouchsafed on the same night to another inhabitant of Gorcum, so that the death of the martyrs was fully known and spoken of amongst the Catholics of that town long before the arrival of the messenger who brough.e tidings from Bril. A beautiful shrub sprang up on the scene of their martyrdom bearing nineteen fair white blossoms. Many miracles have been granted through the intercession of the Martyrs of Gorcum, and the application of their relics, especially in the case of hernia, a malady from which some of them suffered when on earth. They were beatified by Clement X. A. D. 1647, and solemnly canonized by Pius IX on the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul A. D. 1867, in the presence of upwards of three hundred Bisnops assembled in the Eternal City to celebrate the eighteenth centenary of the martyrdom of the Princes of the Apostles.

"Yes, O Most Blessed Virgin, you said it when in the ecstasy of your humility, in the enthusiasm of your gratitude, you answered Elizabeth: 'Behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.' Which generations fulfill these words of the Gospel? Is it Catholic or Protestant generations? Oh, dear separated brethren, too long your lips have been sealed to the praises of your Mother; too long the iron wall of separation has kept you away from this pure and Im-

maculate Virgin, who has crushed the head of the serpent. Oh! at last return to the faith of your fathers; invoke her as the Mother of God, and do no longer refuse to salute her with the archangel: 'Hail! full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women.' None have ever been found truly loving Jesus Christ who did not also love and honor His Mother. Love then the Mother, and you will better love the Son."

-Bishop Beickmans.

JOSEPH.

EMMA HOWARD WIGHT.

CHAPTER V.

The years of plenty, foretold by Joseph, were drawing to a close. All provisions had been made for the years of famine that were to follow. So well pleased was Pharaoh with the wisdom of Joseph that he constantly increased his riches and heaped new honors upon him.

Joseph, with his two small sons, sat one day upon the marble terrace of his palace. Ephraim, the youngest born, reclined beside his father, the latter's hand tenderly caressing the lad's golden curls. At a little distance stood Manassas, the first-born, his dark eyes sullenly regarding his father and brother.

"Come hither, Manassas," said Joseph. "Why dost thou stand apart, silent and moody?"

The boy slowly approached.

"Tell me, father," he said, "why lovest thou my brother, Ephraim, more than thou lovest me?"

Joseph started, and for the moment, the wisest man in all Egypt sat silent and abashed under a child's accusing eyes. The lad's sullen face and frowning brow filled him with a sudden fear. The same hatred and rage which had caused his brethren to commit a crime against him seemed to look forth from the eyes of his little son. He put out his hand and drew the boy closer to him.

"Tell me, Manassas," he said, 'novest thou not thy young brother, Ephraim?"

Manassas did not at once reply. Involuntarily his eyes wandered to Ephraim's fair, sweet face, and, as he met the wistful, tender look in the soft blue eyes, the sullen frown left his brow.

"Yes, father, I love my brother, Ephraim," he replied.

"Listen then to me," continued Joseph.
"Thou dost accuse me of loving thy
brother better than thyself. When I was
a lad like thee I also had a young brother
whom I did dearly love. It has been
many years since I looked upon his face,

but I love him as dearly as when we were lads together in our father's house. He was fair of face, with soft blue eyes and golden curling hair. Dost thou understand now, Manassas, why I am ever tender with thy brother, Ephraim?"

"Yes, father," replied Manassas, "I understand; Ephraim, with his fair face, blue eyes and golden curls, is like the brother thou dost love so dearly, and because of this thy heart goes out in tenderness to Ephraim. I am sorry, father, that I was angry and jealous. I love my brother, Ephraim, and would indeed be unhappy were I parted from him as thou art from thy brother. I shall never be jealous again, father, even though thou dost appear to love my brother, Ephraim, better than thou lovest me."

Joseph arose and laid his hand tenderly upon the boy's proud, dark head.

"Thou art my first-born, Manassas, and very dear to me," he said.

For some moments Joseph stood gazing out over the land of Egypt, rich and beautifu. in the golden glory of the sunlight. Then he sighed heavily.

"Oh! Egypt! Egypt!" he murmured, "soon will thy beauty and thy richness have vanished. The grass will be no longer green nor the fields golden with grain; the trees will cease to give forth promise of fruit in sweet blossoms; the sun and the rains will no longer have power over the earth which swept by hot winds, will refuse to yield its fruits, and man will labor in vain, for the seed that he planteth will bring forth naught."

The years of plenty were past and famine was upon all the land. Those who had listened to and believed in Joseph's interpretation of Pharaoh's dreams were without fear, but those who had scoffed and believed not were full of consternation. And they said among themselves:

"This man whom Pharaoh has made ruler over all the land of Egypt is no imposter, but is indeed very wise. But we have scoffed at him and believed not in his words of wisdom. Now, perhaps, he will avenge himself upon us, and, instead of relieving our necessities, will cast us into prison."

So they presented themselves before Joseph, saying:

"We have offended against thee, my lord, and deserve that thou shouldst punish us by casting us into prison. The famine thou didst foretell is on the land and we are forced to seek help of thee, but we cannot complain if thou punish us instead of relieving our necessities."

And Joseph replied:

"I bear thee no ill will. There will be scoffers and unbelievers so long as the world shall last. Make known thy wants to my servants and what thou desirest shall be given to thee."

And the scoffers went away, blessing Joseph.

Joseph had related to Pharaoh how he had been sold into slavery by his brethren, and, one day, Pharaoh said to Joseph:

"Thou knowest that the famine extends into the land of Chanaan where dwell thy father and thy brethren. Tell me if thou hast any desire in regard to them. If it be thy wish I will give them riches and they shall forget the famine that is on the land. I know that thy brethren did ill unto thee, but I do not believe that thou bearest them malice. Tell me thy desire."

And Joseph replied:

"When the famine shall be felt in the land of Chanaan, my lord, Jacob, my father, will send my brothers into Egypt to buy food. They will not recognize in the Governor of Egypt the young brother whom they sold into bondage. Thou art right, my .ord, I bear them no malice, I would return them good for the evil they did to me, but this I would accomplish in my own way.

"Do as thou deemest best," said Pharaoh, "for thy wisdom is greater than mine who am King of all the Egyptians."

CHAPTER VI.

The sons of Jacob, with the exception of Benjamin, were assembled outside their father's house. Their faces were grave, their eyes full of trouble.

"What shall we say to our father when

he demands of us why we drive not the herds to pasture?" asked Levi.

"What can we say to him save that which is true," answered Ruben. "For some time we have continued to drive the herds to pasture that we might conceal from our father that the cattle are dying because there is naught for them to feed upon. But this we can do no longer."

"A more grievous calamity threatens us than the dying of the cattle," said Nephthali. "The little grain we stored when the land was fruitful is exhausted, and where shall we procure more, for famine is over all the land?"

A dismayed silence followed upon these words. Suddenly the bent form of Jacob appeared in the doorway.

"Why lingerest thou here, my son?" he asked. "Seest thou not that the sun is risen and it be time to go forth to pasture with the herds?"

"We are loth, my father, to bring sorrow and dismay upon thy head which is white with age," answered Ruben. "We have kept from thee tidings of ill that thy heart might not be filled with care. But alas! we can spare thee no longer. It avails naught, father, that we drive the herds to pasture, for there is no grass for them to feed upon. There is famine over all the land and soon we shall not know where to turn for bread."

For a little while Jacob made no reply. He stood, leaning upon his staff, gazing thoughtfully out over the bare, parched and unfruitful land. At length, he turned towards his sons and spoke:

"My eyes are dim with age, but still can they see the blight that is on the land, the leanness of the cattle, and how, day by day, their number grows less. Thou, my sons, wouldst have spared thy old father suffering; he has tidings of hope for thee Benjamin, my son, come forth."

A fair-haired youth appeared in the doorway.

"Relate to thy brethren what thou hast already told to me," said Jacob.

"Yesterday, my brethren," began Benjamin, "while I was vainly seeking a green spot for my flocks, I found that I had come upon the road to Egypt and I paused by the road-side to rest. After a little while some men came along, their asses laden

s which had the appearance of d with corn. Upon my asking : their sacks contained, they rehave wheat in our sacks.' st thou procure wheat when 'amine over all the land?' 'e come from Egypt,' replied the lowest thou not that wheat can in Egypt?' And then they remost wonderful things. It apsome years ago Pharaoh had a ich both perplexed and trouand he sent for all the wise men reters of the kingdom, but none m could interpret the dream. hief butler, whom Pharaoh had prison, and, later pardoned. master, and told him how while ef butler, was in prison, a young ied there had most wisely interream for him. Therefore, Phathis young man brought before elated his dream that he might it. And the young man fore-

Pharaoh's dream that there seven years of plenty, followed years of famine and scarcity. believing that the young man y interpreted his dream, was so ith his wisdom that he made over all Egypt, leaving to him provision during the years of the years of famine that would D you see, my brethren, there is ll in Egypt."

and wise indeed is this man trach has made ruler over the typt," said Simeon.

y will, father, that we journey to buy food?" asked Zabulon.

eplied Jacob. "Thou shalt all Egypt, save my son Benjamin. main with me, lest he come to did Joseph, my best beloved. ore, and prepare to set forth on ey."

ons of Jacob, with their asses, r Egypt, leaving Benjamin at his father. And after some ag a cloud of dust in the dispob knew that his sons were read, with Benjamin, went forth em.

evi, from the distance, saw his

father and Benjamin approaching, he turned to his brethren and said:

"See! yonder come our father and our young brother, Benjamin. Thus did they come forth to meet Joseph when Simeon, Issachar and I came with the false tidings of his death. And again we bring to our father ill tidings. It would appear that Heaven punishes us for our sin against the boy, Joseph."

the boy, Joseph."

"Aye," said Ruben. "Said I not to thee,
'do not sin against the boy?" Behold his
blood is upon us."

In the meanwhile they had drawn near to Jacob and Benjamin, whose faces lighted with joy when they saw the asses heavily laden with sacks of grain.

"Tis indeed well that thou returnest not empty-handed," said Jacob. "But it does appear to me that thy brother, Simeon, be not among thee, or do my eyes grown dim with age, deceive me?"

"No, my father," replied Juda, gently, "thine eyes do not deceive thee; our brother, Simeon, has not returned."

"Alas! alas! he is also dead!" cried Jacob.

"No, no, father, Simeon is not dead," "But we were forced to leave said Juda. him behind us in Egypt. Listen, while I tell to thee all that did befall us in Egypt where we went to buy food. When we were shown into the presence of this man who rules over all Egypt, he spoke most roughly to us, saying that we were spies. This we denied, claiming that we came in peace to buy food; that our father was Jacob who lived in the land of Chanaan; that we were twelve brothers, one of whom was not living, while the younger remained with our father. But the Governor of Egypt believed us not and had us cast into prison. After we had been three days in prison, he sent for us and said: "Thy sacks are filled with corn, return, therefore, to thy home in the land of Chanaan, all save one among thee whom I shall keep prisoner. Then if thou dost return to Egypt bringing with thee thy young brother, Benjamin, I shall khow that thy words are true and thou shalt all go free. But shouldst thou fail to return with the youth, I shall know that thou art spies and thou shalt be punished accordingly.' Then the Governor choosing Simeon, ordered him to be bound, and we were told again to depart. And, father, when we looked into our sacks, we found there the money we had paid for the grain, and much perplexed and troubled, we proceeded on our homeward way to tell thee of the strange things that had befallen us."

"Aye, strange indeed," cried Jacob. "But thou shalt not take away Benjamin that harm may come to him and he be lost to me as was his brother, Joseph. He is the only remaining child of my old age, and I shall indeed die, broken-hearted, if ill befall him."

"Father, hear me," said Juda. "Unless we return to Egypt, bringing with us our brother, Benjamin, we shall all perish. Trust the youth with me, father, and I shall hold his safety dearer than my life, and if I return him not to thee, thy curse shall be upon my head and the heads of my children."

"So be it then," said Jacob, sadly. "Return to Egypt taking with thee thy young brother, Benjamin. Say to this man who rules over all Egypt that back in the land of Chanaan, Jacob, whose hair is white and whose shoulders are bowed with weight of years, awaits the return of his youngest-born, and, if the youth come not back to him in safety, then indeed, shall Jacob die broken-hearted.

CHAPTER VII.

The sons of Jacob, with the fair-haired Benjamin in their midst, stood awaiting the coming of the Governor of Egypt. They had all bowed to the ground when he entered, tall, majestic, clad in rich silken robes.

Pointing to Benjamin, Joseph asked:

"Is this thy young brother who is called Benjamin?"

"Yes, my lord," replied Juda.

"And thy father, called Jacob, still lives?"

"Yes, my lord."

"I promised thee that thou shouldst all depart in peace if thou wouldst bring to me thy young brother, Benjamin. This thou hast done and I shall redeem my promise. But before thou settest forth upon thy homeward journey, thou must partake with me of a feast which I have ordered to be prepared."

The brothers bowed low, but knew not what to reply. They were as much astonished and bewildered at the honors heaped upon them by Joseph as they had previously been at his severity and unjust accusations. Simeon, at Joseph's command, was restored to his brethren, and then Joseph led the way to a banqueting hall where a royal feast was spread. To Benjamin he said:

"Sit thou upon my right hand."

When one feast was ended, the brethren, with light hearts, their sacks filled with grain, started upon their homeward journey.

Hardly had the sons of Jacob departed when Joseph summoned his chief steward and said:

"Didst thou follow my instructions and place in the sack of the younger brother my silver cup?"

"I did my lord," answered the chief steward.

"Then have the brothers pursued," commanded Joseph. "Accuse them of the theft and have their sacks searched. When the cup is found in the sack of the younger, bring them all again into my presence."

"It shall be done as thou commandest, my lord." said the chief steward, as he went from the presence of his master.

When the brothers were brought again into the presence of Joseph their faces were white with fear and their limbs trembled. Benjamin alone showed no signs of fear. He carried his fair head proudly and did not flinch under Joseph's stern gaze. He stood erect while his brethren threw themselves at Joseph's feet.

"My lord," said the chief steward, "I did as thou bade me. I had these men followed and accused them of stealing thy silver cup. This they denied, but, upon searching their sacks, we found the cup in the sack of the younger brother, Benjamin."

"'Tis ill that thou didst repay my hospitality, young man," said Joseph. "What sayest thou in thy defence?"

"That which I fear thou wilt not believe, my lord; I did not steal thy cup," answered Benjamin.

"How then did the cup happen to be in

thy sack?" said Joseph. "Dost thou not remember that I called the attention of thy brothers and thyself to the cup, explaining that I was wont to divine and interpret after drinking from it?"

"I do remember, my lord," answered Benjamin, calmly. "I cannot explain how the cup came to be in my sack, but I did not steal it."

"What thou claimest may be true," said Joseph, "but as thou canst not prove thy innocence thou art my bondman. Thy brethren may return to their father, but thou, boy, remainest with me as my servant."

"Oh, my lord! my lord! in pity hear me!" cried Juda. "Benjamin here and my brother, Joseph, who is dead, are the children of my father's old age and most dear to him. It was in grief and fear that he permitted Benjamin to return with us to Egypt, and he bade me say to thee that back in the land of Chanaan, Jacob, whose hair is white and whose shoulders are bent with the weight of years, awaits the return of his youngestborn, and, if the youth come not back to him in safety, then, indeed, will Jacob die broken-hearted. Oh, my lord, we dare not return to our father without the boy, Benjamin, for he is old and very feeble and his death will be upon our heads. Take me for thy bondman, my lord, and permit the youth to return with brethren," and Juda, with his hia brethren, fell again at the feet of Joseph.

"Sons of Jacob rememberest thou the dreams of thy brother, Joseph, when he was but a lad?" said Joseph. "Thus have those dreams come to pass, for I am Joseph, and thou, my brethren, dost bow down before me."

The brethren grew white with consternation. Benjamin, with a cry of joy, threw himself into Joseph's arms.

"Hast thou then remembered and loved

me all these years, my Benjamin?" murmured Joseph, tenderly.

"Aye," answered Benjamin, "but I and my father have mourned thee as dea..."

"Our brothers who were jealous of me because my father loved me so dearly, sold me into bondage," said Joseph. "Arise," turning to his brethren, "and be not afraid, for I bear thee no ill will. God hath changed thy evil deed into good."

The brethren arose and Joseph embraced them.

"It was by my orders that the silver cup was placed in the sack of Benjamin," he explained. "It was a pretext to keep him with me, for I did not intend to make myself known so soon. But when thou, Juda, didst plead for our father, I could remain silent no longer. And now do I long to look upon the face of my father. Go, then, my brethren, back into the land of Chanaan and say to Jacob, my father. 'Thy son, Joseph, still liveth, and God hath made him ruler over all the land of Egypt. He hath sent us to bring thee to him.' Go, therefore, and linger not upon the way."

The sons of Jacob returned to their father, and, after delivering Joseph's message, said to him:

"Father, we have sinned grievously against thee and our brother, Joseph, whom we sold into bondage. He has forgiven us our evil deed; wilt thou also forgive?"

"Aye," answered Jacob, "for there can be naught in my heart save joy that my son, Joseph, liveth. I shall return with thee into the land of Egypt that I may look upon his face ere I die."

"And Joseph went forth to meet his father; he fell upon his neck, and, embracing him, wept."

THE END.

To thy patronage we fly, Holy Mother of our God; Our poor prayers do not deny, Bending under sorrow's load.

But in our necessity
Grant us heavenly peace and rest,
And from danger set us free,
Ever glorious Virgin blest.
—Anthem, Litany of Loreto.

LITERATURE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

In his introduction to Some Notes on the Bibliography of the Philippines, Father Middleton, the learned author (who is a member of the Augustinian Order), says:

"In this bibliographical skeleton I shall point out those sources of information anent the Philippine Islands, wherein the scholar can best find a general description or history of them, the most trustworthy works on their very varied and multifarious language, as well as other topics cognate with these. Hence these sub-sections into which my paper is split: (1) Works of General Information; (2) Authorities on Philippine Dialects; (3) Some Literary Curios Among Philippina; (4) Philippine Presses; (5) Introduction of Printing Into the Philippines.

"First, I name the chief works of reference,* of the highest, most authoritative character, bearing on the distinctive peculiarities of the Philippines, works that will be recognized as serviceable to the general reader and scholar, to him that seeks to learn of the history of that archipelago, of its antiquities and characteristics of the many tribes that people itof their customs, religious beliefs, superstitions and rites; of the fauna, flora, geology of those islands; in brief, to whatever refers to this part of Malaysia. For no matter how much the Malay-Javan, Bornese, Sumatran, as well as Philippinian-has been civilized-Christianized, so far (as must be conceded) he has not become Caucasian in mind, nor will, nor spirit. He remains as he was (nor any wonder), wholly Asiatic. Albeit for three centuries and upwards taught, ruled, elevated (at times, too, disedified) by white men, the Malay, or brown man, is not, perhaps never will be, employed by Europeans, save in a very limited sphere, in wholly subordinate trusts, whether in commerce, trade or whatsoever other field of human activity.

"But," Dr. Middleton continues, "let us to our list of works of general reading. Sifting the treasure-stores of authorities named in Retana and others, I find the following books of most value and service, whereof, though some few are no longer in print, yet these very masterpieces, if not obtainable by purchase, like many another priceless blessing, still are worth knowing by title to book-lover and scholar, who, if perchance he cannot have these repertories of human lore upon his shelves, will know, at least, by what title to seek them on others.

"Of the Philippines and their neighboring archipelagos these works rank of the hightest worth.

"The history of Mindanoa, Jolo and their adjacent islands (Madrid, 1667), written by the Jesuit, Francisco Compès—the most ancient detailed account of that region of Polynesia, known as the Archipelago del Sur, and invaluable beyond other guides, to the ethnoligist especially.

"Then an account of the establishment of Christianity in the Marianas Islands (Madrid, 1670?), similarly the oldest and at the same time the most reliable history of the Ladrones, or robber islands, so styled by early Spanish voyagers because of the thievish proclivities of the natives, every one of them in theory and practice an annexationist and protectionist to the backbone, till the Jesuit missionary and scholar, Diego Luis Sanvitores, author of this history, re-christened them Marianas, in honor (according to some chronicles) of Dona Mariana of Austria, Queen of Spain, in loving and tenderest-hearted homage (according to others) of the Blessed Virgin, whose Rosary that savant was wont to recite every day.

"Then the story of the various religious missions in the Philippines entrusted to members of his Society by another Jesuit, Pedro Murillo Velarde (Manila, 1749), a rare and valuable work whereof an accommanying chart, drawn in 1734, should,

^{*}Spanish authorities.

r speaking, be styled the earliest d topographical map of the Philip-From the pen of the same scholar too, an historical geography of chipelago (Madrid, 1752), of much the same as his chart, for its fic details—albeit little known, it to Philippinologists.

in we have the rare and deeply inng history (Madrid, 1756), of some
in Luzon, hardest to convert—the
ies, Tinguianes, Apayos and
i, four races of Indians in the hill
y of Ilocos and Pangasinan, in
al charge of the Augustinians, a
r of which brotherhood, Manuel
is the author.

other book that, because of its ld literary merit, of historical acand statistical detail, is styled by 'an historical work par excellence,' general history of the Philippines aloc, 1788-1792), by the Recoleto lary, Juan de la Concepcion, source of varied and valuable inion, wherein, albeit somewhat in style, at times, too, rather ive—the author may fairly be said vithout rival.

n comes the descriptive and hisaccount of the Marianas Islands d, 1875), by Felipe La Corte y Calderon, the best work on this nown archipelago and a rich of general information anent these ian islands.

the botany of the Philippines, a nental work of the highest charis the Philippine Flora (classified ng to the sexual system of Linby the Augustinian, Manuel, printed at Manila, first in 1837,

in 1845, and finally re-published a ime in 1877-1883, in superb style, in lio volumes of text in Spanish and embellished with two volumes of lithographed plates descriptive of ints, flowers and fruits of those. One of the co-laborers on the dition of this FLORA was Ignacio o, a Philippine botanist himself, seesed member of the Augustinian

same Father Blanco also trans-

hood.

lated into Tagal the French physician's work on medicine, enriched with his own life-long observations on plant-lore.

Along with Blanco's Flora should be named the catalogue of fauna of the Philippines (Manila, 1895-1896), by the Dominican zoologist, Castro de Elera, an expert in that line of biological science, a work in folio (in three volumes) of two thousand three hundred pages and upwards, termed by Retana not only a monumental work—easily to be believed—but one unique of its character.

"The geology of the islands (Madrid, 1840?), treated by Isidro Sainz de Baranda, government inspector of mines, besides being well worth reading, is the earliest study on this topic made on strictly scientific lines.

"Two works, solely representative of their kind, are named by Retana as of singular value to the physician not only, but to ethnologist and scholar especially -one the Embriologio Sagrada (Manila, 1856), by the Recoleto missionary, Gregorio Sanz, written in aid of his fellowcaretakers of souls, whose services in behalf of suffering humanity in out-of-theway districts were often called upon by the natives, whose practice of the curing art, based on their own traditional formulas, especially in cases of child-bearing, was. despite the efforts of the missionary to uproot their unnatural and utterly heathen disregard for human life, attended too often with destruction of progeny and mother.

"The other repository of singular and very curious information is a treatise in Visaya-Cebuano and Spanish by another Recoleto evangelist, Manuel Vilches (Manila, 1877), written similarly in benefit of Indian sick, the Manual, that is, of the Visaya physician or native doctor—mediquillo, as in the Philippines these votaries of Hippocrates are styled, a work praised by Retana as replete with Indian plant-lore.

"The richest and most valuable collection of statistics relating to the Philippines, so. at least, acknowledged by experts, more reliable, too, than the Spanish Government's own work, is the Estado general of all the pueblos—Chris-

tianized settlements—in the islands, drawn up by the Dominican Archbishop of Manila, Pedro Payo (Manila, 1886), whereof the data were gathered by his vicars-forane and parochial curés throughout the archipelago. While the most artistic map of Luzon, so styled by Retana, is the chart of the island (Madrid, 1883), published in four sheets by Enrique d'Almonte y Muriel.

"With mention of two other authors I close this section of Philippina—one the history of the islands, or rather a detailed account of his travels therein, by the Augustinian scholar and voyager, Joaquin Martinez de Zuniga (Sampaloc, 1803), a work known by its Spanish title Estadisimo de las Filipinas o mis viajes, which, translated into English by John Maver, was published in London in 1814, and lately edited by Retana himself at Madrid in 1893.

"The last authority on general topics I name here as invaluable as well as deeply interesting to the scholar is the Encyclopedia (in two volumes) of the Augustinian travelers, Manuel Buzeta and Felipe Bravo (Madrid, 1851)—a work replete with most varied information (along

with statistics, now, of course, out of date), on ethnology, geography, topography, dialects, customs and rites of the aborigines in the Philippine archipelago.

"With the aid of such monuments as these—all original records of old-time conquistadores and their fellow missionaries in the Americas—it has resulted (to the delight and blessing of students) that the cyclopedias of Americana (thirty-nine volumes of them), wherein you will find enshrined whatever is worthy of preservation in the various checkered cycles of aboriginal and Spanish polity and art massed together by the Western historian, Bancroft, are veritably invaluable to the antiquarian, besides being wholesome and refreshing food for men of intellective genius, as therein, along with abundant matter for romance and epic, you will see unraveled and laid bare many a drama of life."

This very valuable pamphlet of the learned Augustinian we had previously mentioned in our book reviews. We now take pleasure in advising our readers who desire to possess a repository of singular excellence to address Dr. Middleton at Villanova College, Pennsylvania.

FANCIES.

MARGARET D. O'BRIEN.

In the fire I picture faces,
No matter whose;
Pure and lofty, sweet and gentle,
As I choose.

Memory paints the treasured features
With artist's skill.
Love gives them soul and animation,
At its will.

All bright and fair they pass before me
As I dream,
No more my fancy's fond creations,
So real they seem.

Some return from distant places
With looks of love;
Some whisper blessings, soft descending,
From Heaven above.

Youthful faces come all marred
By anxious care,
The great and lofty shadowed over
By acts unfair.

And yet these phases new, and diverse,
Are only one;
Who keeps our lonely life, as keeps our
earth,
The tireless sun.

But lo! a sudden flash and flicker
And the fire
Dispels my dream and breaks my picture
And I retire.

THE REPORT OF THE TAFT COMMISSION.

G. N. COLE.

Government Printing Office, Wash, has recently issued a volume of s—the second of its kind—cong things that "must be done" and have to be established" in the pine archipelago.

idering the magnitude of America's ent project, and the comprehensive is assigned to each Commissioner ivestigation," the statistics resultion their labors may well astound is stolid Congressman.

commissioner was expected "to do ity" in order "to facilitate the humane and effective extension of ity throughout the islands and to with the least possible delay the s of a wise and generous protecf life and property to the inhabi-

t "the responsibility of duty" which not be escaped, either individually lectively. the Commissioners set th all possible despatch and ob-"much formal evidence," but more lation was obtained "from informal sations."

Commissioners did duty (not under it) upon the following subjects:

—The civil service, the friars and lands.

cester—Municipal corporations, foragriculture, mining and public

ght—Internal improvements, franmilitia and police and criminal

-Code of civil procedure, courts, and currency and registration laws. es—Schools and taxation.

, Wright and Ide-Civil code.

Commission—Central, department rovisional governments.

Commissioners have exhibited conble "nerve" in proposing measures igress concerning the future legisof the Philippines. They also a singular disposition to suppress table facts of historic and literary interest which stretch over the past three centuries of Philippine civilization through religious influence.

The authenticity of the records that ascribe the civilization of the Philippines to the Friars cannot be assailed. And, although the Report tells us that 6,559,998 souls are devout Catholics, the Commissioners have cited none of the authorities that give to the people of the Philippines pre-eminence in civilization among the peoples of the East.

Rather does it seem to be the object of the Commission to ignore the recognized annals of the conquest of heathendom by the Friars who made themselves conversant with the characteristics of the natives of the Philippines—their language, their legends, their poetry; who preserved the records of everything valuable to the scientific student of language, philosophy and natural phenomena.

However, had the Commission strictly adhered to the laws of justice and truth in their report of the present condition of the people of the Philippines, and their religious guardians, they might have had the indorsement of fair-minded citizens. As it is, the vile aspersions cast upon the character of loyal children of the Church and valiant apostles of Christ have received the scorn they have merited.

Too many authentic sources of information are available on the vital questions at issue to mislead those interested in the fulfilment of the public proclamation that the Americans went "not as invaders and conquerors, but as friends to protect the natives in their homes, their employments and in their personal and religious rights."

That the Commission has failed to protect the people in their religious rights is an open secret; that they have denied the people the religious privileges they had previously enjoyed is a strongly attested fact; that the Commission has officially declared the existence of evils upon the information of creatures notorious for

mendacity, are facts lamentable indeed, humiliating to the American citizen and detrimental to the State.

Before the ratification of the acts of the Commission, Congress should look elsewhere for information regarding the "interests of humanity," as exemplified in the people of the Philippine Islands, lest the world should doubt the truth of the oft-repeated assertion that the "United States has no design of aggrandizement and no ambition of conquest."

Side by side with the presentation of glowing pictures of the peaceful excursions of the Philippine Commission throughout the island of Luzon—for the purpose of setting up civil rule—we have the solemn observance of interested observers that the "new vistas" of freedom opened by American sovereignty are dark with mortal tragedy.

The necessarily harsh methods employed by the American troops in protecting the natives have not effected the complete submission of the insurgent tribes, and have utterly failed to annihilate the desire of independence so dear to the hearts of the Filipino people.

American progressiveness is, as yet, limited to a few of the larger towns, and these "are held and controlled by our troops," who are endeavoring to meet force by torce.

The futility of the attempt thus far to secure anything like a permanent peace, under the present regime, is well expressed in the statement of an officer who has been for some time on duty in the Philippines. His views were recently published in the New York Freeman's Journal of January 12, 1901, an extract from which we quote:

"With Filipinos anything short of annihilation or complete overawing after defeat does not mean victory nor lead to peace.

"Under these difficulties American troops are needed now, and will be for a long time to come, to hunt, chase and keep down the insurgents and tue lawless. If not constantly pursued they spring up like mushrooms over night.

"These are the conditions in Luzon Island to-day. It is useless to say they will soon change, for they have not changed in the past five years, two of them under American control at that. As for the other islands, the United States have hardly begun upon them. It is not war. Any old Yank or Johnny Reb would laugh at us if we called it war, but I say it is not peace.

"During the past four months my regiment has had some twenty fights and skirmishes with the insurgents, has captured and destroyed six of their permanent camps, 50,000 pounds of provisions, 100 beef cattle, forty horses and no inconsiderable number of arms, killing some twenty-five of their men and taking one hundred more prisoners, and itself losing one captain and two men killed, six wounded and four horses killed. This is the record of but one weak regiment, reduced by disease and hard work. Of course, I am not willing to admit that others have not done as much, but none has been idle and all are needed.

"This is what we are called upon to do and are doing now, and up to date we have had our hands full. Is it, therefore, any wonder that the authorities here are scratching their heads and asking each other, 'What in the world are we going to do when we begin to lose troops, when the volunteers start home?' The good Lord or Congress or both must be strong and prompt on the American side."

Simultaneously with head-scratching at Washington is the head-scratching of the Commissioners in Manila over the question of "comfort" for the formidable influx of "civil servants" from America.

"There are not enough houses in Manila," says the Taft Report, "to make comfortable places of residence for the civil scrvants who come here from the United States. * * It has been proposed, and it seems a practical suggestion, that the American civil servants perfect an organization and work out, with the assistance of the governmental authorties, a plan for a co-operative civil service hotel or boarding-house, and, possibly, a co-operative store. If one is well housed in Manila, it is a very pleasant city to live in. If he is not thus fortunately placed, he can but have an unpleasant im-

of life here and impart it to: is the duty of the Insular Govto look after its employees and it they are comfortable, for only h conditions can the best work ad from them."

herefore be enacted that an unnount of money be appropriated

out of the Insular Treasury and expended for the "comfort" of the "civil servants" whose "incidental expenses" are in proportion to their humanitarian efforts to establish and maintain "an honest and efficient civil service in the Philippine Islands" upon American standards of integrity.

Let the Friars pray!

TO THE CHILDREN OF S. DOMINIC'S JUNIOR CHOIR.

MARGARET OLSEN.

th, and while all nature peaceslept,

soul a lonely vigil kept.
ing snadows brought me to a

, and thought I'd look within e more.

ttered few I knelt, in fear, apart, ed to ease the yearning of my rt. ghts came back of when a girl knelt ed to God, whose presence then ilt.

I prayed, in sweet melodious g, ldish voices forth, so sweet, so ing, i they wafted me to realms we—so pure, so true, their hymns of e!

And presently, a peaceful silence fell—
'Twas Benediction—and a soft clear bell
Rang forth to tell that Christ in love was
there—

there—
To bless, and heal, and grant my every prayer.

Again the children sang in heavenly tone—

tone—
It seemed as though they sang at God's own throne,
And dreams of peace their strains brought to my breast,

to my breast,
That many years had known no God—no rest!

But soon 'twas o'er. The people all withdrew,

Though still I lingered, as the shadows grew:

grew;
And joyously, from all the world apart,
I offered God, once more, my lowly heart.

ny ark of mercy, s covenant with man; only spotless vesture nce man's sin began.

he shrine of Jesus,
Lord is ever there;
prayer is heard in glory,
need I there despair

my refuge-city
no harm nor wrong comes nigh;
water-flood sweeps o'er me,
rainbow in the sky.

Yes, I lean upon her wholly, On my Lord to lean the more; Leaving all to His kind forethought, Body, soul and earthly store.

When I cry to God, my Father, From my depth of sinful woe, Safe beneath my Mother's shelter To His goodness can I go.

When I dread the wrath of Jesus,
Who with her is never wroth,
Then I whisper: See, Thy Mother
Is the Mother of us both.

-Father Cruikshank,

LINES REMINISCENT OF AMERICAN COLLEGE VACATIONS.

(TO REV. H. A. B., D.D.)

J. N.-POUGHKEEPSIE.

Where Alban hills, historic heights, arise, And sacred Cavis' summit seeks the skies.

Where Nemi's gelid springs by secret way Through rocks volcanic seek the light of day:

In years long fied, how fleet, alas! the flight!

We met where quaint Genzano cheered our sight.

Those scenes amidst old Latium's realms renowned

Rejoiced our leisure days; and still we found

Amidst historic ruins, cyclopean walls, Remains of art in crumbling regal halls. Sweet to recall Galora's golden dream

Arici's priestly legend, which would seem

Recorded in the changeless marble's face As Cori's mountain legend we may trace. But sweeter still, more reverent in the heart

Our pilgrim wanderings in the home of art:

The seat of sacred learning, science true, The soul uplifted inspiration drew,

And blessing earth, to realms celestial flew.

How bright our studious days in ancient Rome!

And then the glad return to dearest home.

The student's life, its joys and hopes we knew,

The philosophic search, whence reason grew

Enlightened to behold, in brighter light
Of theologic lore—our chief delight—

The mystic power of priesthood's sacred rite

Emfolding feeble nature in its might

And gave to creature the Creator's right.

How many years of labor since have
flown!

How many hearts with sorrow pressed, have grown

To healthful vigor by that priestly care. How souls elect are saved from dark despair!

The righteous in their steady course divine

Confirmed in virtuous effort, so to shine. As stars celestial in the realms above For aye united to the source of love!

Through human wisdom love divine reveals

The bond which creature for Creator feels.

And then the spirit finds supernal light Impelling where it leads by gracious might.

Through life's dark paths to guide the erring soul,

The wrong to right, the haughty to control.

The heart oppressed to heal, to dry the tear,

Uplift the trodden down, to banish fear
From trembling nature under reign of sin
And in the realm of light new life begin
But now, with slower step and graves
mien

We look aloft, afar, beyond the scene
Of life mysterious and its varying shad
Whose gilt horizon slowly, calmly fad
Ambition's strife no more disturbs
mind.

No selfish aims or vain delusions blin The keen intelligence whose single aims.

Ends in the perfect Good from whence i came.

And so we measure, with serene contest.

The priceless treasure which the God-head lent.

Hoping in future light from darkness passed,

The First Cause finding glorious at the last.

EDITORIAL.

yet divinely simple is the given in the second chapter of el according to S. Luke, of our sit to Elizabeth. And wonderful rent it records. The glorious announced the Incarnation to ed Virgin, subsequently revealed culous favor to S. Elizabeth. y whose heart was full of love hastened over the hill o bear to her cousin messages :ulation with the offer of devoted And the Holy Ghost who ins office of kindliness and charity her for a still higher work. The of affection and love became the f God's benediction. And the eady a sign of grace and now by the coming of his Lord, and ed in the womb, and hearing the Mother's voice, leaped for the of the Divine Son. "Behold," theth to Mary, "at the sound of the infant in my womb leaped The Son's grace! The Mother's itality! The first miracle of the The chosen means, His dear voice. Thus even before His birth would He proclaim our Lady's the power that He afterwards y confirmed when He anticipated at the marriage of Cana. May of this feast be ours, in quickenstanding of our Lady's grace, in iting of her shrines, in loving at the posts of her doors, in glad g that the Mother of Lord should us, and in oft-repeated canticle ; the spirit and the very words, e glorious Magnificat. Dear day Visitation, we gladly welcome ter on we shall linger longer holy scene in Zachary's house, h the unfolding of the lessons of ious day on which our dearest roclaimed, "Behold from hencel generations shall call me

fairly wide experience, and with

many peculiar opportunities of observation, we have met few Catholic laymen willing to draw their check in behalf of the propaganda of Catholic literature in Catholic homes; but we have met hundreds whose purse is yearly open, and widely, for the campaign fund of their political party. "Spread the light" of Democracy, Republicanism; make popular tne doctrine of free silver or of a gold standard, or bi-metallism; advocate free trade or a high tariff. But let the Faith stand or fall; let school and Church yield little fruit because home is not prepared; let the present generation live indifferent to their precious gifts, and careless of the generation to come; let our brethren, our fellow citizens, sit in darkness and in the shadow of death-nevertheless, not a dollar for the campaign fund of this vital cause of the Church! Such, we might say, describes the attitude and disposition of many Catholics of to-day. Is it not sad? Good reader, how do you stand? What are you doing? Are you even interested? Are you active as means and circumstances permit? Be up and doing, for it is a most worthy cause, and help is needed "all along the line."

The recent enforced suspension from publication of that excellent and model periodical, The Weekly Bouquet of Boston, which had been conducted in a highly praiseworthy style, is only one of many painful illustrations that Catholic journalism is not loved by those whose best interests it labors to serve.

According to dispatches from Washington, a board of army officers has decided that to General Rosecrans, and not to General W. F. Smith, as the latter had claimed, should the credit be given for the plan of relief of Chattanooga devised in October, 1863, on the eve of General Rosecrans' removal from command. Others executed his plans, and with brilliant success.

Thus tardy justice comes to the memory of a great soldier, a loyal Catholic, a man of unstained honor, despite the obloquy with which political partisanship and religious bigotry would cover his record.

It will be edifying, we are confident, for our readers to learn that during all the years which followed his conversion to Catholicity, General Rosecrans never allowed a day to pass without reciting the Rosary. Example worthy of imitation by all, and conveying, perhaps, a reproach to our "too busy" people who know nothing of real labor or care!

Long a resident of California, in whose soil his remains find their last resting place, the name of General Rosecrans is, in a special manner, the heritage of our people. Assuredly, the lesson of his life is one of great value, and to the many worldly-minded among our laymen it should be a wholesome stimulus.

We are not lovers of English methods, but honor to whom honor is due. In South Africa there are not less than eighty priests acting as army and mission chaplains, who are paid out of the exchequer of the British Government.

In the army of the United States we have not five priests chaplains; in the navy we have even a smaller number. Various Protestant denominations are represented in proportion of about ten to one. But this is American.

We are "getting there." Already a third term in the Presidency is proposed for Mr. McKinley. Imperialism is not a "bogy," as smooth-tongued partisan political orators and "hide-bound" partisan editors would have simple folk believe. Of the Supreme Court all good citizens speak with respect; but criticism has waxed strong and sharp in public comment of the Porto Rico and Philippine decisions. Good citizens regret that this august tribunal is suspected. And even this regret certain other citizens would denounce as treason. Sad days!

From our esteemed contributor, Miss Harriet M. Skidmore we have received a communication which we are very pleased to publish:

"Through the kind courtesy of the

Southern Pacific Company the members of 'The Pacific Coast Women's Press Association,' composed of women journal-. ists, writers and artists, enjoyed a thoroughly pleasant outing by way of the narrow-gauge road, to the Big Trees of Felton Grove, in the Santa Cruz mountains. These gigantic monarchs of the forest are a most wonderful work of nature, and give the beholder visions of prehistoric ages, when both the animal and vegetable productions of the omnipotent Creator were of colossal proportions. One could easily fancy the mammoth denizens of these groves, treading with prodigious feet, beneath the dense foliage of the resounding wild, the immense reptiles dragging their immense bulk over the cool, velvety sod, or the gigantic birds, winging their heavy flight above or resting amid the lofty tree-tops.

Truly, the "Big Trees" are a most convincing proof that "there were giants in those days." After an enjoyable ride of a few hours in the commodious cars, the excursionists reached the grove, where a most appetizing luncheon was furnished by the people in charge, for the very moderate sum of twenty-five cents, thus relieving the grateful pilgrims from the disagreeable task of carrying heavy lunch baskets. After the repast, a ramble through the grove was in order.

The distinguished botanist, Professor Lemmen, of Oakland, who accompanied the party, contributed greatly to their enjoyment by a most delightful and instructive talk, on the various species of the giant redwoods, or "sequois gigantia." All heartily sympathized with the noble efforts of those interested in the wonderful forestry of our noble State, to preserve these magnificent monuments of the Creator's power, from the rapacious greed of selfish corporations, or avaricious and unpatriotic individuals.

At about 2:30 P. M. the well-pleased travelers boarded the cars for home, beguiling the journey with songs, merry conversation, and witty impromptu couplets, which were alternately read aloud by two of their number. The Metropolis was reached at 6 P. M. and

the tired, yet satisfied picnickers wended their way homewards, exclaiming as they bade each other good bye, "was there ever a more delightful excursion? Truly, the generosity of the Southern racific Company in affording us gratuitously this charming trip, deserves unending gratitude from us!"

This sentiment is most heartily echoed by the writer of this article, who here desires to voice her enthusiastic thanks for the liberality and courtesy of the railway officials, who have often heretofore shown similar kindness to the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association."

The Editor of DOMINICANA cordially avails of this opportunity to put on record his expression of full agreement with Miss Skidmore and the other members of the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association. For unfailing courtesy and generosity he can bear and does cheerfully bear testimony to the deserved reputation of the Southern Pacific Company.

The month of July, sacred by the spirit and piety of the Church, to the precious Blood of our Blessed Redeemer, appeals tenderly and pleadingly to the clients of our Lady, especially in the sorrowful mysteries of the Beads. Dear Rosarians, be mindful of those sacred drops that ran so freely and generously down, in bitterest pain and sorrow, that we might be saved. Count them we cannot, but sadly and lovingly we can dwell on their spilling while we take into our sinful hearts some understanding of their preciousness, since one drop alone could have washed the guilt of the human race away. From the day of circumcision our memory can reach out to Gethsemane's dark hour, when the full flood came of that blessed Tide that finally rose to the mountain top whence a world's sins were swept away, in the outpoured Blood of our Blessed Redeemer. Following in the sorrowful way, we may accompany our suffering Lord in agony of soul, while scourge and thorn and heavy cross, and great, sharp nails make unnumbered issues for that saving stream that rushes forth with a holy gladness because sinners

will be saved. And for very impatience of its eager love, and that its joy in sorrow might be full in its giving, when no more could remain, the sure courier of the soldier's lance found the heart fountain, and drained it dry of that most sweet and precious reserve that came forth as a last and solemn witness that Love could do no more. May the dear, blessed, sacred drops of our Lord's redeeming Blood, fall upon us, upon our upturned pleading faces, and upon our bowed guilty heads. And may our Blessed Queen of the Rosary teach us, as she only can teach, the value of that precious and absolving shower wherewith our sins have been washed away. This is the study of the sorrowful mysteries of the Beads. May their fullest grace be the gift of every Rosarian.

The first house of Dominican Sisters in the State of Connecticut will shortly be opened by members from the Community of S. Mary's of the Springs, Columbus, Ohio, who will conduct an academy for girls in New Haven, the old city of the elms, the seat of Yale University. Dominicana makes this announcement with great pleasure.

From the latest report which we have received-that for the quarter ending on March 17, 1901—of the Archdiocesan Union of the Holy Name Society of New York, we make an extract that speaks, in glowing suggestiveness, of the work that we may yet do in these parts. Quoting the words of the Right Reverend Monsignor Mooney, V. G., who is the Supreme Spiritual Director of the Holy Name Society in New York, "It is not something Utopian that we are trying; it is not an untried experiment that we are making. It has been tried before, here in this city. and it has had most successful results. It has worked already what we, in our greatest expectations, had not hoped for." The Report says:

New York, March 17, 1901.

To the Right Reverend Monsignor Mooney, V. G., Spiritual Director, the Reverend Spiritual Directors, Officers and Members of the Holy Name Society: Brothers—It is with heartfelt joy the Executive Committee presents for your con-

sideration the Annual and Quartely Reports of the Society for the term ending to-day. We are happy, for the reason that the missionary work which we proposed to ourselves to stop the Leakages has at last been definitely decided on and a plan adopted to carry it forward to success.

Never before in the history of our organization has a question of greater or more vital importance been brought before us than the one which we have the honor of presenting at this time; and never before has the work of the Society had a happier or more successful issue than that of the missionary work, the preliminaries of which were inaugurated at the meeting held in the Cathedral School Hall on October 18, 1899, at which we pledged ourselves to undertake this great work and carry it on with unflagging zeal and perseverance until success would reward our labor, and the work be placed on a secure and solid foundation. Since that time our Right Reverend Spiritual Director, Monsignor Mooney, and the Committee, have been earnestly engaged preparing for this work and considering its feasibility, with a view to determine the best and wisest method by which this missionary work might be made successful, the Leakages stopped, and the Society given an object to labor for that would tend to the sanctification of its members, advance its interests, and redound to the greater glory of God.

In our investigations, with this end in view, we were aided in a great measure by the experience gained by the S. Catherine of Siena Branch and their unparalleled success in their missionary work, under the direction of their Reverend Rector, Father Clement M. Thuente.

The plan finally approved of as set forth in the communication to the Reverend Rectors and Spiritual Directors of the Archdiocese of New York by the Right Reverend Monsignor Mooney, was formulated largely on the lines laid down for the guidance of S. Catherine of Siena's Branch, and under which they have demonstrated the feasibility and necessity of this great missionary undertaking. The following is a copy of the circular:

A. M. D. G. New York, March 17, 1901.

Reverend and Dear Sir: The Archdiocesan Union of the Holy Name Society respectfully submits to you for your kind and favorable consideration the suggestions embodied in this communication, tions embodied in this communication, as being the results of a long and careful study on the subject-matter of "leakage" from our holy faith. The attention of the Executive Committee having been drawn to this deplorable evil—which must be admitted—they have sought by every means in their power to seek out a remedy which, if it would not entirely cure, would at least check and diminish if For more than a year has this matter cure, would at least check and diminish it. For more than a year has this matter occupied their monthly and quarterly deliberations. They have sought light and information from every quarter to guide them in arriving at a correct idea of the necessities of the situation and in formulating what they considered would be practical recommendations for its betterment ment.

Of course every pastor knows best his own parish and its needs. For that reason, nothing is farther from the mind of the Committee than to obtrude advice or even the suggestion of it. Nevertheless, there can be no denying that in every parish there is a considerable number of backsliders from the practice of their religion. The realization of this ber of backsliders from the practice of their religion. The realization of this fact led, first to a discussion, and then to a desire on the part of the members of fact led, first to a discussion, and then to a desire on the part of the members of the Union to be of some service to their spiritual guides and leaders in bringing back the delinquents. They believed by so doing they would be giving the best answer to the question which had often been put: How can the Holy Name Society be utilized, not merely for its own special purposes, but also for some definite and important work of the parish in general? With this end in view, the Executive Committee, with due deference, places before you the project here outlined: lined:

I. Let the officers of the Branch consult with the Pastor and Spiritual Director, inform them concerning the apostolic work recommended by the Archdiocesan Union, and declare their readiness to begin it. Let them respectfully eek the permission, assistance and bless-

ing of the Pastor.

II. Let them begin by calling a special meeting of the officers, perfects, and the most active and zealous members of the Society.

TIT Let them divide the parish sections, each section numbering about fifty or one hundred Catholic families.

IV. Let them appoint at least two visitors for each section. Let the visitors.

if possible, live in the section of which

they take charge.

V. Let them make the work known through the kindness of the Pastor from the pulpit, in the church calendar, in the vestibule of the church, and especially at the Holy Name meetings. VI. Let every visitor be supplied with

a blank book for taking up the census, and leaflets giving the regulations of the church and the duties and advantages of

the Society.

VII. Let the visitor when entering a house first call upon the member of the Society, if a member of the Society live in the house, in order to obtain from him. in all charity useful and practical in-formation about the Catholic families in the house and neighborhood.

VIII. Let them endeavor to make the personal acquaintance of all the Catholic men in the section, encourage the mem-bers of the Society, and invite the others

to join.
IX. Let IX. Let the visitors consider their charge permanent; repeat their visits, if necessary durin the year; and take special notice of the families moving in and moving out.

X. Let the visitors report indifferent and neglectful families to the Pastor or

Spiritual Director.

XI. Let the visitors be careful to practice beindness

XI. Let the visitors be careful to practise always patience, charity, kindness and courtesy.

The foregoing is not altogether an untried experiment. It has been tested already in at least one parish and with the happiest results. It was the success there ained that prompted the suggestion to bring about its extension to as many parishes as possible. Hoping that this may be done, and asking the blessing of the Holy Name Society on your efforts, I remain, yours sincerely

sincerely, JOSEPH F. MOONEY, Diocesan Director.

This circular was sent to all the Reverend Rectors and Spiritual Directors of the several Branches in the Union, in time to be considered at the Branch meetings last Sunday, and, so far as heard from, it has been highly commended and received with enthusiasm, and in many of the Branches the preliminary steps were taken to enter at once upon the work as outlined in the circular letter.

This new departure has everything to commend it to our favor. It is a muchneeded work; it is practical; and its simplicity is such that it can be readily understood by all. Therefore it is that we look forward with bright hopes to the results to be achieved in the several parishes when once the good work is fairly established.

That the good work will be entered into at once with energy and zeal we have no doubt. It is God's work, and with God's blessing every obstacle to success will be removed and an impetus given to religion. Our delinquent members will be recalled to a sense of their duty, our boys enrolled in Junior Branches, and the work of the proselytizer rendered void; while our careless and negligent Catholics who are now drifting about in imminent danger of losing their Falth, will with God's grace be once more brought within the fold of Christ's Church, to enjoy that peace which the world cannot give and which surpasseth all understandingpeace with God.

The recent protestation of our Presbyterian brethren against admission to their church of persons affiliated to Free Masonry, will probably divert into other channels some of the acrid criticism that nas been so lavishly poured out on the Catholic Church because of her unswerving opposition to the gentlemen of the square and compass. Incidentally, we may remark that, in a future number, we shall present to our readers a few points on Masonry.

MAGAZINES.

The Monitor, June 8, has placed the general public, who were unable to attend the jubilee exercises at Santa Clara College, under lasting obligations, in printing a full report of the fine address delivered by Archbishop Riordan. We presume that it will be issued later in pamphlet form or as a part of the permanent record of the interesting and epoch-making events that marked the celebrations of June 3, 4, 5 in Santa Clara. Otherwise we should present to our readers some of the telling points made by His Grace during the course of his oration. Archbishop Riordan is a happy speaker, whose eloquence of word and dignity of manner are graceful accessories in his presentation of vigorous and luminous thought.

Apropos of the jubilee commemoration,

the editor of The Monitor suggestively writes: "A single college in Berkeley receives from the taxpayers of California a larger annual contribution than the whole income of Santa Clara College, and its professors believe themselves doing well for education if they send a trained agriculturist to fill a Government clerkship as the result of a year's instruction."

The Monitor pleads for a proof of interest and generosity on the part of rich California Catholics, looking to the further development of the work so faithfully and unselfishly done by the Jesuit Fathers. We heartily echo The Monitor's appeal, and we trust that the Fathers will not be disappointed in their reasonable expectations.

From the June Scribner's we choose the following graceful sonnet by Edith M. Thomas as an illustration of other good things in that number:

THE MASTER CHARM.

"Hast thou a charm to stay the Morning Star

Sole lustre on the dawn's ethereal field, Its image in a thousand streams revealed, And broken silvery along the bar? Soon and swift comes Aurora's flashing

car. When all the throats of song shall be un-

sealed, And yearning buds their storied sweetness vield.

"Hast thou a charm to stay the Morning Star?

More potent knowledge! sorcery supreme! More sought than spells of Eastern images are

Couldst thou prevail to hold for us the dream-

dew-the mystery-the dear half The light

That are no more once Youth has taken flight

"Hast thou a charm to stay our Morning Star?

From Lippincott's for June, which is as varied and as interesting and as complete as any of its predecessors, we quote this pretty bit, with acknowledgments to the editor and to the author, James Buckham:

OLD LACE.

Fold upon fold, Yellow as gold, Woven by delicate fingers of old,

Here in its place Grandmother's lace Lies like a dream of her maidenhood's grace.

Fragrance of rose Out of it flows Leaves of the past that its meshes en-

> Sweets of old days. avender sprays

All that a maid in her treasure-chest lays.

Fair as her head,
Thread over thread,
Sleeps the old lace that she wore when she wed.

Beautiful day!
But fold it away,
Grandmother's lace, and rose, and the spray!

The Freeman's Journal, New York, May 25, publishes from The Times, London, the following letter of an English officer, in defence of General de Wet, and in praise of Boer humanity:

"Sir: It is time that a word was spoken in opposition to the idea now being sedulously fostered by press agencies and some of their clients in the London press that General Christian de Wet is a man of brutal and dishonorable character.

"Those who, like myself, have served in South Africa, fought against him, and frequently met men who have been prisoners under him, look, I believe, with shame and indignation on the attempts made to advertise and magnify such incidents as the alleged flogging and shooting of 'peace envoys,' so as to blacken the character of a man who throughout the war has held a reputation with our troops in the field of being not only a gallant soldier, but a humane and honorable gentleman.

"We may deplore the desperate tenacity of his resistance. Our duty and effort is to overcome it by 'smashing' him in the field. We gain nothing and only lose in self-respect by slandering him.

"But the stories may be true, and in their worst complexion. My point is, sir, that the character he has won is such that nothing but the clearest proof, after full inquiry, of his complicity in or responsibility for barbarous and dishonorable acts should be for a moment Histened to by fair-minded persons. His whole gives the lie to such aspersions. s in May of last year, ten months hat he first gained prominence.

ice then he has fought scores of enients with us, some successful, some cessful, never with a suspicion of iorable conduct. He has had at one or another some thousands of our n his hands as prisoners of war. of them I have myself met. At secr third hand I have heard of the ences of many others. I never heard d against De Wet.

nen men had suffered hardships they s agreed that they could not have helped. But, on the other hand, I heard many stories showing exceppersonal kindness in him over and that reasonable degree of humanity is expected in the treatment of ters of war. I believe this view of s universal among our troops in Africa, irritated and wearied though are by his hopeless resistance.

makes one's blood boil to hear such n called a brigand and a brute by in writers at home, who take as a he reports of these solitary incincomplete and one-sided as they nd ignore—if, indeed, they know of e mass of testimony in his favor. ms to be nobody's business to pubhis testimony, while stories against eccive grossly disproportionate ciron and credence.

ie same may be said, indeed, of the impression of Boers received by the in England, perhaps because it impossible to admire them without thought to sympathize with them. In the instance of Christian de Wet, Boers, we should suspend our judgtill the last moment, and in any give him credit for a long and honorrecord which it would take much to

I am, sir, yours faithfully, "ERSKINE CHILDERS,

larlyle Mansions, Cheyne Walk, S. March 1."

concluding a comment on certain ed and false assertions made by a g graduate of Yale University, durt commencement address, The New

World of Chicago makes a practical point: "We ought, perhaps, to apologize to our readers for noticing the shallow mendacities of this young "whippersnapper." We have done so for one reason only. Many Catholics are sending their sons to these centers of education as being more fashionable and more ancient than our Catholic institutions. This young man's graduation address will show these parents what is the tendency of the teaching imparted to the students, and, if it is permissible to air such opinions in public. with the evident approval of the authorities, can any prudent Catholic parent hesitate as to his duty in keeping his chil-

This lesson and warning are needed in California as well as in the East.

dren outside the influence of such baneful

teaching?"

"Every visitor to the Cliff House in San Francisco and to other sea-lion rookeries along the California coast will remember his interest in the life and sports of these interesting creatures. The fishermen of California came to the conclusion that as the sea-lions lived in the sea, their food must be fish, and if the seals eat fish, there would be fewer fish to catch, and consequently fewer dollars in the fishermen's pockets. Accordingly, the fishermen persuaded the California State Board of Fish Commissioners to issue orders for the killing of a large number of the sealions. The president of the board declares that it is not the intention to exterminate the seals utterly, but merely to kill off some 'ten thousand of the thirty thousand that now infest our harbor entrance and contiguous territory." In all likelihood there are not ten thousand sealions on the whole coast. Under the orders of the board many lions have already been killed. By great good fortune a wellknown naturalist, Professor Dyche, spent the summer on the California coast and took the opportunity to examine the contents of the stomachs of some twenty-five sea-lions that had been slaughtered. In every case the stomachs were filled with the flesh of the squid, the octopus, the cuttle, and no fish were there found. The sea-lion is therefore a friend, and not an

enemy, of the fisherman. The ignorance of the Fish Commissioners, who took no steps to obtain scientific advice, is astonishing and reprehensible. If they had instructed their own fishermen to examine the stomachs of the dead seals it would have been obvious at once that they were making a grave mistake. It is significant that in former years when sea-lions were much more plentiful salmon were also more abundant. The diminution of the latter is due not to the seals, but to the extravagant slaughter and wasteful customs of the fishermen themselves. There is a lesson here worth learning."

This protest against the destruction of the sea-lions on our coast we quote from a distant journal, *The Sun*, New York, June 2. One must sometimes take a journey to learn matters of home interest.

Our neighbor, The Star, twinkled brightly when it lately said that one effect of the recent Supreme Court decisions is to place the United States in the unenviably unique position of being the only Nation in the world whose capital is outside of the national domain.

From The Commoner, June 7, we make a few excerpts. Mr. Bryan's trenchant comments on the recent decisions of the Supreme Court on affairs in Porto Rico and the Philippines, should be read in their fulness:

By a vote of five to four the Supreme Court has declared President McKinley emperor of Porto Rico, and according to the press dispatches the emperor has gladly and gratefully accepted the title and authority thus conferred upon him by the highest judicial tribunal of the land.

Justice Brown then distinctly declared that the annexation of territory did not make the inhabitants of that territory citizens of the United States. He admitted, however, that whatever may be finally decided as to the status of these islands and their inhabitants "it does not follow that in the meantime the people are in the matter of public rights unprotected by the provisions of our constitution and subjected to the mere arbitrary control of congress. Even if regarded as aliens, they are entitled, under the

principles of the constitution, to be protected in life, liberty and property."

Here we find the supreme court's declaration of the status of the people of these islands. Although the constitution does not follow the flag, "under the principles of the constitution" the people of our new possessions are entitled "to be protected in life, liberty and property." In other words although cut away from all former allegiance, although taken away from former sovereigns and denied the right of building a sovereignty for themselves, and although required to render allegiance to this country, yet they are in the attitude of "aliens," they are to be taxed without representation, and to be governed without having a voice in the government. This is imperialism pure and simple.

In his effort to further quiet those who apprehended danger by reason of the unlimited power bestowed by the Supreme Court on the federal authorities, Justice Brown said:

"Grave apprehensions of danger are felt by many eminent men—a fear lest an unrestrained possession of power on the part of congress may lead to unjust and oppressive legislation, in which the natural rights of territories or their inhabitants may be engulfed, find no justification in the action of congress in the past century, nor in the conduct of the British parliament toward its outlying possessions since the American revolution."

This is sublime reassurance: Those who fear that an "unrestrained possession of power on the part of congress may lead to unjust and oppressive legislation" in which the natural rights of men may be engulfed have only to look at the action of congress during the past century.

But if this is not sufficient, Mr. Justice Brown bids them look at the "conduct of the British parliament toward its outlying possessions since the American revolution."

To what a glorious field for inspection this Justice of the Supreme Court has invited the American people!

Under this opinion we are about to embark on Great Britain's colonial policy and to reassure ourselves, to quiet our

ce, we have but to look at the of Great Britain towards its outossessions "since the American on."

piring spectacle, indeed!

ay look at South Africa where ritian's "unrestrained possession r" has destroyed two promising s and has drenched the soil with d of patriots; we may look at hose people have been dying by on for years—at India where on occasions the bounty and generthe American people have been y in order to save human beings, under the sovereignty of Great from death by starvation.

ay look at Ireland, whose populalav is 4.000.000 less than it was in Ireland whose people have been d of their natural rights; at Ireose people have been denied the aspirations and the purest ambiat Ireland whose people have rdened with unjust laws, with us taxes, with infamous decrees; nd whose people have fled from sovereignty or died with broken ind famished bodies. Wherever whether you find the Irishman at abroad, you will find a hater of sovereignty and a living witness ct that British rule over the peoo are denied equal participation h government has been unjust to le governed and discreditable to rning power."

this has the true ring of manly nism and love for liberty.

ilot, Boston, maintains in every its honorable stand for freedom, and abroad. From the issue of we quote approvingly, and with ents to the editor and author, a y John Jerome Rooney:

GUAM.

e, the Philippine leader, old, and ill, has been sent from here to exile in the island of Dispatch from Manila.

words are these that leap the estern sea-

Strange words, indeed, beneath our northern sun;

Strange to the heirs of Lincoln, Washington.

To men who boast the passion of the free. Blaze them to all men—let the record be The fine silk of our fabric all unspun, The glory and the vision all undone Wherein we dreamed the dream of Liberty.

For he who boasts of Freedom's holy gift, Who clutches close the guerdon to his breast

Yet, grudging, grants his brother only part—

part—
Becomes, when God's winds blow and sift,
And secret things be naked and confessed,

A slave or tyrant in his heart of heart!

The North American Review for June contains an article on Chinese poetry that is extremely agreeable. We make two extracts presenting specimens of "Celestial" verse that will interest our readers. The former will at once suggest Poe's "Raven," though we are in agreement with the author of the article that it would be useless to try to connect the American poet with his Chinese fellow-craftsman of bygone centuries.

Betwixt moss-covered reeking walls
An exiled poet lay—
On his bed of straw reclining,
Half despairing, half repining—
When athwart the windowsill
In flew a bird of omen ill,
And seemed inclined to stay.

To my book of occult learning
Suddenly I thought of turning,
All the mystery to know
Of that shameless owl or crow,
That would not go away.
Wherever such a bird shall enter
'Tis sure some power above has sent her,
So said the mystic book to show
The human dweller forth must go,
But where it did not say.

Then anxiously the bird addressing,
And my ignorance confessing,
Gentle bird, in mercy deign
The will of fate to me explain.
Where is my future way?

Where is my future way?
It raised its head as if 'twere seeking
To answer me by simply speaking;
Then folded up its sable wing,
Nor did it utter anything;
But breathed a "Well-a-day!"

More eloquent than any diction, That simple sigh produced conviction; Furnishing to me the key
Of the awful mystery
That on my spirit lay.
Fortune's wheel is ever turning,
To human eye there's no discerning
Weal or woe in any state;
Wisdom is to bide your fate;
That is what it seemed to say
By that simple "Well-a-day!"

ON DRINKING ALONE BY MOONLIGHT.

Here are flowers and here is wine; But there's no friend with me to join Hand to hand and heart to heart, In one full bowl before we part.

Rather, then, than drink alone, I'll make bold to ask the Moon To condescend to lend her face The moment and the scene to grace.

Lo! she answers and she brings My shadow on her silver wings— That makes three, and we shall be I ween a merry company.

The modest Moon declines the cup, My shadow promptly takes it up; And when I dance, my shadow fleet Keeps measure with my fleeting feet.

Although the Moon declines to tipple, She dances in yon shining ripple; And when I sing, my festive song The echoes of the Moon prolong.

Say, when shall we next meet together? Surely not in cloudy weather; For you, my boon companion dear, Come only when the sky is clear.

The Literary Era, Philadelphia, for June also touches on the subject of Chinese poetry and maxims, giving some excellent specimens of both. The Literary Era is usually bright, but in this number the genial Sir Oracle is extremely hazy and annoyingly vague in an answer on the subject of Cardinals.

Mosher's Magazine for May came late, but it is a good number, and because of its variety and sprightliness we are pleased to repeat our former commendations, wishing its worthy editor the full measure of success which his zealous energy and faithful labor deserve.

Marion J. Brunowe writes with warmth and cordial appreciation of Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, "Princess of Poets."

"The more it is examined, the darker

grows the chapter of American history covering the acquisition of the Philippines. Not a single detail of the transaction consorts with the true American tradition—the glorious sympathy with human freedom, the scorn of deception, the rejection of the creed that man has the right to dominate over man. Fraud, force, lying, greed, sophistry, self-deception, are the steps which mark its every stage—and over all the track of blood wantonly shed. It is a tale to make the angels weep."

In these vigorous words The Catholic Standard and Times, Philadelphia, June 8, protests against our great crime in the East.

The June number of The Review of Reviews may be called a Pan-American issue. It is rich in text and illustrations treating of the great Buffalo exhibition, while its other features are of the usual varied and agreeable standard of the Review.

The subject of profanity and irreverence to the name of God is receiving marked attention from various quarters. We regard the discussion as wholesome, because it makes for suppression of a shameful vice. The following from The Medical Press and Circular, quoted by The Sun, we give for what it is worth:

"Most profane expressions are the fossil remains of religious terms or ejaculatory prayers, and the history of profanity is intimately bound up with the history of religion. It is held by some that profane objurgations are instinctive or imitative relics of the habit of our wild ancestors of simulating the cries of ferocious animals and of uttering sounds calculated -by their harshness or their volume-to inspire terror. By and by came the time when certain words became sacred by reason of their religious associations, and their employment in verbal warfare would, it was hoped, cause fear by reason of their awful associations, or, later still, because their unconventional use being severely punished, the deed savored of reckless violence.

, "A few centuries later men took to utilizing the anathemas of the Church for their private purposes, and sought to in-

y invoking images of torture suffering. The angry primiried to shock his enemy by thunder and gods; and the rn man consigns him in tones rath to eternal punishment. hock of terror there came the merity in taking holy names that the greater the reverence! saints or places or deity the he shock to the man sworn at, hably, the greater the relief to earing."

: Commoner, June 14, we take ng stirring lines, written by l S. Taylor of Chicago in anoratorical and dishonest quesimperialists, "Who will haul ag?"

haul down the flag?" quoth he, ian an answer gave.
ill haul up the flag, ask we, e flag ought never wave?
rogant mission of spoil
s, as a matter of course, ace and a conquered soil
vernment based on force!
—answer us! true and fair, aul up Old Glory there?

haul down the flag?" quoth he; k how it first went up astride of the land and sea rath from his brimming cup; e men died and left in bequest se for the great and the small, for a few and stripes for the

ag of our country for all! truly and plainly, we pray: not its meaning in Washingday?

shington's day to Jackson's

rktown to New Orleans, n follow that flag sublime it what the symbol means? iled States, each one as a star t in a field of blue, by the blood-red stripes of

we them for me and you!

now—do you dare to drag
th out of our father's flag?

haul down the flag?" quoth he; hand of flesh and bone that flag, on land or sea, aith of the flag is gone! shall rule and cunningly keep The bunting to garnish their greed;
Till dollars are dear and humanity cheap
By the force of a tory creed!
Then will it fall!—but answer us, clear,
Do you fancy that hour is drawing near?

Did our Liberty Bell ring in vain?
Was our Declaration a lie?
Must we turn to the Old World, again,
With the penitent prodigal's cry?
Must we arm us and march in the van
Of Europe's barbaric parade
And boom out a gunpowder gospel to man
To open a pathway for trade?
Shall we strut thro' the world and bluster
and brag
With the dollar-mark stamped on the
brave old flag?

Nay, haul up the flag—raise it on high—
Not yet is its spirit spent!
Let it sing to the wind and the sky
The truth that it always meant!
Let it sing of the birthright of man—
Of progress that never can lag;
Let it sing that trade may go—where it
can,
But liberty follows the flag!

But liberty follows the flag!
Yea, haul up Old Glory—but, comrades,
take heed

That no man part the old flag from the creed!

The comment by the editor of The Commoner is to the point:

"It is a literary gem and presents a patriotic sentiment especially appropriate for consideration at this time. In beautiful language it emphasizes the fact that the flag is sacred, not because of its color, or because of the material of which it is made, but because of the spirit which it has represented. The decision of the Supreme Court, if upheld by the people, will rob the flag of its peculiar excellence and make it represent the same brutal and barbarous doctrine for which the flags of European empires stand."

BOOKS.

Benziger Brothers, New York, have brought out a handsome edition of Father John Proctor's admirable Rosary Guide for Priests and People, the commendation of which expressed in a previous number of Dominicana we now cordially and earnestly repeat for the benefit of those who desire an authentic and satisfactory manual on our Lady's queen devotion.

In announcing a new and complete edition of the poetical writings of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, we are pleased for the opportunity of welcoming again the message of this estimable woman. The question of Mrs. Browning's rank in the world literary critics dispute. The conviction of her eminence in the finished work of sonnet writing is general; and on the score of moral influence, of healthful and invigorating inspiration for readers of her poems, there is no dispute.

This is not the place for fault-finding as to minor defects in the workmanship of this gifted woman. The trifling flaws that may be detected are inconsequential, in view of the solid merit of her writings,

We congratulate the publishers, Houghton, Miffiin & Co., Boston, to whom we are indebted for this handsome volume. At a time when works of ephemeral popularity are in constant demand, it is pleasant to commend the conservative, yet enterprising, spirit of this well-known Boston firm.

The D. H. Hurd Company of Boston has sent to us a copy of the History of the Diocese of Hartford, by Father James H. O'Donnell, Rector of S. John's Church, Watertown, Conn.

Father O'Donnell is an admirable example of the zealous pastor who, while he neglects not his sheep nor abates aught of priestly zeal in the administration of his parish, yet finds time for the cultivation of letters in so generous a fashion that he becomes a benefactor to thousands who may never hear his spoken word.

The history of Catholicity in the old State of Connecticut, which forms the territory of the Diocese of Hartford, is one of interest far broader than the confines of New England. It is a record of great achievements, of noble results, the reading of which appeals to all who would know something of the gigantic strides that mark the onward march of the Church in the United States.

In saying that Father O'Donnell entered upon his work in a spirit of enlightened zeal, of scholarly preparation, of industry and patience in research, and according to the principles that should guide the historian, we merely pay a just tribute to a high-minded priest who has produced a valuable volume. We thank him, and we compliment the publishers because of the happy manner as to paper, binding, text and illustrations, with which they have co-operated with the author.

The immortal words of Solomon "Vanity of Vanities, and all is Vanity" are fittingly illustrated in The Life of CARDINAL THOMAS WOLSEY, Archbishop of York, and Lord Chancellor of England, as told in quaint Anglo-Saxon style by Sir William Cavendish, gentleman-usher to the Cardinal, and after his death, Privy Councillor to the Crown. The biography presents to the world the same old lesson with its usual moral, viz., not to put too great a trust in princes and earthly dignities, nor to sacrifice conscience on the altars of servility and human respect. It confirms the well-known, but, alas, so often disregarded maxims, that the hight of fortune, and the intensity of its rays demand a just proportion towards the other extreme when the fall comes. The Cardinal rose by his wit, eloquence and learning from a simple school-master to the highest honary position as Lord Chancellor of the Kindom of England. Although much has been said and written about this great man which may simply be placed in the category of calumny, these pages coming from one who for years stood near his person convince us that he was not totally devoid of conscience, but that his weakness consisted in the fact that he sought to maintain his position by diligently serving his King, for whom he entertained a real affection. The rupture between them and the commencement of his downfall occurred when he refused to decide in the divorce case between Henry the VIII and Catherine, by referring the affair to the Pope. The King, stimulated by the enemies of the Cardinal, first deprived him of the Chancellorship and had him finally arrested for high-treason. But before he could be brought to London, a higher tribunal than that of men, cited him to appear before it. He died at Leicester abbey where his remains were buried.

For students of history, the intrinsic value of this little work cannot be underestimated as it casts a clear searching and unprejudiced light upon the life of one of England's greatest men.

The book is edited by Grace H. M. Simpson, and published by R. & T. Washbourne, London, Benziger Bros., New York, being the agents for America. The volume presents a neat and attractive appearance.

Countess Mary Jenison's translation of Father Mousabre's Eucharistic Conferences is at hand, published by R. & T. Washburne, London. The six conferences contained in this work were preached by the famous Dominican in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris, during the Lenten season of 1884.

The first conference, "The Eucharistic Mystery," considers the doctrine of the transubstantiation of the species of bread and wine in the consecration of the mass and the reasons for our belief in this Mystery. The first reason is taken from the divinity of Him wao instituted the Sacrament, by virtue of which he is able to transform existing substances as He in the beginning of time called forth all substances from nothingness. The second reason the author finds in the literal sense of the words of institution: "This is my Body." "This is the chalice of my Blood," which constitute the legacy of Christ to His Church upon earth. The third reason is derived from the necessity of a sacrifice that in splendor, dignity and perfection was by far to surpass the sacrifice of the old law, which was but a shadow of the future self-immolation of the Son of God. And finally, on the unswerving testimony of the Fathers is founded our belief in the Eucharistic doctrine of the real presence of the Divinity and Humanity of the Victim of Calvary, on our altars.

The second conference, "The Eucharistic Miracles," deals with the stupendous effect produced by the simple act of consecration. By the Divine virtue of these words Jesus Christ is verily, really and substantially present under the appearance of the Host. Moreover, he is present not in this or that particular place, but

"in all longitudes and latitudes," obedient to the words of him to whom this divine power has been imparted. Finally, the substance of the bread and of the wine has disappeared, the accidents remaining without substance, sustained by the power of God.

In the third conference, "The Eucharistic Contrasts," are explained and solved. The apparent weakness, humiliation and self-abasement to which Divinity subjects itself in the doctrine of transubstantiation are with logical clearness refuted by the learned author. He proves that the great humility shown by God in the Blessed Sacrament (though endless and twisted objections and sophistries are brought to bear against it) is an infallible sign of divine love, and the effects of God's mysterious but merciful operations in His fatherly and providential dealings with man.

The fourth conference, "The Sacrifice," depicts the Eucharistic Victim as the highest perfection and culmination of religious worship, a perpetual, unbloody offering of Divinity itself in atonement and propitiation for the sins of mankind, and the favor and complacency with which the Eternal Father must necessarily look upon the Lamb, slain for the sins of the world.

The fifth conference discusses "Communion," through the worthy reception of which grace is repaired, sustained, strengthened and increased, a sacrament that is to the soul of man what food is to the human body, the vital and essential principle without which the soul is doomed to spiritual death.

In the sixth and last conference Father Monsabre summarizes the effects of Holy Communion in the unity and preservation of that body of which our Eucharistic Lord is the vital principle by extending and communicating Himself to all individually and collectively, gathering and keeping the faithful within the one fold of faith, hope and charity.

Although a work of this kind suffers by being translated from the mother tongue in which it made its first appearance, yet the purity, lucidity and elegance of style with which the translation has been effected atones for the deprivation sur-

fered by those who are not able to follow the noble and lofty sentiments of Father Monsabre in his own beautiful French.

In printing, binding and exterior form the publishers have omitted nothing that could contribute to the making of an attractive volume.

THE CATHOLIC CREED; OR, WHAT DO CATHOLICS BELIEVE? by the Very Rev. Father J. Proctor, S. T. L., Provincial of the Dominicans in England, comes to us from the London and Leamington Book and Art Company (the agents for America being Marlier & Co., Boston.)

The words of Pilate to the Son of God, "What is truth?" are in our own days often found on the lips of that great multitude that stands outside the pale of the true Church. The former spirit of prejudice and bigotry is fast disappearing; the individual craving a right to search after and investigate, and unerring truth has commenced to assert itself. The Catholic Church, the guardian of divine mysteries, hails with joy every one who seeks truth and seeks it in earnest. This manifestation of earnestness encourages the publication of books that will serve as instructors, not only to the faithful, but also to those who desire to be led to the fountain whence gushes forth the very essence of life eternal.

The name of the author is a notable one in the list of Catholic champions who, by their literary labors, reach the homes and the hearts of their fellowmen. The message of the Gospel is made plain and simple, and much that malice or ignorance has attributed to the dogma of the Catholic Church has been repudiated. What do Catholics believe? The author answers this question by expounding the Catholic creed, with special reference to those doctrines which, on account of being misunderstood, has repeatedly suffered bitter attacks and calumnies by sectarian writers. Father Proctor's style is clear, simple and convincing. He earnestly implores the truthloving soul not to trifle with truth, nor to put off the decisive step through human fear; but, after coming to the conclusion that there must be and is but one true fold, to say with Peter, "Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come to you." And the answer will be, "Come."

From Burns & Oates, London, through Benziger Bros.. New York, we have received The Life of Mary Ward. The present volume is the original work of Mother M. Salome of Bar Convent, York, a member of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin, which was founded by the subject of her biography.

The story runs through sixty years (1585-1645) of religious and civil strife in England. In his introduction to the LIFE OF MARY WARD the Right Reverend Bishop of Newport says: "Mary Ward was a great Englishwoman. In her character were combined that loftiness of ideal, with strenuous energy and good common sense, which have distinguished the most eminent men and women of the race. She was, moreover, a contemplative, and had come under the spell of that seventeenth century mysticism of which we have Catholic and English examples in Baker and Southwell. A life of prayer, self-denial and rigorous discipline sanctified her naturally proud and gallant spirit, and in her trials she never failed in obedience and docility. I can not imagine any story more interesting, more touching, more stimulating to Catholic girls of the present day than that which is told in these pages of the noble way in which a daughter of England's old Faith and ancient blood rose to meet the storm and the danger of her times, and, whilst giving her whole heart to God, dedicated her life to her Faith and her country."

Mother Salome's pleasing and sympathetic style of narrative enhance interest in the life-work of Mary Ward.

The book is well bound. The illustrations exhibit characteristic costumes and scenes of the seventeenth century.

B. Herder, St. Louis, publishes in pamphlet form a philosophical treatise by Rev. William Poland, S. J., entitled TRUE PEDAGOGICS AND FALSE ETHICS. The reverend author positively affirms that "morality, a practical morality which is

ing more than an ineffective, on, can not be taught with-. The whole point at issue," s right here, and the question ettlement on the basis of fact nt, and not on the shifting of mere opinion. The action of a morality without icking in what is essential to theory, namely, the hope, at possibility of its application r under consideration. Elimn as a factor in morality, and, 70u can not formulate a com-! morality; and, secondly, the ode that you may be able to ill have no more of motive in a man observe it than the ve knowledge of geography make him travel around the

land cites, in support of his gainst a Godless education, tious views of eminent edunot only favor religious educibly testify to the truth of affuence of the Roman Cath—The pamphlet should be in 'those who are educators in

! those who are educators in sense—those who have assponsibility of forming youth il and domestic virtue.

Ave Maria Press, Notre 1a, we have received: (1) A EABT, AND How IT WAS COMLAST. The author, Charles dard, relates in simple lanannot fail to touch the heart r, the details of his doubts neering the true Church of

who have met with similar conversion to the one, true, stolic Church of Christ, the will speak consolingly; to ave enjoyed the blessing of h from childhood the book sympathetically, enlarging liness to God for the divine red upon them.

of this story of the heart will ourage the reader to extend

a helping hand to his brother who walks in darkness.

(2) THE VICTORY OF LOVE is the subject of an able discourse delivered by the Right Reverend J. L. Spalding, D.D., on the occasion of the hundredth anniversay of the foundation of the Society of the Sacred Heart, November 21, 1900.

Bishop Spalding says: "Nothing is beautiful, nothing sublime, but the immensity of love; and nothing brings perfect joy and peace but complete self-surrender to God, which is love's highest act. Divine beauty holds the secret of the universe—it is the cause of love, and love is the cause of all things. They alone have the Holy Spirit, the spirit of Christ, who love Him and all men. Whatever we do, if it be done for love, is rightly done."

And, again: "Since God is love, love is the supreme law of the universe; and man's first duty and highest perfection is to love God and all men."

The Bishop's words are full of unction. This helpful discourse should be carefully studied. It is issued in pamphlet form by the Ave Maria Press.

THE McBride LITERATURE AND ART BOOKS, ONE AND Two, have been received. They are intended as guides and aids to teachers of young children. Novel features have been introduced suggestive of methods of securing the child's attention and conducive to the formation of taste for the best in art and literature. The beautiful half-tone illustrations—reproductions of famous masterpieces serve in no way to elucidate the text, but form subjects for original reading lessons and language work. The earnest and able teacher will welcome these beautiful and practical books for children as a source of unfailing interest.

A Manual for Teachers accompanies each book. The instructions contained in the Manual, if carefully followed by the teacher, cannot fail to elicit original expression, which by judicious direction will become the foundation in childhood of correct English.

D. H. McBride & Co., Akron. Ohio, the publishers, have made these text books

artistic in detail and worthy of their

R. and T. Washbourne, London, whose American agents are Benziger Bros., New York, are the publishers of THE PAGE OF JAMES THE FIFTH OF SCOTLAND.

The translator, S. A. C., maintains the animation of the original French in the narration of some events in a most interesting period of Scottish history. Although the reader is left to look up dates and verify happenings mentioned in the story, he may glean some facts concerning the rise and continuance of contentions for the Regency during the minority of James, as well as the cause of the success of the usurper of the royal power, Angus, husband of Queen Margaret.

The trials of the royal child, James V., his imprisoment and his dependence upon the fidelity of his page, Francis, furnish material for the thrilling adventures related by the author.

The book will awaken interest in historic themes connected with the land of the crown and the thistle. The publishers have exercised good taste in printing and binding.

A. M. Robertson, the enterprising San Francisco publisher, has brought out as Songs From Bohemia, a delightful addition to California literature. This little volume may be called precious in a three-fold sense, for in it are intermingled the rare notes of the singer-Daniel O'Connellthe praiseworthy expressions of the poet's genius by the editor, Ina D. Coolbrith, and the reciprocal tenderness manifested between the poet and his biographer-William Greer Harrison. Of his friend for more than a quarter of a century Mr. Harrison says: "O'Connell was a true Bohemian in the highest sense of that much-misunderstood word. He had an abundant faith in the providential impulses of his friends who never failed him. The cares and worries of ordinary life passed him by as one immune. No man ever saw O'Connell in despondent mood. He was the sun itself-comforting others, he had no time for regrets. *

"For thirty-three years O'Connell sang to the people of San Francisco. Occasionally he wandered into other spheres. but always returned to the city of his love to renew his allegiance. He was once lured away to the island kingdom of Hawaii when Kalakaua reigned.

"Between the monarch and the poet there was an instant friendship, and with the chivalric tendency of the Celt, O'Connell threw his gauntlet at the world, challenging all who dared to see Kalakaua with other eyes than the champion's. But Hawaii, with all its charms, was only an incident: O'Connell's life and work were

"O'Connell's humor was inexhaustible, but he especially reverenced the sacred things of life."

The following are the closing lines of a tribute to Ina Coolbrith delivered by Mr. O'Connell on the occasion of a testimonial by the Bohemian Club to California's poetess:

sweet and true interpreter Stream, wood and sea have found in her. We honor now, for she can read The lesson of the flower and seed.
The song of songs, until we raise.
Our dim, sad eyes from grosser things.
To brighten as the poet sings,
She tells us what the sea has told. Her watchings on the sands of gold The language of the murmuring leaf, The rustle of the yellow sheaf, To her are true and clear and plain, And, drinking in her joyous strain, We bid her sing and sing again.

"Strange coincidence," says Mr. Harrison, the last of his songs, 'In The Chamber of Silence,' was written ten days before the poet's fatal illness." In the following lines O'Connell breathes farewell to his loving companions and true friends of Bohemia:

THE CHAMBER OF SLEEP.

I have a Castle of Silence flanked by a lofty keep,
And across the drawbridge lieth the love-

l across the discrete; ly chamber of sleep;

its walls are draped in threads of gold, Legends beloved in dreamland, in the tranquil days of old.

Here lies the Princess sleeping in the pal-ace solemn and still, And knight and countess slumber; and even the noisy rill

d by the ancient tower has ssed on its way to the sea, wer are asleep in the forest, and ds are asleep in the tree.

my Castle of Silence, in my er of sleep lie down. ar-off murmur of forests come rbulent echoes of town,

wrangling tongues about me low no power to keep rom the solace exceeding the 1 Nirvana of sleep.

e portcullis softly, sentries, on the wall; ws of quiet and silence on all lace fall; w my curtains * * * Let the labor and weep, safe environed by the walls of amber of sleep.

g our previous commendations s in Church History, by the Doctor Reuben Parsons, we are led to lay before our readers f a brief sent to the learned our Holy Father:

Beloved Son, Reuben Parsons, :he Archdiocese of New Yorkon: Health and Apostolic Ben-For the six volumes which you atly published, and which you to us, you have received two s, both of which you have deie because of your spirited taleat erudition, the other because ervent zeal in defense of the ause from audacious calumny. cution of your laborious design, had only one object in view. uch a refutation of historical would impel separatists to enter atholic Fold. May God second avors, Dear Son! Nothing is our heart than the hope that the of Christ may soon shelter all been redeemed by His Blood. mindful of the privilege of our our regard, we record our Aposing to you most lovingly, as a of our affection for you.

t S. Peter's in Rome on the day of May, in the year MCMI, 7-fourth year of our Pontificate. LEO PP. XIII.

e advise our friends of the val-

ue of this important work. It should have an honored place in the libraries of our Catholic families. Fr. Pustet & Co., New York, are the publishers.

THE ROMAN MISSAL ADAPTED TO THE USE OF THE LAITY deserves the popularity which the demand for a sixth edition would indicate. Benziger Bros., New York, sustain the reputation of their house for fine bookmaking in the issue of this well printed and appropriately bound Missal for the laity. And here we observe that one of the desirable things in the spiritual life of our day is a greater fidelity to the grand old liturgical prayers of the Church. Departure from these because of emotional devotion to various new expressions of piety is unwise; nevertheless it is common.

Under the name of "The Grafton Press" two of the most enterprising of the younger publishers of New York, Messrs. Cook and Hitchcock, are issuing some excellent specimens of bookmaking. New Yorkitis, by Dr. John H. Girdner, is the first sample we have received from the Grafton Press. We intend to give this clever volume an extended notice. In passing, we remark that Californians who wish to be armed "head to foot" against New York slurs on California slowness should read New Yorkitis.

"There is no Christian, in whatever station he may be, who may not read A MIRROR FOR MONKS, and meditate upon it with profit." Quoting these words we make them our own, and by them we express our warm approval of this dainty and quaint booklet by the Venerable Lewis Blosius, which B. Herder, St. Louis, has brought out in appropriate form and at a very low price.

ORATORY—ITS REQUIREMENTS AND ITS REWARDS, by Former Governor John P. Altgeld of Illinois, we have received from Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. Pithy, pointed, practical, is this neat little volume, and from cover to cover its brief scope of sixty-five pages knows not a dull line. The work of an eminent thinker and orator, this brochure deserves the hearty commendation we give to it.

CALENDAR FOR JULY.

- 1—B. Margaret of Castello, O. P., Virgin, A. D. 1320. (Penance.) Meeting of Rosarian Reading Circle at 8 P. M.
- 2—Visitation of the Blessed Virgin. (Benediction.) Eleventh Tuesday in honor of S. Dominic. Plenary Indulgences as on 7th inst. Anniversary of the death of the Very Reverend Father Vincent Vinyes, O. P.
- 3-B. Mark of Modena, O. P., Priest A. D. 1498 (Love of Neighbor.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)
- 4—Our Lady, the Refuge of Sinners. Mass for the Building Association at 9 A. M.
 - 5-S. Antony Maria Zachary, Priest.
- 6—Octave day of the Apostles Peter and Paul. Second Saturday in honor of the Most Holy Rosary.
- 7—FIRST SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—B. Benedict XI., Pope, O. P., A. D. 1304. (Zeal for Religion). Three Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers; (2) C. C.; Procession; prayers; (3) C. C.; assist at Exposition of Blessed Sacrament in Church of Rosary Confraternity; prayers. Communion Mass for Rosarians at 7 A. M. Plenary Indulgence: Recite prayer "O God, the Pastor and Guide of all the faithful," or the "Our Father." Meeting of S. Thomas Sodality at 2 P. M. Enrolling of new members in the Rosary Confraternity. Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M. (Forty Hours' Devotion at S. Dominic's Church, Benicia.)
- 8—B. Peter Gonzales (called S. Telmo), O. P., Priest (Patron of Sailors), A. D. 1246 Meeting of the Young Men's Holy Name Society at 8 P. M. Anniversary of the death of the Reverend Father J. Dominic Lentz, O. P.
- 9—S. John of Cologne, O. P., Priest, and Companions, the Martyrs of Gorcum, A. D. 1572. (Benediction.) Twelfth 'tuesday in honor of S. Dominic.
- 10—S. Paul of the Cross, Priest and Founder of the Passionists. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

- 11—BB. Ignatius Delgado and Dominic Henares, O. P., Bishops and Martyrs of Tonquin, and their Companions, A. D. 1838-39-40.
- 12—S. John Gualbert, Abbot. Anniversary of those buried in Dominican Cemeteries. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians, members of the Holy Name Confraternity and Tertiaries: C. C.; assist at services for the dead; prayers.
- 13—B. James of Voragine, O. P., Bishop. A. D. 1298. (Charity to Poor.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.) Third Saturday in honor of the Most Holy Rosary.
- 14—SECOND SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—S. Bonaventure, O. S. F., Cardinal, Bishop and Doctor of the Church. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Holy Name Confraternity: C. C.; procession; prayers. Mass for Holy Name Sodality at 7 A. M. Meeting at 3 P. M. Meeting of Men Tertiaries at 2 P. M. Procession of Holy Name, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M. Confirmation at S. Dominic's Church Benicia, by the Most Reverend Archbishop Riordan.
- 15—S. Henry, Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire.
- 16—Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Plenary Indulgence for members of Living Rosary: C. C.; prayers. Thirteenth Tuesday in honor of S. Dominic.
- 17—S. John Nepomuc, Priest and Martyr to the Seal of Confession. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.) Novena commences in honor of S. Anne, mother of the Blessed Virgin.
- 18—B. Ceslas, O. P., Priest, A. D. 1242. (Argent prayer.)
- 19—S. Vincent de Paul, Priest and Founder of the Vincentians or Congregation of the Mission, as well as of the Sisters of Charity. Anniversary of the death of Reverend Father Peter Cronin, O. P.
- 20—Translation of the Relics of our Holy Father S. Dominic (from May 25.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.) Fourth Saturday in honor of the Most Holy Rosary.

HIRD SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—S. Emilian, Priest and Founder of Igregation of Somascha. Plenary nce for members of Living Ro-C. C.; visit; prayers. Meeting of Tertiaries at 3 P. M. Rosary, and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

. Mary Magdalene, Protectress of minican Order. (Benediction.); of Young Men's Holy Name So-8 P. M.

. Jane of Orvieto, O. P., Virgin. 1806. (Forgiveness of Injuries.) nth Tuesday in honor of S.

mber Day. S. Camillus of Lellis, and Founder of the Congregation ular Clerks for the Aid of the Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

James the Greater, Apostle. ction.)

Anne, mother of the Blessed Vir-Benediction.)

. Augustine of Bugella, O. P., A. D. 1493. Mortification of Pas-(Votive Mass of the Holy Ro-Fifth Saturday in honor of the oly Rosary.

AST SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—B. y of the Church, O. P., Priest, 459. (Zeal for Regular Observ-Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians:

(1) C. C.; visit; prayers; (2) C. C.; assist at procession; prayers. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite the third part of the Rosary three times a week: C. C.; visit any church; prayers. Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

29—S. Martha, Virgin, sister of S. Mary Magdalene. The Right Reverend Bishop Alemany, O. P., promoted to the title of Archbishop and transferred from Monterey to San Francisco, A. D. 1853.

30—B. Mannes, O. P., Priest, brother of S. Dominic, A. D. 1235. (Love of Contemplation.) Fifteenth Tuesday in honor of S. Dominic.

31—S. Ignatius of Loyola, Priest and Founder of the Society of Jesus. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

The Patron Saints for the Living Rosary of this month are: The Five Joyful
Mysteries—S. Frederick, B. M.; S. Ignatius, C.; S. Henry, Emp.; S. Eugene of
Carthage, B.; S. Martha, V. The Five
Sorrowful Mysteries—S. Christina, V. M.;
S. Margaret, V. M.; S. Victor, V. M.; S.
Jerome Emilian, C.; S. Mary Magdalene.
The Five Glorious Mysteries—S. James,
Ap.; S. Camillus, C.; S. Vincent de Paul,
C.; S. Bertha Abbess; S. Anne, Mother
of B. V. M.

Poles call Mary the Great Queen, pain invokes her as the Immacuther; England was styled by our ers Mary's dowry, and France kingdom. Belgium places the dear of Mary at almost every corner of streets of her towns, while Portue a decree ordering men to fast on ys in her honor. In Hungary, as nany, great honors were paid to hile Italy may call itself the land , so full is it of churches and dedicated to her. From the mid-, literature and the fine arts have th each other in proclaiming the of the Virgin. Bellini, Fra An-Hemling have consecrated to her asterpieces. Van Dyck, Reubens, Raphael have never succeeded so when their brushes labored to rethe ravishing and loving pictures

of the Immaculate Mother of God. In short, from Dante, who places Mary in the place of honor in Paradise, charming by her sweet smile the celestial hierarchy, to the popular songs of the month of May, which celebrate her name in their graceful thoughts, there is not a single lyre which has not made music in honor of the Blessed Virgin. The most celebrated musicians, as Weber, Pergolesi, Beethoven, Mozart, Rossini, Gounod and others, have chanted her in floods of harmony, whilst their Ave Maria, their Regina Coeli, their Stabat Mater, rank among their masterpieces. Moreover, who can enumerate all the religious orders, all the congregations, guilds, sodalities, confraternities, born and matured under the name and patronage of Mary?

-Bishop Belckmans.

PRAISE THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.



- 2. BLESS'D THROUGH ENDLESS AGES BE THE PRECIOUS STREAM,
 WHICH FROM ENDLESS TORMENT DOTH THE WORLD REDEEM.
 THERE THE FRINTING SPIRIT DRINKS OF LIFE HER FILL;
 THERE, AS IN A FOUNTAIN, LAVES HERSELF AT WILL.
 CHORUS. LIFT YE, THEN &
- 3. O THE BLOOD OF CHRIST! IT SOOTHES THE FATHER'S IRE,

 OPE'S THE BATE OF HERVEN QUELLS ETERNAL FIRE.

 ABEL'S BLOOD FOR VENSEANCE PLEADED TO THE SKIES;

 BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS FOR OUR PARDON CRIES.

 CHORUS. LIFT YE, THEN **
- 4. OFT AS IT IS SPRINKLED ON OUR GUILTY HEARTS.

 SATAN IN CONFUSION, TERROR-STRUCK, DEPARTS.

 OFT AS EARTH EXULTING WAFTS ITS PRAISE ON HISN.

 HELL WITH TERROR TREMBLES, NERVEN IS FILLED WITH SOY.

 CHORUS. LIFT YE THEN SE

DOMINICANA

AUGUST, 1901.

No. 8

OUR HOLY FATHER S. DOMINIC.

(A. D., 1170-1221.)

the Father Dominic. and ' the Order of Preachers, was claroga in Old Castile, in the of the illustrious family of the His mother, Blessed Jane of d him in a vision before his the figure of a black and white g in its mouth a torch which hole world on fire, and the who held him at the font saw, er was poured on his head, a r appear on his forehead, after years, there shone forth, , a radiant light, which filled espect and love. After a pious inder the care of his maternal arch-priest of Gumiel d' Izan,

Dominic was sent to the of Palencia, where he specially ed himself by his talents, his nd his tender compassion for In a terrible famine which pain in the year 1191, he even oks and distributed their price rving multitudes, and on two ie offered himself to be sold as order to deliver others from of danger.

aced the ecclesiastical state and ommunity of Canons Regular of istine, which had been recently Osma, and of which he became In the year 1203 he achis Bishop, Don Diego d' n a political embassy to the Europe, on their return from visited Rome and asked permission of the Holy Father to go and preach the gospel to the barbarous hordes then pressing on the northeastern frontiers of Europe. This was refused, but they were permitted instead to labor in the south of France, at that time grievously infested by the Albigenses. The hideously blasphemous doctrines of these heretics were the complete and radical negation of all Christian dogma, and struck at the very root of all social morality, whilst their undisguised contempt of authority made their existence no less dangerous to the State than it was hostile to the Church.

It was whilst he was thus engaged in defending the faith in Languedoc that our Lady appeared to Saint Dominic and taught him the devotion of the Holy Rosary, by the preaching of which he gained an immense harvest of souls. One of the many miracles which illustrated this period of his life was the saving the lives of forty English pilgrims, whose boat capsized as they were crossing the Garonne on their way to Saint James of Compostella. On another occasion the written document in which he had defended the Catholic faith was miraculously delivered from the flames, whilst that drawn by the heretics was instantly reduced to ashes.

In the year 1206, Saint Dominic founded at Prouille his first Convent for religious women, now known as his Second Order, who devote themselves to a life of austerity and contemplation. Gradually, too, he gathered companions around him to assist him in his apostolic labors, and in the year 1215 he again visited Rome to obtain the consent of Pope Innocent III, for the foundation of the Order of Friars Preachers. At first it was refused. In a vision of the night, however, the Pontiff seemed to see the Lateran Basilica about to fall, but supported on the shoulders of Saint Dominic. In consequence, of this manifestation of the Divine will he withdrew his opposition, and in the year 1216, his successor, Honorious III., solemnly approved the new Order, and the first sixteen companions of the Saint made their profession on the Festival of the Assumption, pledging themselves to observe the Rule of Saint Augustine and the Constitutions drawn up for them by their Holy Founder. These combined the monastic Constitutions observances of earlier ages with theological studies and active labors for the salvation of souls. At a later period, the Saint founded his Third Order, which at first was in the nature of a military religious Order for the defence of the Church. but which has now exchanged the duties of military service for those of penance and charity. Women as well as men are received into its ranks, and some of the sanctity of the cloister has thus passed into family and secular life. Besides Tertiaries living in their own homes, there are now in almost every part of the world numerous flourishing congregations of the Third Order, gathered together in Community under all the obligations of religious life and devoting themselves to every kind of charitable labor.

The remaining five years of the Saint's

life were spent in training the diciples who flocked around him, and whom he dispersed to found the Order in every part of Europe, and in preaching in many of the towns and villages of France, Spain, and Italy. In Rome he was employed by the Pope to gather together a number of religious women then living in the city without enclosure or any kind of regular discipline. He succeeded in forming them into a fervent Community, which he established at Saint Sixtus. His miracles were very numerous, including the raising of three dead persons to life. was pleased to grant him many wonderful visions, one of the most remarkable of which was that in which he beheld his children beneath the folds of our Lady's mantle, and heard from the lips of his Divine Master the consoling words. "I have given thy Order to My Mother."

Saint Dominic is firmly believed to have preserved his baptisimal innocence. He was pre-eminently a man of prayer, much given to the practice of penance, burning with zeal for the salvation of souls, unrivalled in humility and gentleness, and gifted with a marvelous serenity of soul, which nothing seemed capable of disturbing.

Shortly after the second General Chapter of his Order, he received an intimation of his approaching death, which took place at Bologna on August 6, 1221. at the age of fifty-one. With his dying breath the Holy Founder promised his children that he would be more helpful to them in Heaven than he had ever been on earth. He was canonized twelve years after his death by Pope Gregory IX., who, as Cardinal, had been his personal friend.

THE ASSUMPTION.

SISTER AMADEUS, O. S. F.

Dear Mother, thou wert doomed to die—
The final debt of each to pay—
But, in thy grave thou didst not lie
Attainted by the common clay.
Immaculate from birth, all-fair,
The maiden chosen from our race
The Saviour of the world to bear,
Hecause of thy consummate grace,

It was but meet that after death,
Unsullied, pure, thou still shouldst be;
And so to Him Who gave thee breath
Thy body went from earth-stain free.
O Mother, lift our souls above
The pettiness of daily strife,
And help us, by thy gentle love,
To reach the heights of noble life.

MORE ABOUT CHINA.

REV. BERTRAND COTHONAY, O. P.

c tribe of one hundred famirived at and settled near the upper Yang-tse-Kiang about i years ago, brought with it adle of humanity precious nich are still found scattered re in its antique books. These to us that this race carried es of Asia surprising energy, ourage, wisdom and persewhich it was enabled to coninhabitants, free the country asts, to clear it and cultivate

is of this tribe were men of even of genius, who gave it and founded a society which g periods of peace and prosing this succession of ages have had revolutions, which everthrew dynasties; wars of n, which depopulated entire out all in all the ensemble of and a longer and happier exthat enjoyed by any other le.

quity agriculture was the octhe great majority of the eir country is cultivated even is a garden. The sides of the admirably graded by the paof past generations, have witreatest energy of man in his ercome opposition, to protect, and to extend the productive ountry was infested with wild tich even now are far from ninated. It was necessary to n and for inadequate weapons os were substituted. There ivers to keep within bounds: rees were erected. The most ds for the culture of rice were larshes, which were partly rained by opening canals. On nomadic tribes were continuig the empire and by their incursions disturbing its peace. The Chinese people, to prevent this, erected the great wall, perhaps the most gigantic work of man on earth.

The Chinese have been and are a laborious people, sober and peaceful, having more than respect, rather a veneration for authority, not only for the Emperor's (Son of Heaven) authority, but for any kind of authority, as that of the mandarins, or of the chief of the family.

This title, "Son of Heaven," given to the Emperor, generally provokes a smile on the lips of westerners. The old Chinese attached to it a very beautiful and, I would say, a Christian meaning. They were not then pantheists as they are today. They understood by "Heaven" the Supreme Being, who from above governs everything. Their emperor commanded in His name, as a Son, in his father's name; he was the Son of Heaven, and the empire he ruled was naturally called "the Celestial empire." The family in China is strongly constituted; the father has absolute authority over his wife and children and he exercises it till death over all his posterity. He is a little monarch. In some cases he may become tyrannical, but this seldom happens, for, though his authority is much greater than is exercised by parents in Europe, it is, however, controlled by customs traditions, the neighbors and relatives, and, when extreme excesses occur, by provincial and even imperial laws and repression.

When for generations children have been brought up in this respect for the father's authority, even when whitehaired, they have no idea of escaping it.

The peculiar practice of binding women's feet, which may be called absurd, inhuman, barbarous is not without some advantage. By confining them forcibly to their homes it compels them to look after their domestic duties more attentively.

Girls, especially till their marriage, are brought up under the eyes of their mothers, who, when handing them to their future husbands, could generally say to them, as one is once reported having said: "I have watched over my daughter as the pupil of my eye, day and night; take her, she is worthy of you; she is a virgin whom I entrust to you."

The various families of a place form the village, which in a large measure provides for its own administration. It is really a small republic. The council of the chiefs of families settles amicably or suppresses most of the disputes and differences; it is responsible for good order in the village; takes proper means to enlarge the village, to beautify it and to protect it. It defrays the expenses of the children's education, of worship and popular festivities. It is held responsible for the collection of taxes by the treasurer of the province, etc.

The town, divided into wards or sections, may be compared to an agglomeration of villages, and it is administered in a similar manner. The presence of some Government officers, called mandarins, renders possible the working of this rather primitive administration even in populous cities; though they have at their service but few policemen or soldiers.

The assertion will probably surprise many, though it is the simple expression of truth, that in China there are probably fifty times less Government employees than in Europe, which boasts of a very refined civilization and calls the Chinese savages. It must also be borne in mind that the "Celestials" return the compliment; they think and say that they are the civilized ones and that we are barbarians. Who is right? The Romans also thought they were the only civilized people and all other nations barbarians. In the time of the greatest Roman splendor China had already been for many centuries at the apex of its grandeur. When Horace and Virgil were singing, China had had poets who were delighting her; whose works have come down to us and are still admired by more literary men than ever trod the soil of the Roman Empire. China has had writers in all the

branches of human learning, who compare favorably in many respects with Greek and Roman authors, surpassing them immensely in number and in the bulk of their productions, being inferior, probably, only in oratory.

As far as the natural, true, beautiful and good are concerned is the Chinese literature inferior to the Greek or the Roman? I do not think so. It has a different character, of course, but it shines also with many peculiar beauties, and can without fear bear comparison with the literature of any people not yet illumined with the brightness of the Gospel. It is richer in natural truths than Roman literature and infinitely less sullied by idolatry and immorality. It can be said, also, that it has been more useful to the people. It has taught them many things conducive to their well being, their security, comfort and dignity, and has enabled them to endure more than four thousand years in a state of general order and prosperity that the Roman Empire never knew. And, though manifestly on the decline, it could, however, last still many centuries if the tumultuous clashing with opium merchants, with drummers of occidental civilization and greedy European nations had not intervened to disturb it.

Compared to the civilization which is the daughter of the Gospel, the Chinese civilization, of course, is very imperfect, for it tolerates polygamy, divorce, infanticide and leaves women in an inferior condition akin to slavery; but it is superior in many aspects to any pagan civilization.

In past ages the Chinese people made a remarkable use of primitive traditions and natural lights, which enabled them to impregnate their laws, their institutions, their customs—in a word, their civilization, with a wonderful character of mildness and moderation.

If the arch enemy of man, Satan, the true prince and ruler of China, or, rather, her tyrant, had not intervened to spoil everything by his meddling, the Chinese would have been the happiest people of the world outside of the Christian people.

For some centuries the Chinese civilization has been not only stationary, but de-

clining; it is even now in a lamentable decadence. Is this huge rotten tree, which seems deprived of sap, apparently destined to wither; or, is there any ground of hope that it may grow young again and bear flowers and fruits? The hope is very dim if China is to be left to herself; she is poisoned in her spirit by her immense pride, refusing to believe, in spite of evidence, that the world has moved around her; she is poisoned in her body by the opium of England. She is supremely irritated by the aggressions of Western nations, against which she nourishes an intense hatred, and manifests occasionally a disordered and unwise rage.

Unfortunate nation! It seems that she expiates her obduracy and her persistency in shutting her eyes to the light of the Gospel, which alone could still save her. Interesting traditions authorize us to believe that an echo of apostolic preaching was heard in China. An inscription of the second century and another of the seventh leave no doubt for those times. We know from letters of Sovereign Pontiffs that in the thirteenth century there were in the Middle Kingdom at least four Bishops with hundreds of thousands of faithful. However, when in the sixteenth century new missionaries landed on those distant shores they did not find a single Christian. And since the sixteenth century how many times has not China endeavored to drown her Church in the blood of her ministers and of her children? The great homicide, her cursed prince, Satan, has rendered her cruel, obstinate, proud, and, as a consequence, has left her weak, sick, if not dying.

What, then, is the remedy to this lamentable condition of the great infirm nation? I know but one: It would be the frank and sincere acceptance of Catholic truth. Undoubtedly the Church would soon raise the Chinese people from their depression and degeneracy. She would infuse into her rulers a superior wisdom which would enable them to cope with intricate difficulties and heal the many evils which have fallen on their subjects. Not one of them could resist the influence of the evangelical doctrine if

the laws and customs were impregnated with it.

We know by experience that the baptized Chinaman feels the awakening in his soul of a tenderness which was before unknown to him, and that the thought which haunts so many heathens will not even occur to him, namely, of coldly murdering a poor child, because, forsooth, to let it live would entail some inconvenience and labor.

The doctrine of monogamy would sunpress a vast amount of dissensions in families; there would be fewer divorces, suicides, murders, brigandages and uprisings. The action of the Church suggesting to the State measures rigorously prohibitive against the sale of opium would stop its cultivation; its importation would be diminished, and, consequently, its use. If by the law of treaties England should invoke the rights of commerce. Christian China would invoke against her the superior right of public security and of national health. If, again, she insisted on preserving her privilege of keeping open her dishonest shop and selling her poison. China would be free not to enter into the ill-famed house and not to buy from such unscrupulous merchants. Unprincipled as England is, I think she would not go so far as to shell the gates of the Middle Kingdom in order to increase the sale of opium. She did, however, to oppose its disuse in China; it is to her shame, and is one of her numerous public sins; she would not dare now to do it, or, rather, she cannot do it any more.

There is no human power, there are no efficacious means to cure China of the deadly opium habit outside of the Catholic Church. This evil has already greatly advanced in the putrefaction of the great body, which threatens soon to become a veritable carcass for which hungry wolves will dispute among themselves. It seems, then, a question of life or death that China should make up her mind soon to be Christian.

The teaching of the Catechism and the first truths of faith would dispel the ignorance of the *Uterati* and would heal their immeasurable pride by showing

them that they know nothing of the great and important theological questions. Instead of their vain literature which teaches them nothing of God, of the eternal destiny of man, of his duties toward his Creator, of prayer, etc., the Divine Scriptures would be for the supple and keen Chinese understanding the substantial food which is necessary to enable it to rise from the state of abasement and inferiority in which we see it. The divine revelation would soon lead it to the bright summits, where, becoming conscious of its strength, it would prepare itself for combat and fruitful labors in the future.

How profitable would it be could China understand that once in possession of the Celestial truth, the prince of liars would no longer have the same power to inspire his first lieutenant, the Emperor, and his counsellors, with that perfidious policy which has been for China the cause of so many difficulties, has extricated her from no wrong step, has multiplied her enemies and disconcerted her friends?

This severe but very just word has been said of China, "that she has had no strong men, but was a people of children and of old men." But the Church has the privilege of guiding these children and leading them to the maturity of age, to the virility of thoughts and works. She is, by excellence, the human power which gives to humanity all its stature and all its valor. Men are formed and grow robust in her schools. Soon a choice cohort, an aristocracy in the best sense, is apparent amongst them. For first the princes come to occupy the place that the Church reserves for them in her hierarchical institutions; for no more tnan does God, her author, or Jesus Christ, her restorer, does she want a revolutionary and satanic equality either in heaven or on earth. In these select men would be found the investigators or the contemplators of truth, the builders of a new society, at once religious and civil; such as would be born of union between European genius and the admirable patience and docility of the Chinese populations, and which the immense empire is waiting for, in order to be led into new life and higher fields of activity.

And even we are justified in believing that the era of great calamities to the nation would be closed. Henceforth it would be less frequently abandoned by an equitable and merciful providence to the fury of the elements or to the yet more formidable fury of men. Men would be less wicked, legions of bandits would not rise so easily from the masses to spread throughout the land theft, confiagrations, murder and countless other evils. people better protected by its natural leaders would have more confidence in the future; the scourges would lose partially The forces of their calamitous power. nature are not blind and fatal, as impiety is pleased to say. We know, on the contrary, that their harmful power depends on and is subject to another power which quells and curbs them or extends them according to its divine wisdom. Sin causes catastrophes and repentance disarms the justice which punishes it. God does not permit those who hope in Him to fall into extreme affliction. The Church has neither more frequent lessons nor more earnest prayers. Her words are as true for the life of nations as for the life of individuals. If the land of China were more faithful to God, it could be hoped that it would be less burnt and withered by a scorching sun, that the uncontrollable waters would be more often forbidden to flood its lands.

But who will publish these salutary truths, the only ones which can save Who will give a taste for this China? heavenly wisdom to the men who have in their hands the destinies of the middle kingdom? Her bishops and priests, a thousand about in number, though decimated by martyrdom, will, of course, raise their voice, but how much it is to be feared that it will be stifled by the millions of devils who keep China in bondage by the noise of European armies and by the clamors of western ambition, which has sent forth its merchants, its engineers, its knaves, in the hope of great

Till now, alas! the evangelical doctrine, by reason of the austerity of its moral teachings, has frightened the leaders of the Chinese people. They know too well that this doctrine would put a restraint on their dearest passions, and for this reason it is much to be feared that they will do as in the past, sacrifice to their heart's depraved instincts their eternal interests and their people's salvation. It will always be easy for them to find out pretexts and to deceive their rather unscrupulous consciences. They will continue to say that the doctrine of Confucius is easier than the doctrine of the Gospel. They will persist in looking on the Catholic missionaries as the political agents of their nations; they will wilfully misrepresent them as vulgar speculators in order to dispense themselves from listening to their teaching and to reserve the right of persecution every time it may be possible.

The invasion of Protestant ministers in China is not of such a nature as to open the eyes of the mandarins to the light of faith. Mistáking, more or less wilfully, these false prophets for the true ones, the Chinese have said, and will undoubtedly continue to say for a long time to come: Let them first agree among themselves, and then we may examine their doctrine." It must be borne in mind that this objection is very serious, for Protestant ministers are twice or thrice more numerous in China than Catholic priests. They have at their disposal immense sums of money, which have enabled them to establish hospitals and dispensaries, schools, colleges and churches in great number.

Until now their proselytes are few; for, in order to transform a Chinese into a true Christian, it seems, indeed, that an important element, divine grace, with which they appear to be poorly provided, is absolutely necessary. There are even Catholic priests in China so optimistic as to think that the endeavor of Protestants in the middle kingdom is not to be feared by the Church. They will be unable. they say, to found churches that will last; they will prepare the way for Catholicism. They batter the old walls of prejudice, and help us make them crumble. We shall reap the benefit of their labors. And, in fact, they point out different places where Protestants were the cause or the occasion of establishing new Catholic centers. All the same, it must be confessed that this extraordinary activity of Protestantism in China is a grave symptom, and perhaps a serious obstacle, I do not say to the conversion en masse of China, but even to the conversion of a notable portion of the Chinese people.

But this objection, and all others that the subtle mind of the Celestials may formulate, would not stand before the divine will. Ah! if God were willing! Till now His designs on this great empire have been mysterious, indeed. He has allowed the malice of devils and men to ruin many efforts to convert China. He has left them power to desolate this poor Church and drown her children in their own blood.

The very idea of finding fault with or criticising the designs of divine Providence must, of course, be shunned. It is better to adore them, and enjoy a kind of consolation in interpreting favorably certain signs while waiting for more auspicious times.

Children of the Church, we know that God wishes the salvation of all men, and we delight in meditating on the words of our Lord Jesus, thinking that the day will come when we will be as one flock, guided by the one true Pastor. According to the expression of a recent writer on China, Father Lervy, God, who jumbles men as the letters of an alphabet, is getting ready manifestly to write in the world. Indeed, for those who know how to read, He has written already many eloquent pages. When His powerful hand puts down barriers, suppresses distances, reveals the universe to itself, the only design worthy of His infinite wisdom, is to lead men towards unity and to hearken to the prayer of our Saviour on the eve of His Passion. But it is plain that unity can take place with us only in the domain of truth, in the bosom of its only depositary, the Catholic Church. It is to realize this plan, and not to open factories, mines or railways, that men are on the move everywhere, and, according to the energetic expressions of de Maistre, "entrent en fusion"—enter into union.

Africa, the dark continent, is opened to the true light on every side; the cross has been planted on almost all the islands of Oceanica. The greatest of all, Australia, a veritable continent, has nearly a million of Catholics, whom this century will probably see multiplied to ten times this number. The two Americas have more than fifty millions. During the last century Catholics have increased considerably in old Europe, where we see, as well as in America, all heretical sects gradually going to pieces, and, with Freemasonry, engulfing themselves in the abyss of indifferentism, or infidelity.

The Hierarchy established in the East Indies governs and increases every day a flock of two million Catholics. Indo-China, China, Japan and other countries have been systematically divided into apostolic vicariates, where the progress of the Church is almost everywhere consoling. The heretical and schismatical countries of the East have been surprised by the words of the successor of S. Peter addressed to them; they acknowledge in him the chief of the first and the most ancient Christian Church. Who knows if the events of the near future will not lead them to proclaim him the only Pastor of the one flock? Let us entertain this hope.

It is probably that which is causing this increasing rage of hell battering now more frantically at the gate of Holy Church. Satan also knows how to read what God is

writing in this world and he trembles, foreseeing a coming defeat; he makes desperate endeavors to avert it. Is not this an explanation of this renewed fury against Catholic nations and especially against France, the chief centers whence the army of the Apostolate is recruited?

No doubt, the cursed one would like to rob the Christian nations of their faith, but he would as much prefer and more perhaps to prevent them from carrying the light of the gospel to the heathen people over whom he is tyrant and who yet form the great majority of the human race.

But he knows that this majority is everywhere attacked; he forsees that if it does not resist always that before long this majority will dwindle into a minority.

To-day the Catholic Church counts about two hundred and fifty million children. By adding the other Christians, Protestants and schismatics of whom many belong to her, we are not probably far from five hundred millions. Well, it is one-third of the human family. If Satan can still call himself the tyrant of two human beings out of three, can we not hope, leaning on all the signs that we see, that before the new century is over, the enemies of God will be in the minority?

PESSIMIST AND OPTIMIST.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Your spectacles, good friend, are blue: And hence, a shade of azure Lies over all you see or do— Confusing pain with pleasure.

Your world's a God-forsaken place Where all are knaves or sinners; Only the losers in Life's race There bide, and not the winners.

A thorn you find on every flower:
A cloud, where all is sunny;
To bitterness, you turn each hour
That boasts a drop of honey.

And oh! your rage, dear pessimist, All other rage surpasses, Because your neighbor will persist In wearing rose-hued glasses.

What if he sees some little good In ev'ry evil nature? In ev'ry face, however rude, Disserns some charming feature? If, with a smile, he turns his back On all that's vile or tainted; And, e'en the devil not so black (Declares) as he is painted?

His judgments are not all untrue, His life (in Christ's own fashirn), Is sunn'd and sweeten'd through and through With Love's divine compassion;

And, should men work some open wrong
Before him:—— gaze averted,
He only sighs: "Twill not be long,
Perchance, till these, .onverted,

"The very saints of God outstrip In ardor for salvation! Where cedars fall, may we not trip And stumble to damnation?"

Ah pessimist in glasses blue, Mercy must sweeten duty; Thro' rose-hued lens, alone we view A world of grace and beauty!

THE KNIGHTS OF PAN.

A FAIRY STORY.

EDWIN ANGELO LEMAN.

fairles in one band is really to marvel at, yet such was the the Knickerbockers who were in Central Park, New York.

ever managed to get entrance: nobody was able to tell, alre was a rumor that they had ne night at twelve, when no in the heavens.

s it may, the Knickerbockers and they defiantly established amid the many beautiful trees were doing the city a great

ned that they chose their chief near the statue of Pan, the al God of Forest and Stream, doing sowed the seeds of the t afterward came.

an agreeable enough fellow in though his goatlike face would you think otherwise, but he c fondness for quiet.

considered it a great honor to be so artistically chiseled by ilptor and set prominently beiblic in the place that he enhe was deep-seeing enough to if he were to have a weird or et on the people who paused to n, he must have surroundings to help to such an impression. quite satisfied with such suras he had, and it used to give pleasure to watch the effect itors as they studied his statue ling of mingled curiosity and the wind moaned or sighed e trees.

had to suffer an invasion of and comfort, just as many of we are having a happy time; e coming of the Knickerbocker he was made the center of a y assemblage, who in his presence referred to him coarsely as "an ugly old thing."

This was indeed a wound to Pan's dignity, but in respect to himself he said nothing in rebuke, believing it would not be in good taste for one of his standing and fame to remonstrate with such insignificant sprites as the Knickerbockers were.

But the Knickerbockers soon so tried Pan's patience that he felt he could no longer endure their comments or their behavior.

"The atmosphere of Art has really forsaken the place," Pan observed one beautiful afternoon when the Knickerbockers were having a "high old time" among the trees, their loud mirth and coarse singing making him wretched. "Nobody will visit me here if this keeps on."

But Pan was mistaken in this prediction, for although the Knickerbockers' bedlam could always be heard by himself, visitors to the park were never aware of their presence, either by hearing or seeing them.

However, he continued patiently to endure the mocking, taunting manner of the elves each time they surrounded his statue, despite their grinning and hooting.

There came a day, nevertheless, that he resolved to stand their insults no longer, and it went very badly with the Knickerbockers, I assure you.

It was early Saturday morning, and the Knickerbockers had feasted intemperately on the honey of many beautiful flowers.

"I say, boys," spoke their leader, whose name was Red Bubble. "I say, we ought to be up and doing. We actually let yesterday pass without teasing that ugly fellow, Pan."

"That's so, Red Bubble. He certainly didn't deserve such a vacation from our usual fun with him," chorused countless voices.

"Let us have a pick at him now, and show him just how little we care about him."

"Yes, Red Bubble. We'll make him wish he were a circus elephant instead of a mythological god or whatever they call him."

"Ready! Every one! Let us be off to attack Pan."

They marched about with the pomp of a gigantic body of soldiers, their little forms keeping in splendid line, and their tiny feet stepping neatly to the lively music of the instrumental band that led them.

It was indeed exquisite music, but the song they sang was certainly cutting.

An ugly, stony, staring man, Such is that big old god called Pan; His face and beard do but denote The beauty of a Billy-goat.

We'll swarm about him like wild bees Each day, and let him have no ease; We'll dance and have a reckless time, And up and down his statue climb.

Having reached the imposing figure of Pan, the Knickerbockers knelt upon the ground and bowed their heads low, emphasizing their mocking posture with broad, malicious grins.

It was really a pity to see Pan's presence so grossly insulted and his dignity so mocked.

But the Knickerbockers had not calculated the cost of their taunting conduct; for when their offensive gayety was at its highest, the figure of Pan began to move, and in another instant he, with a mighty roar, plunged from his pedestal and drove the wicked elves from him, so terrifying them that they scattered in all directions, astounded at what had happened.

It was all over with the Knickerbocker fairies now, so far as Central Park was concerned; for thereafter Pan, not content with the assurance that they would fear to annoy him more, made it a point to give chase to them each day through the trees, rendering them so frightened that they lived in continual dread; and, in consequence, resolved to forsake Central Park and seek their fortunes elsewhere.

But the Knickerbockers took no moral lesson from what they had experienced. They did not say to themselves: "We will be careful to conduct ourselves properly and honestly in the next place we move to." Instead, they hastily planned among themselves to go West, saying: "We'll try our luck in California, and run down the East."

"We'll give them lots of Golden Gate talk," ventured Red Bubble. "Just leave the whole business to me."

"Some one ought to write a few flattering songs, so that we can sing them when we get there," said Blue Petal, whose place in the great band was second to that of Red Bubble.

"Yes," said Red Bubble. "We'll let White Blossom and Green Leaf do that. They are good at writing compliments."

"Oughtn't Pistil write something?"

"Not in this case. He's best at sarcasm and making fun of things."

"That's so."

"And," pursued Red Bubble, "we would better change the name of the band."

"Oh, yes."

"We'll drop all reference to New York and adopt something that will please California."

"A clever thought, Red Bubble."

"Let me see. We must give it a Spanish twang. No, they might see through that. Come to think of it, we won't take a California name. We'll call ourselves the Messengers of Love. That sounds soft and gentle. We could fool the whole United States with that title."

"You bet we could. And Europe, too."
"I'll have Dove Feather write an extra
little verse full of affection."

"Yes, Red Bubble."

"He's fine for love lines. To read his compositions, you'd really think he means all he says."

"There he is now. Hey, Dove Feather! Come here! Red Bubble wants you!" called Blue Petal.

Dove Feather was at a distance, but he came promptly on being summoned.

He was a beautiful little fellow, with a clear, fair, rose-tinted complexion and ringlets like soft spun gold.

On approaching Red Bubble, he kept

his eyes lowered, like one uninterested, and even sad.

"What on earth is the matter with you, Dove Feather? You seem all forlorn."

Dove Feather did not answer, but continued to stand with his eyes cast down.

"Come, tell me. Why do you look so gloomy?"

After a moment Dove Feather said:

"Because I am tired of being bad."

"Tired of being bad! Do you hear that, boys? Why, that's a bold remark. There isn't a bad one among us."

"I don't know what else we are, if not bad," said Dove Feather. "We've been selfish and domineering as long as I can remember, have insulted almost every one we ever met, and trespassed on other people's rights."

"Nonsense! All we've done has been O K. You must have been reading a scrap of a tract that some one dropped in the park."

"I have not. Even so, such an act would be quite commendable. My conscience has been troubling me."

"Conscience! Bah! There's no such thing. Come, we want you to write one of your usual songs. We're going West and will need it."

"A song to deceive some one, no doubt."
"Call it that if you like. I call it business tact," said Red Bubble, carelessly."

"I will not write it."

"You won't?"

"No. Nor do I intend to go away with you from here."

"Dove Feather, are you losing your senses?"

"No, I'm just finding them."

"What do you purpose to do?"

"Stay in New York."

"Not in Central Park?"

"Yes."

"And encounter the fury of Pan?"

"I'll risk it. I'm going to him to apologize."

"He'll step all over you and make you look like a crushed rosebud."

"I have a feeling that he will have faith in me and forgive me."

"I wouldn't give an acorn for his forgiveness or anybody's else. Boys, Dove Feather must be getting weak in the heart."

"Surely."

"We needn't argue the matter," said Dove Feather, spiritedly.

"You're getting mighty independent."

"Not at all."

"We can see your finish."

"I wish you could see your own."

"When we do we'll send you a telegram," sneered Red Buoble.

The others jeered.

"And we'll send you our condolences when we hear that Pan has trampled the life out of you."

Hasty preparations were made for going West, the late Knickerbockers dressing themselves in various kinds of moss and leaves.

Meanwhile Dove Feather mounted a tree stump and delivered a heated extemporaneous lecture, begging the immense body of elves to reconsider their intention and try to regain their old ground by humbling themselves before Pan and begging his pardon.

"Not a bit of it! We'd beg the pardon of a wooden horse first," said some of them.

"Anyway, we don't want anything more to do with New Yorkers. All they know here is how to put up skyscraping buildings and talk about rapid transit."

But out of that band of a million a thousand were influenced, and strongly, by the words of Dove Feather, and they remained with him, hastily electing him their leader; while the rest left the island and began their journey westward, jeering, hooting, shouting and singing the rudest kind of songs.

The remaining sprites, led by Dove Feather, approached Pan, singing a low song of repentance.

At first Pan was perplexed, not to say surprised. He would have repulsed the advance if there had not been a truly humble and remorseful tone in the voices of the fairies—a tone which he felt was too plaintive to be false.

Each elf carried a delicate green twig or a pretty flower, and these they left as a tribute of respect in passing Pan's majestic figure.

Pan did not respond, either by word or movement, but Dove Feather and his followers were positive that they saw a kindly gleam in his eyes, an expression of good-will and friendship.

"He favors us!" cried Dove Feather joyfully. "See, he does not drive us away, and there is a look of dignified pleasure in his whole countenance. We have won. Let us henceforth, as a mark of gratitude and honor to him, call our band the Knights of Pan."

"Agreed!" they chorused unanimously. And then they fell to singing a happy song of sincere compliments, while Pan posed in dignified silence, as if a sound or a sign from him might disturb the weird, strange effect he believed it was the duty of his statue to give.

"The Messengers of Love," after much traveling, reached San Francisco.

They looked about for some time for a

settlement, and, being debarred from Golden Gate Park, they crossed the Bay with designs on Mount Tamalpais, which they scaled at midnight. After dancing a jig on the Double Bow Knot, they finally gained the summit, where they were perfectly enamored and awed by the graceful profile of the Sleeping Beauty in the light of the moon.

"Just the ideal place for us!" exclaimed Red Bubble. "The Sleeping Beauty shall be our queen. We'll take full possession of the Mount and keep visitors off. There's a railroad car that comes up here. but we can easily prevent that by pulling up the tracks."

But their schemes failed, for even before the dawn of the next day Tamalpais gave the designing Knickerbockers a violent earth-shock, and they were hurled headlong into the Pacific, to be devoured by the seals, as a sort of breakfast luxury.

A FRIEND

J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

Who is it comes, when sorrow's near To dry each burning, trickling tear? Who brings, when darkness spreads the while.

A gleam of sunshine with each smile? A Friend!

Who, when Despair deep spreads its wings,

Doth raise our thoughts to nobler things?

Who, who, bear, when Life's cross seems hard to

Unto himself doth take a share? A Friend!

Who is it weeps, when we are sad?
Who is it smiles, when we are glad?
Who cheers each toiler on the way,
With word and action?
Who I pray
A Friend! Who I pray? Who, when the storms of Life do roar, Doth turn no beggar from his door? Who, then, in turn receives a share In that poor beggar's ev'ning prayer? A Friend!

Wno loves us just for what we are, With friendship true as you fixed star, And ever waits with willing hand To do each bidding, kind command? A Friend!

Who, like the sun at dawn of day Doth throw sweet sunshine on our way And calls Hope's brightest flower to smile.

To glow with love and bloom the while? A Friend!

A PRIEST POET.

In his volume of poems, CITHERA MEA, Rev. P. A. Sheehan has given us inspired To enrich minds trained in the lines. highest steeps of poetry, is to give the world through those minds a better field of thought. Father Sheehan's poetry is pregnant with the unexpressed. The opening poem in the book is entitled "The Hidden," and in it we feel we are face to face with a man who sees in life but an opportunity to strive and get some glimpse of that beyond it.

"I poured the healing waters on the head Of a young child, who shuddered 'neath the weight

And stress of life; and then I saw the dead desolate.

This is not an inviting opening for one who would not read for the sake of deep thought. On account of its depth, ideas that are intense continuing from line to line, and stanza to stanza, this first poem, as well as the one that comes after it, has in it parts hard to be clearly understood. The poet unfolds himself but gradually; he grows better as we turn the leaves; and yet all the time we feel that we are walking with one of God's chosen ones-one of His rarest gifted. In his poem "The Magician Death," he begins by hating the spectre-

"For I do hate thee, O thou spectre Death!

But in the end, because it has come nearer, and he finds it as beautiful as dreams, he calls it his sister.

"O Death! my sister, lift thy beauteous eyes,

And open wide the impearled ivory gate.

Lo! the enchanted islands of the blest!

Lo! the broad azures of eternity!

Bend down thine ears. In their voluted shells

Murmur the wavelets of the eternal sea.

Kiss me, my sister! and those burning lids,

(Gently, I pray thee, for I am growing faint)

Till the Most High doth break thy signet ring.

Softly unfolding on my wondering eyes est the too sudden joy should paraly.
The unimpassioned blisses He has stored-

The unimagined marvels he has made."

In his poem, "Gachla, the Druidess," we are on Time's "mythic past, on the verge of Christianity in Ireland, when it met and confounded Druidism, and there is created for us a great soul's vast conception of the true. The challenge has gone forth from the Druid tents, daring the Christians to debate. This because the "white-stoled, white-livered" priests were "hardly fit for tourney." For this meeting they would send "Gachla," whom, as they said-

"Was begot of our great Father, Sun, the Lord of Light."

This troubled Patrick sorely. He did not wish to humble himself by meeting the challenge, and yet he would see them confounded. Musing beside a stream as to what should be his course, a hand was laid on his arm and a soft voice spoke:

"Oh. Father, let me go champion Christ."

It was Eustace, "the least of all Christ's little ones," that had spoken. The saint told him to go forth, assuring him that he would conquer. But if after the great argument, the maid Gachla should try to lure him by her charms, he warned the youth-

"Thou knowest the sign, the mystic sign, that flings

Dread consternation 'mongst the nether powers.

And so the youth goes out to face the Druid tents and her who would confound him before all the pagan hosts and priests.

'The great sun spun throughout the empty

sky, And from his chariot wheels did leap the

flames
That burned a pathway for the flery

j

great oaks to threw their serpent The

And dappled all the faces of the priests-"

The priests in their beards, and, behind them and against the forest, the silent warriors and little maids. The maids "who held up the long train of the sombre queen," and are pitying the "venturous youth." He sees the stone of sacrifice, and all that went with the dread rites, and shudders. But the priestess of the sun is defeated, though she pleads eloquently for her king-

"Source of all light and heat, our God the Sun."

The youth, answering, tells her how Creation came -

"How a great darkness folded all the skies,

And a Voice pierced it, and the Voice was Light."

Continuing in rhapsody, he tells how Christ came, and thus ends his exalted passage:

"And all the high empyrean heaven Shall glow and pulsate in the living light That streams from the unveiled face of

Him,
Lord of all Life and Light to all the
world."
"Gachla"

Defeated in her philosophy, "Gachla" calls the sun to darken.

'A dusk came down, and all the feathered trees

Shivered and drew together with a moan That seemed to breathe from out the earth, and creep

In trembling leaf, and chilled the blood of men.

In the darkness the armlets graced with rubies that had encircled the neck of the sorceress changed to a great serpent,

"Slid the black reptile, and embraced her neck

In burnished folds, whilst the moist, poisoned mouth
Sought hers in slimy lust, and the forked

tongue,

Flickering and red, licked all the silvery flame

That lit the moonlike pallor of her face."

Darker and darker grew the hour, and a moan came from the forests that "shrilled aloud," while the earth shrivelled.

"Then a deep thunder boomed along the earth

In sound-waves, ever-widening. that rolled

As roll exultant drums, when lightning Spits impartial terrors on the quiv'ring earth."

In the darkness the choir of the dread priestess sang "The Hymn of Darkness."

O Wheel who settest thy faces 'gainst the stars.

Whose golden hooves crush out the silvern bars

That lean athwart the lines of night and day,

Avenge us of this new God, Christ, we prav.

In four more stanzas this great, deep hymn, each keyed to "Om!" is continued, when the youth is seized by "unseen hands" and pla ed "on the dread altarstone." The incantations continue, the dread knife flashes in the air and the youth closes his eves

"And lo! the heavens cleared, the dark clouds rolled

In silent folds adown the resplendent west."

Gachla at this calls Eustace ε brave youth, and he in return tells of Him, who-

"Far in the early dawn he played a child Before His Father's throne in the empyrean.

And that later-

"And the Son's place was in a farthest cloud.

And His tent stretched along a silent shore,

And there was no time."

Milton tells us of Satan's first view of ' earth-

"And fast by, hanging in a golden chain, This pendant world, in bigness as a star smallest magnitude close by the moon.

It is well to see an Irish poet using effectively, and in the same trend the language England forced upon his race.

"But one day, playing in the fields of Heaven,

He looked and saw the Father's lightnings strike

One tiny world in the far seas of space."

The coming of Christ to earth is put in a supreme touch of the beautiful-

"And the young God stooped to this nether world,
And hid Himself behind the lov'liest

veil-

The heart of a most pure and holy maid."

In such easy lines that paint and last, burning into the mind the ideal, this poet shows how on that day of the meeting of "Gachla" and "Eustace" went down the Druid's faith.

In his poem "The Phophecy," the poet sees his Ireland, as it will some time be.

"And yet one child of thine will prophesy, Not smitten with a pythoness's rage, But watching the slow unrolling of the

scroll,
That Time, God's child, is stealing from
God's hand;

Thou, the elect, for thou hast passed through fire;

Thou, the uncrowned, for thou hast tasted

woe, Thou yet shalt speak and all the world

shall hear;
And all, with foreheads drooped and downcast eyes,

Shall haste to thy beck, O Sybil of the Seas.

And worship thee!"

What will make Ireland this is the birth and burgeon on her soil of great souls, and one of these is here in the author of CITHERA MEA. Father Sheehan did much for Ireland in his novel, My New Curate, and as a poet, too, has done his part in giving to the world this book of poems.

Marlier & Co., Boston, have brought out a second edition of CITHERA MEA in the style for which this progressive New England house has already won deserved repute.

AN ASSUMPTION DREAM.

ALIDA M. BIBBY.

Im the noon of night, when visions bright
Illumine the soul with beauties soft,
And echoes pierce the stars aloft
With fragrance from the lilies white,

Methought I saw that Heavenly Maid, With stars of gold about her head,
hile dimpling angels singing led
To fields of bloom which never fade. Adown the moonlit beams they press'd, With lily bells in baby hands; While breathing of those holy lands They took our Mother to her rest.

O Mary, Virgin without spot, Illumed by Christ, thy Son Divine, Mine the plea—the blessing thine, Mine the pulsing, yearning heart.

A REVERIE.

SISTER IMELDA. O. P.

Folded on the earth's fair breast Flowers are dreaming. Far beyond the mountain's crest Stars are gleaming.

And my soul afloat to-night,
Sigheth ever for the light—
Seeketh Thee O God of Might! Ever ceaselessly.

Grant that I may tranquil rest
In Thy keeping,
On Thy Heart—Love's dear bequest—
Fondly sleeping,
And like seraph-pinion white,
Winging e'er its peaceful flight,
Soars my heart to realms of light,
Loving only Thee,

A LOVE DREAM OF THE PAST.

LAURA GREY.

PART I.

"Crom a boo," shouted Lord James of Desmond, whilst he rode into the courtyard of Crom Castle, County Limerick, and summoned his retainers around him. The speaker was a man of fifty winters, who had just returned from the martial camps of France and won his spurs, under Charles VI., at the battle of Agincourt.

"Ho, there! Where is my graceless nephew, Thomas? He who has dared to insult the House of Desmond by wedding a maid of low degree, one Catherine McCormick by name?"

Each tongue was tied in reply, and each ivy leaf on the castle wall refused to rustle, fearing to betray the hiding place of the reigning lord, for hiding he was from the withering summons of his uncle. But it was only a passing fear which chilled the heart of the young Earl.

Two months previously he had married the beautiful peasant girl, Catherine McCormack, whose home he had visited whilst hunting a stag by the river Feale.

Love at first sight proved the sequel to the meeting, followed by a speedy marriage at the Abbey of Feale, which ceremony sealed his doom. For it had been the law of centuries that any Geraldine wedding a woman of inferior birth should be driven from his possessions and deprived of all right to inherit them.

But little did the entranced bridegroom reck of such anathema!

He had chosen his bride for weal or woe, and was now prepared to face his enemies and carry her colors through the fray.

Pale with emotion, yet resolute in bearing, he stepped forth from his seclusion to answer the summons of the invader.

But he did not face the grim visage of Lord James alone. By the hand he led his consort, whose queenly beauty glowed more radiantly when the fiame of excitement lit up her cheek and lent a brilliancy to her eye.

"I defy thy threats, noble uncle," he made answer. "I confess my marriage to this maiden, for whose sake I shall gladly barter the domains of Desmond. I care not for its smiling harvests and fields of golden grain without her presence, so wreak thy vengeance on me as thou wilt, provided we be not parted."

"Nay, nay," shouted a chorus of voices.
"What God hath joined together let no man put asunder," and the crowd surged around the disgraced Earl. But it was not to protect him they mustered in their hundreds, rather to obey the orders of Lord James, who was now ruler of Desmond, and who issued his mandates from his horse's back.
"Unloose' the crimson surtout and

"Unloose the crimson surtout and break the late Earl's sword in twain," he shouted to one of his attendants, named Shawn O'Connor. But the man stood unmoved, paying no heed to the speaker or his words.

"Dost thou hear me, churl!" again thundered the enraged chieftain, whilst he struck the offender heavily on the shoulder.

Crimson with rage, the man turned round, and doggedly made answer:

"Place thy sword again in its scabbard, sire, and that quickly, or thou shalt find that Shawn O'Connor can bite as well as bark. I tell thee to thy face that no hand of mine shall ever touch Lord Thomas. Not for his sake do I refuse to despoil him of his princely rank, but for the sake of his wife, Catherine McCormack. For years I wooed but failed to win her, and her cold, pure heart never quickened to my passionate advances. Now that she has chosen another mate, let him and her depart in peace. I bear them no ill will."

These were the speaker's last words.

Brawny arms were thrown around him and his ears were greeted by a salvo of groans and hisses, whilst he was dragged along the courtyard and cast into a dungeon on the ramparts. From his prison cell he heard the multitude clatter past and saw Lord Thomas and his bride led away on palfreys, never to return. Then, murmuring the names of his patron saints. Shawn O'Connor swooned away.

PART II.

Three years passed by, and Earl James of Desmond held in his iron grip the vast possessions of his banished nephew. Scant intelligence of the Earl and his wife now and then was wafted across the waves. In vain had they striven to rouse the princes of Europe to do battle for their birthright, and, failing in every effort, had settled down near Rouen to a life of exile and privation.

Many an Irish soldier bound for the battlefields of France paused to doff his cap to his former master and shed a tear over his vanished glory. One of these adherents of a lost cause stopped one August evening in the year 1420 beside a well beyond Rouen, and slaked his own and his horse's thirst at the fountain.

He wore the garb of a French cuirrassier, but in nought besides did he belong "la belle France." His face was distinctly Irish, and his voice, too, whilst he stroked the animal's side, calling him endearing names in the Celtic tongue. But see, both man and beast stand aside to make room for a woman, closely veiled, who is hastening to fill her pitcher at the well. Despite the threadbare robe she wore, and the rough, wooden sabots which sat uneasily on her small feet, Shawn O'Connor's pulse went throbbing. The eyes of Love are keen and bold, and one glance at the violet eyes and auburn hair revealed the fact that he stood beside Catherine McCormack. Yes, it was she, once Countess of Desmond-the forgotten wife of Lord Thomas, ignored by the world and all save her husband.

"Shawn O'Connor," burst forth the astonished woman. "Oh, why did you come hither to witness our misery? Return to

Ireland, and tell it not that thou hast seen the great Earl of Desmond, dying of a broken heart in a garret, with only rags to cover his nakedness and nought but barley bread and water to quench his hunger and thirst."

"Cease, asthore," was Shawn's reply, whilst tears unbidden rose to his eyes. "I promise thee, Catherine, that no word of mine shall ever betray the scenes I shall to-day witness. Quick, child, bring me to my lord the Earl, ere it be too late, that I may learn how a Desmond can suffer—yea, pernaps die." Thus saying, ne caught her unresisting hand, and led her as in days of yore through smiling meadows until they paused beside an inn, where men and horses eagerly awaited bed and board.

PART III.

History relates how Thomas, seventh Earl of Desmond, died of a broken heart at Rouen in 1420, and was buried in the Cathedral, and the chronicles add that the kings of France and England attended the obsequies.

Catherine McCormack was now a widowed countess, and resided in the Dominican Convent near the city, whilst her former lover, Shawn O'Connor, was carving his way to military fame in Flanders. Having been wounded in battle, his heart turned towards Catherine, and once more we find him craving her love, and in return pledging his own, which had never faltered.

In a honeysuckled arbor in the convent grounds he urged his suit.

"I have one hundred golden crowns," he pleaded, "and with this I shall purchase a homestead by the river Feale. I shall guide the plow, and thou shalt milk the kine, and we shall be happy evermore. Small meed of pleasure has been meeted to me in the past, but the future holds a bounteous store with thee by my side."

But Catherine waved her lover back.

"A broken heart is mine, Shawn," she said, amidst gathering tears. "I shall not burden any suitor with its weight. The picture thou hast painted is a rosy one, but in its grouping I can have no part. One last request I make of thee. Thou

lovest me thou sayest, and I believe it. "When I die carry my bones back to Ireland and there let them lie outside the Abbey portals, in the cemetery hard by, where my kith and kin are buried. Beside my husband I cannot rest, since only the princely dead are bidden to Rouen. Therefore, I crave of thee this boon, and in return keep these rosary beads for my sake. They were given to me by the Abbot on my bridal morn, when I stood on the threshold of life. When the grave closes over me thou shalt take up the chaplet which I have laid down, and whilst the beads slip through thy fingers forget not my soul's weal."

"Speak not thus," interrupted her lover, stung with horror at the prediction just uttered.

"Many a yellow harvest moon will rise and glow and see thee alive and happy."

But she shook her head in reply and leaned against the latticed walls of the arbor.

He looked at her in vague terror, whilst a nameless dread seized upon his soul.

The greenish pallor he had witnessed so often on the battle-field, when men come to die, was fast overspreading Catherine's countenance.

Once or twice she swayed on the seat, with a look of mute appeal in her eyes, whilst he caught her in his arms and kissed her brows.

"Thy pulse will soon throb as of yore if thy courage doth not fail," he whispered. "Take heart, Catherine, my sweet, thy Shawn is beside thee." But buoyant words and endearing terms were alike lost on the dying woman.

For dying she was—she the peerless flower of the River Feale, Shawn O'Connor's first and last love. Then the truth burst upon him, and, kissing the auburn curls, which still clustered around her forehead, he fell on his knees, incoherent in his great agony, exclaiming: "Gone; yes, gone forever, Catherine, queen of my life. Thy star has set, and so has mine. Thou art dead. I know it by thy waxen cheek, a dim eye, and no more shall my heart quicken at thy footstep. Adieu forever to the paltry glory and tinsel glitter of this world. Naught can replace thee, for whose sake I have hoarded the largess of

the King of France and done battle in his service."

Then, becoming calmer, he raised the cold hands to his lips and kissed them, uttering his last vow, whilst he held them within his own warm clasp.

"Good-by, Rouen, farewell to La Belle France. Shawn O'Connor shall tread thy broad plains no more. To Ireland shall I sail, there to lay the relics of my earthly love in an Irish grave. Such was her last request. Then, when the clay has been shoveled on the coffin lid and the beauteous face hidden from my gaze shall I betake myself to the Abbot Feale, and may God help me to perform the task which lies before me."

Animated with unearthly courage, he brushed his tears aside and made room for Dominican Sisters, who now approached, lavishing their pity on the lonely man and asking Heaven's mercy on Catherine's soul.

PART IV.

Right royally did Shawn O'Connor play the part he had selected to perform. A week after the death of the Countess of Desmond a funeral cortege sailed up the River Feale, followed by a train of barges, one of them bearing her coffin. The Dominican brethren from Limerick accompanied their former friend, Shawn O'Connor, who sat behind with stolld mien and eyes closed in agony.

His ties to earth would soon be snapped, and though his resolve never faltered he, human-like, recoiled from the wrench.

When the sad procession touched land the muffled strains of the Dies Irae rose from a band of Cistercians, who stood by the water's edge.

In mute sympathy they caught the mourner's hand, whilst the Abbot beckoned to some peasants to unload the barge.

"She has come home to us," he mused when they laid the coffin at his feet, "Catherine McCormack, whom I baptized and married to my Lord of Desmond. She has crossed the ocean to return to the old man who this day will consign her body to the earth." And the rugged cheeks of the venerable Cistercian grew moist with tears when he turned toward the cross-

i acolytes and bade them aplently they lowered the coffin rave, amidst the flaring of tape sprinkling of holy water and nest of lilies and feathery moss ng hands had placed there.

stood apart in the moving eyes so parched from weeping would never visit them again. were centered on him, because ream of Shawn O'Connor was each one in the hamlet.

ing his sword and unclasping ne stood in his short military fore the Abbot.

as a hush amongst the crowd, he downcast gaze of the Dominlistercian brethren became cenie man who posed in dream-like reighing some important issue ance.

d voice, his words coming slowt hesitation, and in deadly earegan: "My Lord Abbot of Feale, rior of S. Saviour's Dominent, Limerick, I call ye both to at to-day Shawn O'Connor bids he world to seek in the cloister hich he has never found in his igh life. Ghostly men have told the service of God there abides llity which the kings of this to bestow, and I shall unravel if health be spared to me."

Bowing toward the Abbot, he continued, speaking more rapidly:

"My dream of happiness lies buried in yonder grave. I blush not to own it, knowing that all here present can testify to my unswerving allegiance to the Countess of Desmond. Henceforth a new existence opens before me, and with God's help the sword and cuirass will be exchanged for the Rosary beads and cowl. With the consent of the assembled brethren I crave admission to their ranks and promise whilst amongst them to tender to their meanest wants. Enough!

"I have tarried too long over the thorns which have strewn my pathway. I crave freedom of those who have so patiently listened to the railings of a disappointed soul.

Adieu all that I loved and cherished most in this world. A brighter vista opens before me," and he cast a last look upon the freshly turned sod of Catherine's grave.

As Shawn O'Connor, the speaker, uttered his last words, henceforth he was known to the world as Brother Placidus, and edified his comrades in religion and the dwellers outside by the sanctity of his life and the torrent of his eloquence. Catherine McCormack's name hovered on his lips only once, when her first anniversary came round, and then he asked a prayer in chapter for the soul's weal of the Countess of Desmond.

HOW LONG AGO, MY DREAM?

CHARLES J. PHILLIPS.

lonely when golden stars ated in the deep-domed blue, winds blow across the world g my poor heart's call to you.
the earth is white and still ently the snowflakes fall dumb white world, my heart r an answer to its call.

ly we ran away hose dear days that, like the w, ted, salted with the tears long ago? r years—how long ago? How long ago, my dream?

How long ago? Not long ago;
And hand in hand we tripped along
All gleeful in the merry snow,

Our blithe hearts tuned to childhood's song.

Oh, sweet the song! Oh, bright the sun!
And all the dear white world a-gleam!

O happy days, come back to me—
The voices! O my dream, my dream!

The lonely world is white and still—
The dumb world covered with the snow, The world that rang with sweet, free song,

How long, my dream, how long ago? How long ago, my dream?

THE ROSARY IN ART.

THE ASSUMPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

"Maiden most wise, whither goest thou up, like the dawn rising gloriously? O daughter of Zion, thou art beautiful and pleasant, fair as the moon, clear as the sun.

"I saw her when, fair like a dove, she winged her flight above the rivers of waters. The priceless savor of her perfumes hung heavy in her garments. And about her it was as the flower of roses in the spring of the year and lilies of the valleys.

"Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like a pillar of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense?

"And about her it was as the flower of roses in the spring of the year and lilies of the valleys.

"Who is this that cometh up like the sun? This, comely as Jerusalem? The daughters of Zion saw her and called her blessed; the queens also, and they praised her.

"And about her it was as the flower of roses in the spring of the year and lilies of the valleys."

It is with these versicles, redolent with the most delicate imagery drawn from nature, in the heavens or on the earth, that the Church prefaces her office in honor of our Lady's Assumption. No narrative of events could touch the poetic necessities of the awakening of this Virgin Mother from her tomb in the gloomy vale of Jehosaphat and her response to the call of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost to ascend to her own place in the heaven of heavens, in the very blaze of the Beatific Vision; while these similes, varied as they are, drawn from every aspect of nature, her morning and evening charms, preserve a certain harmonious gradation of sentiment infinitely lovely in its influence upon the imagination. The "dove winging her

flight above the rivers of waters"; the perfumes of that land of oriental spices "hanging heavy in her garments"; that "pillar of smoke." rising from the trees of the wilderness, dimly defined in the atmosphere, one of the charms of a rural district of scattered homes, but more sacred still arising from some altar with its perfume of myrrh and frankincense, to touch again the mossy turf of the wilderness with its lilies of the valley, the flushing roses of the summer; then to rise to the moon lying like an opal on the sky, beautiful with the pallor of the earliest dawn, soon to flush with the aurora, then kindle with the brightness of the rising sun, is to carry the mind, the imagination, upward, onward, until ethereal heights are gained and we find ourselves caught up by the spirit, as was S. John on the isle of Patmos, to behold things before unheard of.

It is this "loosening of the fieshly chain," holding us ever in mundane regions of thought, which the Assumption does for us until, like young birds lured from their narrow nest by the voice of the mother, we suddenly spread our wings, to find ourselves affoat in a welkin of bliss.

But the event? For there is an event to recall, and one so consonant in its circumstances with every best instinct of the human heart that the slender roots of the tradition by which it lives can never be broken. The Church does not bind it upon our consciences as an obligation, but all the closer do we press it to our hearts, and with a thrill of untold joy we join in the chorus which sounds through the office of the Blessed Virgin: "Mary hath been assumed into Heaven; the angels rejoice; they praise and bless the Lord!"

Was ever such a bequest given to man

ohn received from the lips of Jesus itill upon the cross? "Behold thy !" and from that hour, the Evanells us, "the disciple took her to ae." It is S. John himself who rehis circumstance, the only one of angelists to do so, as if to him it e of the deepest significance. Arch-Kenrick gives a quotation from S. se as a note upon this passage, has always been regarded as the ouching tribute ever paid to a faithful unto death by the most l and affectionate of sons. From our, then, Mary's home is with 1 Jerusalem, until the persecution out against the Christians in the of our Lord's era, when S. John r with him to Ephesus, where they rom that time. While living in em we can imagine her making, , the Stations as they are called visiting not only the spots on He suffered, but the mount from He ascended into Heaven; every anowed by His presence. It was human consolation of her life, and . understand how much it must neant to her to leave Jerusalem ese beloved traces of her Son in which had, indeed, crucified Him, ich His very sufferings had ento her heart.

e no record gives us the story of of the Blessed Virgin at Ephesus, s abundant evidence of the influle exerted over the young Church old Asian city in the records of incil of Ephesus, called by Pope ie I., in the year 431, in which it clared as a dogma of faith that ras, in strict truth, the Mother of t was, in fact, chiefly to vindicate vine Maternity of Mary against ious aspersions of Nestorius, that uncil was convened, and nothing exceed the interest taken in its ings by the inhabitants of Ephetheir joy and exultation when the ı that "Mary is truly the Mother ' was made known to them; while irishing state of the Church at s. as testified by S. Paul, indicates

the fruitful care of the Virgin and the divine benedictions which followed her wherever she was.

But the time came when Mary's exile was to come to a close. Tradition tells us that a strong desire came over her to return to Jerusalem, and that this was increased by the announcement to her of her approaching death, made to her by an angel, who laid into her hand a palm, symbol of victory. No sooner was this made known by her to S. John, than he prepared himself to conduct her to the Holy City, and, arrived there, he took possession of that same upper chamber, known as the Cenacle, where our Lord celebrated His Last Supper. At the same time a premonition came to all the Apostles scattered throughout the world to assemble in Jerusalem, in order to be near the Blessed Virgin in her passage from this world. Only one of the Apostles failed to be present. This was S. Thomas, whose incredulity concerning our word, first, and now his delay in attending upon the Blessed Virgin, won for him an extraordinary distinction in art. But the eleven who gathered around her saw no sickness, no infirmity, only serious and sweetly disposed, as she received them on a small bed; her whole air full of dignity and even grandeur, her words worthy of her who sang her own "Magnificat." When the hour came for her departure, she spread her hands over these orphaned Apostles, to whom she had been truly a mother, lifted her eyes to the heavens she was so soon to enter; a rosy tint diffused itself over her countenance and without one sign of pain her immaculate soul left its immaculate sheath and sank softly into the bosom of God.

Mary was no more, but her face, which had taken on an expression of the most tranquil sleep, was so sweet to behold, that death seemed to have hesitated to claim her even for one day as his trophy. A miraculous light filled the chamber, and the songs of angels were heard mingling with the canticles of sorrow from the lips of the sorrowing Apostles and disciples. The next day she was borne on a litter,

upon the shoulders of the Apostles, through the streets of Jerusalem to a tomb in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, as a daughter of David.

For three days the Apostles and faithful, men and women, among whom was Dionysius the Ariopagite, who writes what he saw, kept the watch of love around her tomb. On the third day arrived that Apostle, S. Thomas, who alone of all the Apostles had not been present at the death of the Virgin Mother. So great was his grief not to have seen her at the last moment, so touching was his desire to look once more on her heavenly countenance, that the stone which closed the tomb was removed. But instead of the form, however lovely or however revered, of the Virgin Mother of our Lord, nothing was to be seen but lilies and roses, as fresh as if growing in their garden

Nothing could exceed the astonishment of the Apostles and faithful, who had, as we have said, for three days and nights kept their vigil around the tomb of Mary. But one conclusion remained: that He who had not suffered His only Son to see corruption had taken to Himself, into the heaven of heavens, the immaculate body of Mary to be united to her immaculate soul, a conclusion which has been voiced by the universal belief in her glorious Assumption.

The first act in this pathetically beautiful drama, namely the announcement of her death by an angel and the giving of the palm as a sign of her victory over an mortal ills, was too significant to be overlooked, and is to be found among ...e frescoes representing the scenes in the life of the Blessed Virgin in the sanctuary of the magnificent cathedral of Orvieto. But the most notable example is a bas relief by Orcagna, which adorns the shrine of the miraculous picture of ...e Blessed Virgin in the Church of Or-San-Michele in Florence, in which the now aged Mother of our Lord is seated, a book on her knee, one hand raised with a gesture of welcome to the angel winging his flight to her from on high, his head bent in deepest reverence, one hand laid on his breast, the other holding the palm.

The actual death of the Blessed Virgin has been represented, however, much oftener, and with every circumstance that could add to its touching solemnity. It was painted by Cimabue, by Giotto, by Fra Angelico, and is seen in lovely mosaic in the lower part of the apse of Santa Maria Maggiore; and still the very loveliest representation has come from the Beuron School of to-day. It would seem as it the artist had endeavored to go one flight beyond the imaginations of preceding artists in order to glorify Mary in her death. In all these, our Lord stands at the side of her couch and receives her soul into His arms like an infant.

The scene in which this Mother and Virgin was borne to her tomb is also given; but the most beautiful representation, by general concession, is that by Taddeo Bartoli in that small chapel in the Palazzo Pubblico, Siena, in which the magistrates of Siena assist at Mass before any important deliberation. As we recall it, there was a wonderful majesty in that figure borne on the shoulders of the Apostles to whom she had been not only a mother, but a guide and an inspiration; while in their aspect was a similar majesty of grief, with a recollectedness deeply pathetic.

Still it is the Assumption itself which has been most frequently represented. and with a glow of feeling which is a proof of the ardent faith with which the tradition has been received. It may surprise many not only to find this Assumption of the Virgin on a wall of the subterranean Church of S. Clement, Rome, but treated with admirable enthusiasm, as if, truly, a subject of predilection. None of these pictures are supposed to have been executed later than the ninth century, while there are reasons for believing that this one was painted in the eighth century, so that we have to-day a type of our Mystery dating to a period which may well inspire our veneration as well as our devotion.

In the starry heavens, within a halo sustained by four angels, our Lord is enthroned on a rainbow, with the cruciform nimbus surrounding a most benign countenance; the right hand is stretched

the act of welcoming, the left His knee a closed book; His feet the round world as its sovereign. beneath this group, worthy, as F. r has said of the Blessed Angelelf, is seen the ascending figure of ;in Mother, her face thrown uper arms extended in an ecstacy of the sight of her beloved Son ; her in the heavens, while below npty tomb in which she had lain e days. On each side of this tomb we see six of the twelve ravished at the sight of Mary ig, giving every demonstration of . of reverence, of delight, while at d we see a personage associated picture in a way to give him a on us as an authority, and both out of the picture upon the specus if to assure us of their testithe belief in the Assumption of sed Virgin. The one to the exight is S. Vitus, holding a small nsured and wearing the halo, his ven perpendicularly in the back-

On the extreme left is Pope S. name on the background, with re nimbus to indicate that he was t the time this picture was paint-the inscription underneath the tells us why he stands thus: his picture may outshine the rest y, behold the priest, Leo, studied ose it," and he wears the pontifium. If, as Fr. Mullooly is inclined re, this represents Leo III., it must an painted before the year 795.

the almost innumerable reprens of this favorite subject, we sey those which may be considered of the faith of Christendom and inent for beauty of conception and tion; but there is one which takes ide of all these: so unique in its ion of our Mystery, that while it er been considered a type as to ment, it is altogether unrivalled enderness of its spirit. This Asn is on a wall of the small chapel alazzo Pubblico in which is found , the death but the carrying to her nent of the Blessed Virgin, and by ne artist, Taddeo Bartoli. The scene is laid among the gloomy caverus of the Valley of Jehosaphat; the summits of the encircling hills, one crowned by the towers of Jerusalem, rise into the first cold, white dawn scarcely touched by the flush of the coming aurora. All is solemn, funereal, when, through the gloom comes the Lord of Glory, with His train of rosy-winged seraphs, and as He comes to this tomb in which has rested the lifeless, but still immaculate body of His Virgin Mother, He stretches forth ris hands to her, saying, gently, "Mother, it is time to rise!" as He may have said it hundreds of times in the dear home at Nazareth; and she responds by reaching forth her happy hands to His, and saying, as she used to say in Nazareth: "Yes, my Son," and the scraphs raise her from her couch of death on their rosy wings, and the rays of her halo mingle with those of her loving and faithful Son.

The Apostles see nothing of all this; are gazing, just as we gaze into the graves of those we love, unheedful of the glory above them; but as we recall it, seen on the dim walls of the small chapel in Siena, it still speaks to us as no other picture does, even when depicting the infancy of our Lord, of the sweet, personal love of Jesus for Mary as well as of Mary for Jesus.

Coming now to our grand types of the Assumption, the one which had been, until its execution, unprecedented for the dignity of its conception and execution is that by Andrea Orcagna, of 1359, in the Church of Or-San-Michele, Florence, as a part of the same shrine of the miraculous Madonna from which we have already drawn his representation of the announcement to her by an angel, of her approaching death. The lower part of this magnificent relief is filled by the Death of the Blessed Virgin with every accessory which could give pathos or dignity. Separated from this by an irregular arch representing the earth's surface with its trees and vegetation, the Blessed Virgin is seen soaring above the earth and the clouds in a mandorla of glory, sustained by four angels, while two blow their joyous clarions as the accompaniment of her ascent. On the earth to her right hand ;

ing figure, both hands eagerly raised and grasping the girdle which she graciously lets down to him as a proof of her identity, and which she grants to him as our Lord granted to him to touch the sacred wounds in order to confirm his faith. This relic of the Blessed Virgin is now in the Cathedral of Prato, and is shown every year, on the Feast of the Assumption, from the exquisite balcony at the corner of the Cathedral, with its picturesque roof like nothing but a woodland mushroom, overhanging the balcony curb on which Donatello sculptured his lovely dancing-boys; the whole conception doing joyful homage to the graciousness of the Holy Virgin to the doubting Thomas.

But this scene is given with a grace of added perfection by the Sienese sculptor, Jacopo della Quercia, who flourished between 1368 and 1442, in the point of the arched door of Santa Maria del Fiore, or Cathedral of Florence, known as "La Porta Mandorla," or Gate of the Mandorla, from this very relief. The Virgin is seen, as in the relief by Orcagna, ascending within the mandorla of glory, sustained by angels, while she lowers her girdle to the kneeling S. Thomas; but there is a loveliness in this conception of the Virgin Mother, a gentleness of majesty, a sweetness of repose, with a perfection in its proportions, in everything that pertains to technique as well as to inspiration, which places it above every representation of the Blessed Virgin in sculpture which had ever been produced; indeed, we may say it has never, to this day, been surpassed in its ideal loveliness, or as an incentive to devout admiration.

Titian's Assumption, the most popular of all the Assumptions, strange to say, resembles in its motive and its type the Assumption of the subterranean S. Clement more than any other. And this is the more remarkable, as the subterranean picture had been concealed among the rubbish of a ruined basilica over which had arisen a new edifice on the old foundations, for fully a thousand years; had, indeed, passed out of the memory of man, until that enthusiastic excavator, Rev. Joseph Mullooly, O. P., brought it to light in 1857. The resemblance of Titian's mas-

terpiece to this newly discovered work of the eighth, or, at most, ninth century, is one of the proofs of the continuity of the Christian tradition in art as well as in dogma; a continuity which has its root in the supernatural vitality of everything connected with Christianity itself.

In the very height of the rounded arch in which Titian has framed his grand conception, we see the Eternal Son coming forth from an atmosphere full of angels heads that disappear to the sight in the intensity of light surrounding the Second Person of the Triune Godhead: his arms extended as if to welcome the Mother of whom He was born in Bethlehem; at His side is an angel who seems to say to Him, in the words of the Canticles: "Who is this that cometh up like the sun? This, comely as Jerusalem?" and His answer is: "God hath chosen her and forechosen her. He hath made her to dwell in His tabernacle." No words can express the ecstatic movement upward of the Virgin herself, both hands raised in the joy of being again united in her own humanity to the Humanity of her adorable Son, and her ecstacy is shared by the angelic infants that round out the nebulous arch of the angels above as they bear up the luminous cloud on which the Mother ascends to her Beloved; while below the luminous cloud are the Apostles, in a frenzy, as itwere, of joyous admiration as they see her winging her way, like a dove, to the very arch of the blue welkin; yet every gesture, from that of S. John, whose eye follow her with the love of a son, to the clasped hands of S. Peter raised on high is full of that worshipful reverence which must have possessed the heart of each and every one of the Apostles,

No greater contrast could be given betwo masters of a subject evidently so is accordance with the mind of each than the Assumption by Titian and by Perugino. In the first all is action; in the second all is contemplation, meditations. How serenely ascenda this Virgin Mothesseated on a cloud within a mandorla contemplation, her adoring hand just touching at the fingers' tipe, her eventurned upward to her divine Son, standing above her in a circle of glory, which.

six-winged seraphim, touches His left hand the round world reator and Sovereign; His right ised to bless his Immaculate who shared His ignominies and on earth, and is now to be a par-His exaltation and joy in heaven. ted angels, with heads bowed, ads folded in worship, press close rcle of glory, with that springing ich speaks of an eternal youth, not uphold it; while two vested ear up the mandorla of the Virfour other angels, of a transportity, two on each side, rise with ne luminous clouds, in their hands d viol and cithera, touching the and accompanying their notes of heir their own melodious voices. ! but a gladness so peaceful that only think of birds in May and gentle sound of nature. Around indeed, as the lilies of the valley roses of springtime; while here, six-winged seraph fills the aerial

we do not see Apostles or disrried away with the sight of the g Madonna, but four meditative alled, in the pages of admiring tators, "Ambrosial Saints," for m, in their placid rapture, to on the very ambrosia of Heaven their meditations on this mys-; the extreme left edge of the picids S. Michael in cuirass and helm which rises a tuft of plumes at bird called of Paradise; one its on his shield, the other holds n of authority. Next to him l. Benedict, the aged and venerd lifted to behold Mary "coming the morning rising, fair as the

moon, bright as the sun"; opposite him S. John of Gaulbert, altogether lovely; his meek, transported face also turned upward to contemplate her whose crucified Son had changed him from a vindictive Knight of Florence to a lamb of gentleness, gathering to himself other galiant spirits in the shadows of poetic Vallambrosa. Next to him stands Cardinal John, who had succeeded, in the course of generations, the gentle, supernaturalized John of Gaulbert, as Abbot of this celebrated Benedictine monastery from which came that commission to Perugino, who, in consequence, gave to the world as well as to the monks of Vallambrosa, what is now called, as it glorifies the Academy of Fine Arts in Florence, "The Great Assumption."

And yet this "Great Assumption" is, of all others, our Assumption. We might hesitate to take our places among those venerable apostles who were, at the time of our Lady's Assumption, converting the world, bearing witness before emperors and kings to the faith as it is in Jesus; but we can venture, even with S. Michael as prince and leader, to join the meditative spirits, who from age to age, in the cloisters of the Old World, have been lost to the things of time, altogether captivated by heaven and its delights, while con-templating the flight of this "Mother of fair love and of holy hope" from the dark Valley of Jehosaphat to the eternal radiance of the Beatific Vision; may join them, with an ever-increasing, fervent aspiration for the same joys, eternal and imperishable in the heavens, reserved for those who love this chosen Daughter of the Eternal Father, the Mother of the Eternal Son, and the Spouse of the Eternal Holy Ghost.

voiceless starlight falling gh the darkness of the night, silent dewdrops forming cold moon's cloudless light, come to hearts in sorrow angels dear and bright.

Like the scents of countless blossoms
'That are trembling in the air,
Like the breaths of gums that perfume
Sandy deserts bleak and bare,
Are our Lady's ceaseless answers
To affliction's lowly prayer.

—Father Faber.



EDITORIAL.

The month of August appeals to the heart of every Dominican and Rosarian, with special tenderness, because of our Lady's Assumption, our Holy Father's heavenly natal day, and the feasts of his sainted children, Hyacinth the Apostle of the North, and Rose, the New World's choicest flower, first crowned among the canonized of this western hemisphere.

To our worthy and generous friend, Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, to whom Catholic letters in the United States owes much, we offer an apology which is, at the same time, an explanation to our readers. In our June number the words of the hymn to the Sacred Heart (the music of which is new) should have been credited to Miss Donnelly. At the time of publication the author's name was unknown to us, though we made efforts to The poem "Thanksgiving ascertain it. to the Sacred Heart," printed under the name Louis A. Imhaus, is also the work of Miss Donnelly. It was presented to us by its alleged author as his own. Comment on such unscrupulous conduct is needless. We greatly regret the accident; and we trust that we shall not again be subjected to such dishonorable treatment, against which it is difficult if not impossible for an editor always to be on guard.

Our Episcopalian brethren are finding little comfort in their discussions on the divorce question. Expediency and not principle seems, for the present, to hold the balance of power. But this is a course of proceeding that makes not for peace. Rather is it an entering wedge that will make wider the split between the warring factions. The clear-cut declaration of the sacramental character of matrimony, with the indissolubility of its bond, for which the High Church party contends, will never be promulgated by the governing bodies of the Episcopalian Church. They dare not so speak. Let us hope, therefore, that when the rupture will have come, all the earnest men and women who have followed in the ways of ritualism will see clearly that the only consistency, the only safety for them, is in the bosom of the Catholic Church.

"Albertus Magnus University, founded in Wichita, Kansas, in October, 1900, and chartered by the Secretary of State of Kansas on June 15, 1901, is intended by its founders and directors to illustrate the marvelous possibilities of growth and efficiency which can be realized by a combination of the best results of the experience of all the ages with a perfect adapta-tion of organization and methods to the

tion of organization and methods to the needs of the present hour.

"The constitution (or Statuta Magna) of the University is being modelled after those of the most venerable universities of the Old World, the most striking and useful features being selected from each.

"After the Statuta Magna go into effect the head of the whole University will be known as the Rector Magnificus. Among the other general officers will be the Pro-

the other general officers will be the Pro-Rector, the High Steward, the Registrar, the Proctors and the High Chaplain.

'All the work of the institution will be divided into three grades of schools: University schools, Collegiate schools and Preparatory schools. Among the schools among weisting or planned for, of the University and college grades, are the Classical College, the Conservatory of Music, the Art Institute, the Polytechnic Institute, the School of Languages, the School of Polytechnic and Philosophy the School of Sociology of Philosophy, the School of Sociolog, the College of Heraldry, the School of Commerce, the Agricultural College, the School of Oratory and Dramatics, and the School of Natural Science; besides schools School of Natural Science; besides schools of Medicine, Law, Pharmacy, Dentistry, Surgery, etc. Nine of the schools above enumerated already exist in germ, and the Conservatory of Music already ranks with the very best in the United States, under the headship of one of the greatest violinists and musical directors in the world—Dr. Henry Appy, formerly Director of the Academy of Music at Amsterdam, Holland. dam, Holland.

"Each of the Collegiate schools will issue its own annual catalogue, and have issue its own annual catalogue, and naviation of the officers. In each the Baccalaureate degree will be given, as the crown of a four years' college course, centering in the special work of the school in question. aple, the School of Commerce will degree of C. B. (Bachelor of ce), the Dramatic School those (Bachelor of Oratory) and H. B. or of Histrionics), and the Art that of A. A. E. B. (Bachelor of ts). The candidate for any of scial degrees must have already general culture degree like that or I.S. or else he must, after aple, the School of Commerce will or Lit. B., or else he must, after a severe examination on high , do a prescribed amount culture work during the four his course.

persons who take the Baccadegree in any of these schools
by become members of the Uniand if they desire to do univork they can earn the Licentiate
by two years of such work, and of Doctor or Master of the parcience or art in question by two iditional work supplemented by

iditional work supplemented by rious and meritorious original tion to that science or art. Il take twenty-five or fifty midollars to fully carry out these plans; a first step, already being; the raising of a development one hundred thousand dollars ale of perpetual scholarships at ired dollars each. Each of these entitles its owner, renter, or beneficiary possessing the or beneficiary possessing the y qualifications, to study any esired subjects, and take any and unced courses in any one of the of the University, of whatever

hoped to make this Catholic uni-me of the most important seats ng within a few years. Some downents for individual schools dy in sight. Such endowments the owner the right of having ol endowed by him bear his name Those persons who endow larships by the gift of five hun-lars will have given their names cholarships so endowed, which liotted by public competitive exn, or in such other manner as the ay prescribe."

regoing communication we have from Mr. Merwin Marie Snell, t of Albertus Magnus University. nell is an ardent Thomist and a the great Dominican Bishop and n, Blessed Albert, in whose has named the new university. planned a truly gigantic enterd we cordially greet him, wisha full realization of his generous

We publish the following appeal, and we earnestly add our own word of entreaty in behalf of a devoted missionary:

Prince Albert, Sask, N. W. T., Canada, June 14, 1901. Dear Sir: About three or four years

June 14, 1901.

Dear Sir: About three or four years ago the current of immigration starting from the southeastern part of Europe was directed to the vast prairies of the Canadian Northwest. Thousands and thousands have come in since; they all belong to the Catholic Church, and they would only be too glad to have a chance to fu!fil their religious duties, but there is no priest that speaks their language, no church or chapel where they might no church or chapel where they might gather and pray together. As a conse-quence of such a condition the poor people are really exposed to the greatest danger of losing their faith and of leaving the Church completely. The danger is imminent and in some colonies a general apostasy has already begun. To stop the progress of the evil we must at once build a church, and this at any cost. I spent a great part of last summer amongst the poor settlers, going from place to place and gathering them by groups around a small tent; but an occasional visit will not suffice in the actual condition; the priest has to stay permanently with them, learn their language and get acthem, learn their language and get acquainted with their particular customs. As they are all very poor, allow me to apply to your charity and zeal for the salvation of souls. Grant me a small alms; one dollar given by every reader will enable me to build a church, a school and a house for myself. Such a mite given for the love of God will be rewarded a thousandfold in the life to come. Any donation may be sent to my address marked: For Galician Church.

Thanking you beforehand, I am yours sincerely in the Sacred Heart,

REV. W. BRUECK, O. M. I.,

Missionary.

The editor of Dominicana will cheerfully receive and forward to good Father Brueck any offerings that may be entrusted to our care.

The demonstrations in honor of the Holy Name of Jesus which were made by the men of our Holy Name Society, San Francisco, on Sundays, June 30, July 7, 14, 21 and 28, will close with the procession on S. Dominic's day. Profound acts of Catholic Faith, of public homage to the Divinity of cur Blessed Lord, of solemn reparation to Him for the world's irreverences and blasphemies, and at the same time a manly testimony of loyalty to the Holy See, this outpouring of devotion has been an occasion of great edification. As a mark of his favor and indulgence. Archbishop Riordan conceded that these six processional visits made in this solemn manner to S. Dominic's Church and to the Cathedral would suffice for the ordinary private visits to the four churches on fifteen days. Everywhere on the line of march we witnessed evidences of respect. The beautiful banner of the Holy Name, bearing on its face the image of Jesus, the Saviour of the world, and carried by hands strong and brave, was reverently followed by hearts manly and true, by Catholic men and boys to whom this noble profession of their Faith and their love for our Blessed Lord must ever remain in tender memory, a precious inheritance.

To the people of San Francisco it has been an eloquent sermon, a lesson beyond the power of words. The men of S. Dominic's gave the right hand of fellowship in true Catholic welcome to the worthy men who came from other parishes to join in our Holy Name apostolate.

It is said that the custom of introducing the Ave Maria at the opening of sermons, a custom which afterwards became general in the Church, had its origin with our Holy Father S. Dominic. Readers of his life are familiar with his celebrated discourse in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris, on the text of the Hail Mary, suggested to him by our Lady herself. We are also told that before beginning his sermons, it was always his practice to kneel and salute the Queen of Heaven with the prayer: "Make me worthy to praise thee, O holy Virgin; give me strength against thy enemies."

Of S. Thomas Aquinas it is recorded that he preached during an entire Lent on the words "Hail Mary"; and these same cherished words may be found, frequently repeated and in his own handwriting, on the margin of an autograph copy of his great work, the Summa Con-

tra Gentiles, which was discovered several years ago in Italy.

MAGAZINES.

The people of France are to the other nations a strange puzzle. We recently commented on the generosity of the French in the work of the Propagation of the Faith. In the foreign apostolate they lead the world. At home, however, they offer a contrast that is at once humilisting and distressing. The legislation against the Religious Orders in France, the persecution which will be satisfied only with their suppression or with the confiscation of their property following the expulsion of their members, would be impossible, we should judge, in any other country. But France, land of contradictions, of impulses and passions that run to both extremes, seems to acquiesce in the high-handed tyranny and hatred of religion and of Christian education for which its present infidel Government stands. The patience and the forbearance of the Holy Father have not been exhausted, though they have been sadly abused. A constant friend to the French Republic, its Freemason rulers have proved the baseness of their ingratitude to the Pope. The outlook, at present so dark, may yet be brightened. Unless France is doomed, abandoned of God, the recent iniquitous legislation against the Religious Orders will yet produce a reaction that may sound the death knell of republicanism as a controlling power in that unhappy land.

Apropos of these comments we may note a deplorable tendency on the part of some of the anonymous disciples of condemned "Americanism" to vent their spleen in most unbecoming and unChristian manner against the Religious Orders in this country. A writer in The Sun, New York, July 7, furnished evidence of this tendency, by means of a long and scandalous communication in which eminent prelates were shamefully stacked, and the Orders rudely abused, under cover of pretended seal for the priesthood of our Lord as it came from His own hands.

wer this unknown scribe (for he ler an assumed name) after the of his diatribe were to descend to n of personalities and to follow illogical, so contradictory, so with exuding conceit, that the of Catholic editorship would not the offence.

er, we recognize the delicacy of too pointedly in our own ded therefore we take pleasure in fore our readers an extract from alo (New York) Catholic Union s, July 11, which expresses, in st words of its scholarly editor, noble type of the true priest, the ts of the great body of the

the days when the Blessed Beneered about him a host of Chrisrriors under the shadows of
monks and monkish practices
n a chief object of attack from
les of the Church. The members
lous Orders have been as right
t wing and center of Christ's
d if any one of them could be
r crushed, or in any way conthe enemy has felt that victory
brought more nearly within his
lence the eagerness with which
orts of the Lord have been perby medieval and by latter day
of the only Christianity worth
dging.

aligious Orders have always been pholders of orthodoxy, uncomposes of heresy, the vanguard in gelizing of new territories, the vater new fields of the Church blood, as even a casual inspece Roman martyrology will amply Now that the seed of the Faith plentifully sown and cathedrals are formerly pagan altars smoked liftee, are we to be so ungrateful et the pioneer service of the Reders, and condemn them just hey may prefer a middle age me modern suggestion, or tremthey hear the siren voice of bidding them conform to the

e times all right? Are Catholic urning like Stanislaus Thomas w York Sun to exploit the fail-gulars before the laity, certain und on which they stand? Not a churchman occupying no mean ecclesiastical circles presumed at the intelligent casting of a of more consequence to society

than all the macerations of 'medieval monks.' Leo who rules in Rome chided the ecclesiastic most gently but with significance. Leo has thunders as well as paternal reproofs, and should our novo maniacs persist in belittling Religious Orders or their rules because the latter may not have the trademark of modern progress on their title pages, Leo will thunder, and then the novos will crouch and tremble, and beat their craven breasts and murmur Parce nobis, Domine! Don't help the enemy, Catholic writers of the progressist type, by trying to foster discord botween the regular and the secular clergy."

In The Sun for July 14, the Reverend Doctor McDowell, Pastor of S. Vincent's Church, Madison, N. J., makes answer to the unhappy "Stanislaus Thomas" in a manner that is crushing. After reading Father McDowell's excoriation he probably wished that he had not published his scandalous article. We trust that this will close the incident so far as the public is concerned.

American members of the lodges are not generally cognizant of the inner workings of Continental Freemasonry. As an illustration of its spirit of hatred for Catholicity and for established governments not controlled by the lodges, The Irish World, July 13, gives the following:

FREE MASONRY AND THE CHURCH.

The Italian Grand Orient Expresses "Lively Satisfaction" Over the War of Suppression and Confiscation Which is Being Waged Against the Religious Orders in France.

The chiefs of Free Masonry make no secret of their opposition to the Church. With cynical frankness they print the following two documents which the Berlin Germania copies from the Rivista della Massoneria Italiana, 1901, pp. 38 and 40:

I.—By unanimous vote of the Italian Grand Orient, passed on February 15, 1901, the Italian Grand Master Ernest Nathan

I.—By unanimous vote of the Italian Grand Orient, passed on February 15, 1901, the Italian Grand Master, Ernest Nathan, sent the following dispatch to the French Grand Lodge: "Will you express to your august president [of the French Free Masons] the lively satisfaction with which the Italian Grand Orient watches the vigorous and faithful struggle which aims at lifting up and enlightening the conscience of the French people by confiscating in the name of the true religion of humanity the possessions of the congregations which they have usurped in

the name of religion and have been using for the promotion of rebellion and reaction?"

II.—The Italian Grand Orient to the two regular Grand Orients of Spain: "It is with pleasure that I communicate to you the resolution unanimously passed by the Italian Grand Orient on February 17, 1901. Our resolution shall bear witness to the fraternal solidarity between men who, though of different nations, nevertheless represent the same ideas and aims of liberty, justice and progress. In the name of Italian Free Masonry, the Grand Orient of Italy applauds the policy of the Spanish liberal party which has arisen in its manhood to fight for liberty and progress, and refuses to bind the fate of its leaders to effete dynasties that are enslaving the conscience of the people, and will not tolerate that the Jesuit sect shall compel the national genius to bow to the demands of a dogma devoid of all religion.

"ERNEST NATHAN."

The Records of the American Catholic Historical Society for March contain many articles of notable interest, among which are "Some Memoirs of our Lady's Shrine at Chestnut Hills," by Rev. Thomas C. Middleton, D. D.; "Reminiscences," a quaint retrospect of Catholicity in Pennsylvania, by Sister Teresa M. White, and "By-Paths of History," by Rev. R. T. Sheury.

Accompanying a picture of a little girl, rifle in hand, entitled "a six-year-old home defender in the Transvaal," which is printed in *The Irish World* of June 29, is the following: "She insisted on going with her father to the war; but eventually agreed, in childish innocence, to stay and guard her mother."

"If ye have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now." And still the world looks on in silence, and from the United States go supplies of horses, mules and food to enable England's "soldiers" to continue their efforts to crush out a race that can breed such children.

Lord Salisbury's recent cry of England's danger and of the hatred of the nations that have ceased to fear her would have found an anticipated echo as in the voice of God's wrath, were not the nations, like our own, given over to similar

deeds or to the grand game of trade. But the Boers still live and fight. With compliments to the editor of *The Irish World*, and with due acknowledgments to his manly contributors, John J. Rooney and J. H. B., we lay before our readers two poems recently printed in *The Irish World*, which have the true ring:

ENGLAND.

England, at last thy Star of Empire wanes—

wanes—
Thy evil star of many a pillaged land.
About thee, in the growing darkness,
stand

The ghosts of murdered nations; bloodred stains

Are on thy towers; thy famished tropic plains

Cry out for pity to thy ruthless hand;

Cry out for pity to thy ruthless hand; And hear, by Afric's hills or India's strand,

The babel of thy traffickers for gains.

Oh, verily, the Master spoke aright— His word is true and altogether just: "Who takes the sword shall perish by the sword."

And didst thou think, enthroned upon thy might,

World-grasper—yet a little grain of dust— To turn the judgments of the living Lord!

THE BURGHERS.

Judgments of the fiving ix

When on Colenso's bloody field,
The beaten Saxon backward reeled,
Trained troops and guns were forced to
yield,
To PEASANTRY—plain Burghers.

To PEASANTRY—plain Burghers.
The Saxon Gen'ral made a boast,
"No turning back; at any cost
We'll now retrieve our prestige lost,
And SMASH those fighting Burghers."

At Spion Kop he tried again; But, shattered hopes and slaughtered men!

His bravest troops in prison pen—SURRENDERED to the Burghers.
Then, under gallant Botha's lead,
They charged up hill, a feat indeed!
The Saxons, like a wind-tossed reed,
Were BROKEN by the Burghers.

Though scattered by a countless horde, The hireling vandals on them poured, Burning their homes!—at Sannas Ford Were ROUTED by the Burghers. And if dispersed, their purpose set Is: "Fight or Die!"—for Freedom yet Has gallant Botha, brave De Wet, To LEAD undaunted Burghers.

undred years has Saxon pride uered Erin still defied!

penal laws and rapine tried RUSH HER like the Burghers. Ited yet, she fights to shake xon yoke, her place to take; n!—Freedom won't forsake Erin and the Burghers.

a we advise our friends that the cts of the Boer war cannot be obfrom the venal and subsidized of the United States. Speaker son, having descended to earth he heaven of royalty in which he sed with Albert Edward, outdoes shing New York Chamber of Comflunkeys in adulation of England, practical besmirching of his own And this craven commercial spirit. andonment of principles identified ur best national life and essential healthful continuance, finds a ul advocate, by silence, in the is of the country that are conby English influence and English

ng an address to the graduates of n's College, Fordham, New York, occasion of the commencement exJune 19, Archbishop Corrigan, acg to The Sun, "urged the necessity e existence of a strong body of educated Catholic laymen to hold hands of the priesthood in the le for the betterment of the Church te country. In the past, he said, orden had been too heavy on the , and he blamed the Catholic layf the United States for what he is "the present disgraceful state of in the Philippines."

is a shame," he said, "that now he United States has taken possessf the Philippines, a country with is of Catholic souls, the Church be suffering. The rights of the those good men who for three id years have been working to lift? Filipino savages and implant in treasts the love of the Church and uths of civilization, are now end under the American rule. And it? It is because the Philippine

Commission, appointed by the Administration to govern those islands, has not a Catholic on it. These men are careless of the interests of the Church, and it is the fault of the Catholic laymen of the country that they did not get the ear of President McKinley and insist upon his appointing at least one Catholic."

The Archbishop of New York enjoys a very honorable distinction for prudence; his words are not lightly spoken. In the present instance his expressed sentiments are a strong plea for Catholic loyalty on the part of our laymen, a subject to which we have frequently adverted.

From a pleasantly written article on "The Men Who Signed the Declaration of Independence," which appears in Lippincutt's for July, we gather the noteworthy facts that twenty-four of the illustrious fifty-six signers lived to the age of seventy or beyond; fourteen lived until eighty or beyond; and no less than five, including Charles Carroll, the last survivor, until ninety or more.

The author justly states that "in morals, in intellect, in courage, in patriotism, and in hale, long lives, no assembly ever stood higher than the Second Continental Congress that gave liberty to the American people."

Would that their spirit inspired the men of 1901 who control the destinies of the American people and the destinies of other peoples also, to whom are denied the precious rights for the maintenance of which the men of 1776 pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor.

From the same number of *Lippincett's* we quote a delicate piece of work by our good friend, Charles Hanson Towne:

RETURNING GUESTS.

When Joy goes forth and leaves us desolate.

We plead for her return, ofttimes in vain;

Yet oh, how soon unto the heart's closed gate

Comes back, unbid, her sad-faced sister, Pain!

From our Canadian contemporary The S. John Monitor, St. John, N. B., June 8,

we make an excerpt in illustration of the spirit of fair play and religion animating the "ascendancy" element in the north of Ireland:

"The Guardians of the Derry Union, Derry, Ireland, at a recent meeting, by a vote of 18 to 7, refused to accept the gift of a handsome and artistic copy of Guido Reni's famous picture, 'Ecce Homo,' to be hung in the Union Infirmary as a memento of the Queen's death.

"Max M Movelle a member of the Board."

'Mrs. M. Morris, a member of the Board, offered the present. In reply to the chairman's question, she stated 'that the picture is an exact fac-simile of what the

Queen had in her bedroom.'
"Another member said: 'Surely there

can be no objection to a copy of a picture for which the British Government paid many thousands pounds.'

"The Board didn't want any sectarian pictures brought into the house,' was the dictum of a member who spoke for the majority.

"'It strikes me,' said Mr. P. Lynch, 'that if the picture of the Queen is worthy of respect, a picture of our Lord should be worthy of greater respect.'
"At that stage the picture was brought

At that stage the picture was brought into the Board room and uncovered, so that the members might see it.

"'Take it away,' said another member, 'we don't want it here.'

Then a motion was made and seconded "Then a motion was made and seconded that the picture be accepted in memory of the Queen. An amendment that it be rejected was made and seconded, with the result already stated.

"There was something singularly suggestive in the scene and cries when the Ecce Homo' was brought into the Board coop, and the figure old ory 'Away with

room, and the flerce old cry 'Away with him' was almost in words re-echoed by the Guardians.

"Mrs. Morse, in making the offer of the picture, said: 'I am sure you will all re-member the melancholy occasion on which we met in this room and passed which we list in this room and passed a unanimous vote of sympathy with his Majesty the King on the death of his beloved mother the Queen. On that occasion I had the melancholy pleasure of referring to the noble and sympathetic qualities of the deceased monarch, and to the heaviful and graphic description the beautiful and graphic description given by the press of her death, and of the surroundings of her death chamber how, in her last moments, she gazed so affectionately at the picture of our Divine Lord which she always kept in her bed-room. I was on that occasion struck with the happy thought that we should remember her in more than words, and to accomplish that I wish to present a fac-simile of that picture, and to ask that it be hung in a conspicuous place in the new infirmary in memory of her late Majesty.

This modest request only served to bring out the dove-like gentleness of the worthy councillors.

From a recent number of The Leader (a newly established journal published in Dublin, which we can cordially recommend for its real and sturdy Irish spirit), we learn that in the vigorously growing efforts for the restoration of the Irish language, Irish music, Irish games, Irish customs, the Dominican College of S. Thomas Aquinas, Newbridge, Kildare. stands conspicuously ahead of the other colleges in Ireland, as intelligently and patriotically identified with the national spirit and movement.

Californians will be specially interested in the July number of Harper's Magazine because of an article on "The Buddhist Discovery of America," by Dr. Dyer, Professor of Oriental Languages and Literature in the University of California. The professor is an enthusiastic advocate of his theory, and makes a plausible argument.

From the same number we select, with due acknowledgments to author and editor, a few stanzas that are suggestive and should be helpful:

Silence divine! within whose magic deep The perfect soul of sound has fallen asleep;

Wake not unless thou tell in words of fire

The heart's supreme wish, the soul's desire

Silence divine! unfold thy petals yet,
In fields of mystery thy bloom is set.
Thy secret and thy fragrance guard
awhile;
Fold deep life's hope; despair and death

beguile.

Silence divine! keep if thou wilt the years, Safe in thy bosom are our loves and fears

In stillness wrap our souls, our heart's unrest;
Sound mocks our longing. Silence, thou

art best.

For other good things by way of summer tale and even on lines didactic the rper's may be advantageously

Century for July Grover Clevecludes his fine papers on the lan Boundary Controversy." ue Story of Harman Blenneris a page from life stranger than Besides other good things for he Century is usually notable, ans will be particularly inter-"The City of Stockton's Unique xperiment," a practical and very e article.

Freeman's Journal, New York, we refer our readers for the text le manifesto issued by the opof imperialism. Its signatories he representatives of the various rialist leagues and eminent in—who personally stand for the rit of genuine Americanism, sem being two Catholic prelates, spalding and Bishop Ryan of inois.

Kun, New York, July 13, an edipublished under the title "Are nd by Spain's Concessions?" a cleverly designed appeal on the staunch and prominent Adminorgan to the spirit of repudiaforerunner of confiscation. The not named in the editorial; but ion proposed is one that vitally their property interests. As a e have already travelled far on to shame and dishonor.

ish World, July 7, prints, on the of the conservative New York Post, a very grave charge touch-ause of the late Spanish-Ameriane United States Minister to 1898 was General Woodford, letter and from the noble docuit by Queen Christina of Spain, parts of which were suppressed cealed from Congress and the people, it is made evident that which could have been avoided, cipitated and forced in a most

criminal manner. History will yet unveil the iniquities of our policy, and perhaps the Maine disaster may be cleared, without adding glory to our name. The daily press, barring a few journals, does not discuss these unpleasant matters, but truth, like murder, will out. And the more the light shines in darkness the more shameful is the condition revealed of American ways and ends.

Once more our worthy Canadian friend, The Casket, raises a warning voice against the habit of irreverence to the Name of our Blossed Lord, and we gladly give greater currency to the protest:

"We are glad to see that a leading Canadian paper has a strong article on public swearing. It is only by frequent reteration that the public attention can be kept fixed on any evil and indeed here is something which is so evil and so serious that it merits the efforts of every man who can pen a line against it. Too frequently it is found that the public is callous to this habit, and why? Because, from the time when our childish feet can toddle, we are accustomed to hear foul oaths and reeking blasphemies. The pity of it is, that even now participants grow hardened to the custom. This world is God's, and all therein contained. We are the work of His hands, and yet, too often, we have not even the slightest feeling of horror—nay, we even smile as if at a jest when we hear His sacred name defiled in rude speech, coupled with coarse and vulgar epithet, and used in maledictions called in anger on our fellow-men. And the wise, paternal law which orders men to clean out their yards and sinks when a disagreeable odor arises from them, permits the indulgence in public profanation of God's name, to such extent that from youth we grow so well accustomed to it that an insult to the name of the King would affect us more. But the name of the King would affect us more. But the name of the King would affect us more. But the name of the King would affect us more. But the name of the King would affect us more. But the name of the King would affect us more. But the name of the King would affect us more. But the name of the King would affect us more. But the name of the King would affect us more and earth and of all things, and the law would be amply sufficient to check any attempt to do so. Yet must the ears of the young continue to be filled with abominable oaths, the respect for God which He has implanted in us continue to be suppressed and stiffled, because of false notions of freedom, under which men may not insult the King of Britain, but may with impunity heap insults upon the thorn-crowned head of Jesus Christ."

The leading feature of the July Arena is the article by Professor Francis Parsons of Boston University on "The Sweep and Meaning of the Last Century." We consider one paragraph worthy of transcription: "Nothing has improved more than robbery. Instead of a dangerous encounter with pistols to get the goods and cash that two or three travellers may have with them, the modern highwayman builds a railroad system with other people's money, or a gas or electric plant, or a street railway, or secures a telegraph or telephone franchise, or waters some stock. or gets a rebate on oil, beef or wheat, or forms a giant trust and robs the population of a continent at a stroke. Then the robber buys a newspaper or caresses it with greenbacks, and has himself entitled a 'Napoleon of Finance,' while the rudimentary, undeveloped aggressor or peculative survival of more primitive times who steals a bag of flour instead of a grain crop, or takes a few hundreds instead of a million, has to put up with the old-time, uncivilized name of 'thief.' Imprisonment for debt has been abolished. and also imprisonment for theft-if it is committed according to the law and by methods approved by the particular variety of 'Napoleon' having control of the government."

The other papers are entitled "A College for the People," by Prof. Thomas E. Will, A. M. of Ruskin College, Trenton, Mo.; "Geology in the Twentieth Century," by Charles R. Keyes, P. D.; "Poverty and Social Decay," contributed by Alfred Martin Colwick; "The Pottawatomies in the War of 1812," by Chief Simon Po-Ka-Gon; "The Criminal Negro, Psychological Tests of Females," by Frances A. Kellar of the University of Chicago; "An Artist With Twentieth Century Ideals," by B. O. Flower; "On the Stoa of the Twentieth Century," by Prof. John Ward Stimson.

The North American Review for July contains some excellent contributions, among them "The Absurd Paradox of Christian Science," by J. M. Buckley, Ll..D., who says: "Like the dreams of sleep, the dream of Christian Science

seems real and pleasant while health lasts; but when the believer suffers injuries so painful as to concentrate the attention upon himself, or when the sickness is in another and unto death, the dream becomes a nightmare." An article from the pen of his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons on "Catholic Christianity," shows the struggles and triumphs of the Church built upon a rock, and against which the gates of hell shall not prevail.

In The Catholic University Bulletin for the month of July we find worthy of mention "The Fallacy in Evolution," by Edmund T. Shanahan; "Christ and Virgil," by John J. Maguire; "The Catholic College of the Twentieth Century," by Thomas J. Conaty, together with some excellent criticisms and reviews of the latest books.

For wanton misrepresentation of facts, for wilful distortion of history, John P. Mahaffy's article on "The Romanization of Ireland" (a title that is a grossly misleading misnomer) published in the July number of The Nineteenth Century and After, deserves unenviable notoriety. Barring the vulgarity, so unbecoming in a professor, which leads this Trinity College instructor to speak of "popery" and "Romanism," the impartial reader of his very peculiar paper will condemn his slanderous accusations against the Holy See and the Catholic priests of Ireland in the matter of allegiance to the English sovereign.

Mr. Mahaffy may be a competent professor in the Dublin University which represents all that is inimical to Catholic Ireland, but his dictum on Irishmen in America is worse than useless, it is libellous. He arrogantly declares that the Irish Catholics of the United States are a source of grave political disorder, while he lauds the virtue and thrift of the Protestant Irish element as an accession of strength to this country. Of course, it is not to be presumed that so scholarly a gentleman (?) as Mr. Mahaffy would be aware that the defunct A. P. A.'s were largely recruited from the ranks of his

rangemen. Other features of and rambling communication harmony with his well-known to the national language of the lich has the honor (?) of giving But it was another "Irishesame stamp, Wellington, who weing born in a stable did not na horse. So probably Ireland aim the bigotted Mahaffy.

at satisfaction we refer to anle in the same number of The Century and After, "The Marrs. Fitzherbert and George the 1 which a measure of justice is e memory of a virtuous Cathwho was the victim of a afterwards a king, to whom ciple of manliness, truth and e as nothing when his lowest nd meanest personal interests nds which he would not refuse. will yet be done to this noble 10 was sacrificed to "state ins in our own day another innan has been immolated by the low who is heir to the British

MUSIC.

music publishing house of J. Brother, New York, we have 1) THE CATHOLIC BOY-CHOIR ipproved by His Grace, the of Philadelphia. This collects of Masses, Vespers, Litanies, English Hymns, diverse chants ction and the different devoyear. The entire collection is of the Gregorian chant, some paniment, some without. This is complete in responses and riate antiphons for the variis of the year. For a boys' led in this kind of chanting, it le. (2) THE YOUNG ARTISTS, a of four-hand music for piano, y John Wiegand. This is a comold, familiar melodies, such as Daken Bucket," "Last Rose of 'Home, Sweet Home," etc.; old melodies, including "My Old Home" and "Old Folks at Home"; also, "Songs of Ireland and Scotland.' All are pleasingly and simply arranged. Mandolin orchestras will be glad to know that these selections are also arranged for violin and piano, mandolin (first and second) and piano, 'cello and piano. All in separate volumes.

From Percy Ashdown, New York, we have received these beautiful songs: SPRINGTIME (SOURADO IN A. MEZZO-SODRADO in G), music by the well-known song writer, Frank L. Moir, with appropriate words by Clifton Bingham, whose poems are all so lovely. It is a joyous song, with a merry, youthful swing to its melodious measures. The fresh, bubbling accompaniment is a fitting companion to this little gem; DEAR RIVER (key of F, compass F-F), by Ernest Fowles, is a dreamy, graceful barcarolle, with pretty words; THE CONSTANT LOVER (SOPRANO in C, C-F, mezzo-soprano in B flat, C flat-E), by G. Lardelli, is a lovely, effective song of great emotional beauty throughout; Un-SPOREN (soprano in G, D-F, mezzosoprano in F, C-E), by Guide Romani, a thrilling heart-song, full of deep, tranquil melody. The words and music are absolutely in sympathy. In the middle of the song is a lovely modulation in which the melody takes on a more joyous, hopeful character, finally relaxing with another soothing modulation into the first theme, ending with a joyful climax. DENNIS MCPHANE, by Sydney Thomson, a bright Irish ballad, quite as fascinating in melody and rhythm as the person for whom it was named. It is a splendid encore song for any voice, especially a soprano or baritone; The CAVALIER'S TOAST (for baritone in E flat, B flat-F; bass in C, G-D), by Bernard Streatfield, is a fine drinking song of great dramatic beauty. The text is of the usual Brindisi type. It is a stirring. noble song to a high degree, and is herewith cordially recommended to all baritones and bassos.

The White-Smith Music Publishing Company, Boston, has sent us the following selections: The Nightingale's Fare-

WELL (caprice for piano), by E. S. Phelps, Grade II., a melodious composition, containing an introduction with a trill and cadenza. The theme is pleasantly worked out through a chain of sustained legato octaves, with small chords thrown in between the octaves. By a modulation into the key of the sub-dominant the mélody changes character, and is carried by the left hand, while the right hand lays in a soft chord accompaniment; THE PIXIES' DANCE, for piano, by H. Engelmann, being No. 4 of a series of piano pieces-Grade I.-called The Pixies' Carnival, of a lively and gay character. The rhythm is entirely in triplets, making a good finger study; THE RAGGED RAGIAN, by Orin Sargent, a cakewalk of the usual bright, cheery type; Angelina's March, by Clifton Crawford, song from R. A. Barnet's "My Lady," as produced at the Victoria Theater, New York. This is a comic song with a military swing to it. When sung by a baritone used to singing this style of song it would be an immense success; THE CLOVER BLOSSOMS (contralto in B flat, compass B-D, soprano in E flat, compass E-G), poem by Oscar Leighton, music by Stephen Townsend. The melody is simple, sincere and appealing, with beautiful modulations throughout; No Cross, But Crown, words and music by Herbert Johnson (soprano in G, C-G; mezzo-soprano in F, F-F; contralto in C, C-C), a pleasing sacred song.

воокв

CORPUS DOMINI is the title of a pleasing arrangement of extracts from the "Blessed Sacrament" of Father Faber. The fame of the author as an authority in ascetical matters will ensure for this little volume a wide-spread circulation.

THE LIFE OF THOMAS A'KEMPIS, by Father Vincent Scully, will be gladly welcomed by admirers of the "Imitation of Christ."

Sir Francis Cruise, in his introduction to this Life, deals with the oft-disputed question of the authorship of the "Imitation."

Father Scully has produced a book that should be popular.

Under the strikingly beautiful title, "SIX GOLDEN CORDS OF A MOTHER'S HEART," the Rev. J. O'Reilly, author of "Seven Jewels From Our Saviour's Lips," treats in this booklet, numbering only seventy pages, of the precepts of the Church.

Father O'Reilly clearly and earnestly explains each commandment, and shows that it is a motherly solicitude that actuates the Church in promulgating her laws.

We hear, very often, disparaging remarks against the Church, that in her precepts she is severe on the faithful imposing disagreeable burdens upon them. Those who make such remarks are prejudiced or uninstructed, or, as it not infrequently happens, they are those professing to be Catholics, whose actions belietheir words. To a true child of the Church, however, each precept is, indeed, a "Golden Cord," binding him more closely to his mother's heart.

The bitterness of the precepts lies in this, that there is, unfortunately, a need of them. "Oh, the pity of it;" that it should be necessary for us to be commanded to hear Mass, commanded to be present at the saving sacrifice; commanded to go to Confession, to that cleansing fountain of mercy; and again, to be commanded to receive Holy Communion, to partake of the "Heavenly Banquet," to receive our Saviour Himself. The very thought, as Father O'Reilly says, "must raise feelings of shame in all reasonable Catholics, must bring a blush to the cheek of even the most indifferent."

These three booklets are issued in good style by R. & T. Washbourne of London. whose American agents are Bensiger Brothers of New York.

THE PROSPECTUS (1900-1901) OF COLLEGE NOTRE DAME, San Jose, California is a beautifully printed, handsomely illustrated publication, which we have read with great satisfaction. With equal cordiality we congratulate the accomplished Sisters of Notre Dame on the excellent results of fifty years of academic work

t here in California by this Com-The future of College Notre s bright; still greater achievewait the labors of the coming

Three Ages of Progress, by E. Devos, Rector of S. Michael's Spalding, Nebraska, is a narrahe principal periods of the life of holic Church in history. The Ages" are termed the Larly Age 1-476), from Jupiter to Christ; idle Age (476-1517), from Barbo Civilization; The Modern Age the present time), from Liberaliberty.

arly Age comprises all the events establishment of the Church to varian inroads. The author shows less efforts of Judaical prejudice can power to overthrow Chrishe explains the heresies that impugn the essential doctrines eligion of Christ and he briefly upon the various schisms so us in their consequences.

Middle Age we have the grand of the Church triumphing over aining intact and secure amid arian invasions and the rabid inof Mohammedanism; the Church ing all, educating all races and ing Christian society with its ant blessings of civilization and

ird part of the book, "From Libto Liberty," is an exposition of
t of the "Liberals of Religion,"
stants, and the dire machinations
Liberals of Politics," the FreeProtestantism, with all the
of its numberless sects, is conplained. Its utter lack of founda-

its self-contradiction lie patent, the other hand the solidity of k of Peter" is more than proved

cts related.
ject of the book, in the author's is, is "to give the outlines of the cess of the uplifting of mankind hurch of God; to bring together rical facts that decided the destined the race and to illustrate,

by examples, the great problems that agitate the world to-day; to throw light upon the vital questions of religion, civilization and liberty upon which many have only confused or false notions." We assure our readers that the book fully attains the end in view. It is published by M. H. Wiltzius & Co., Milwaukee.

In a valedictory given at the graduating exercises of a college by a young man, his father, who is present, is grieved to hear his son embracing and defending the polygamistic theory as to the origin of the human race. Later on the father, in a controversy with his son, refutes this modern erroneous opinion and brings his son over to the more stable teaching of the monogenistic doctrine. Touched by the truths of Christianity, the young man while in Rome determines to become a missionary, and, leaving all things, casts his lot with his benighted fellowcreatures on the island of Madagascar, where he dies the death of an apostle and-leper. This is the tenor permeating an anthropological sketch entitled From CLOUDS TO SUNSHINE, or the evolutions of a soul, by E. Thomas Kavan. To the student of anthropology we recommend this agreeably written controversial sketch. The book is well printed and fittingly bound by the Abbey Press. New York, one of the rising publishing houses of the East.

The recent proceedings instituted for the canonization of Joan of Arc have reawakened interest in this fifteenth century heroine and saint. Her history has been written in divers manners, but the volume before us, Joan of Arc, by L. Petit De Julieville, translated by Hester Davenport, is a succinct and impartial summary of the events in the life of the Maid of Orleans. The author sketches in a happy style the story of sincerity, of purity amidst terrible moral dangers, of nobility of soul ever manifesting itself in the simplicity of her words and in the wonderful deeds which proclaim Joan as truly sent "of God." An appendix contains the decree concerning the cause for her beatification: The publishers, Duckworth & Co., London, offer the book through Benziger Brothers, New York, their American representatives.

A CATHEDRAL COURTSHIP AND NELOPE'S ENGLISH EXPERIENCES, by Kate Douglass Wiggin, forms the first of a series of most delightfully instructive stories of travel throughout England, Ireland and Scotland.

The impressions made upon a young American girl—accompanied by a maiden aunt-while journeying through the historic towns of Winchester, Salisbury, Wells, Bath, Bristol, Gloucester, Oxford, London, Ely, Lincoln, York and Durham are depicted in most charming language.

The memoranda of the hero and heroine reveal a mutual interest excited by a ludicrous meeting of the youthful tourists in Winchester Cathedral. Successive accidental happenings at different stages of the journey develop a sweet romance, which excludes all sentiment concerning the antiquity of English cathedrals or the expression of exaggerated reverence for High Church ritual. PENELOPE'S ENGLISH EXPERIENCES, PENELOPE'S PROGRESS and PENELOPE'S IRISH EXPERIENCES are the record of the adventures of Francesca, Salemina and Penelope, three unmarried American ladies of discreet character, whose social standing entitles them to the indulgence of their mirthful proclivities in a most unconventional manner of sightseeing. Excursions by the trio through the most picturesque spots of the British isles form the groundwork of three delightful love stories, in which an English, Scotch and Irish lover woo and win in their characteristic fashions.

Miss Wiggin is singularly free from prejudice in her delineation of national peculiarities. She has not seen fit to descend to the level of would-be popular writers who labor to portray the Irish character in colors as glaring as they are absurdly false. From Penelope's experiences of the Irish we quote an unbiased opinion:

"The tourist who looks upon the Irishman as a merry-Andrew of the Englishspeaking world, and who expects every jarvey he meets to be as whimsical as bound in green and gold, comes to us from

Mickey Free, will be disappointed. I have a strong suspicion that ragged, jovial Mickey Free himself, delicious as he is, was created by Lever to satisfy the Anglo-Saxon idea of low-comedy Irishman. You will live in the Emerald Isle for many a month and not meet the clown or villain so familiar to you in modern Irish plays. Dramatists have made a stage Irishman to suit themselves, and the public and the gallery are disappointed if anything more reasonable is substituted for him. You will find, too, that you do not easily gain Paddy's confidence. Misled by his careless, reckless impetuosity of demeanor, you might expect to be the confidant of his joys and sorrows, his hopes and expectations, his faiths and beliefs, his aspirations, fears, longings, at the first interview. Not at all; you will sooner be admitted to a glimpse of the travelling Scotchman's or the Englishman's inner life, family history, personal ambition. Glacial enough at first, and far less voluble, he melts soon enough, if he likes you. Meantime, your impulsive Irish friend gives himself as freely at the first interview as at the twentieth; and you know him as well at the end of a week as you are likely to at the end of a year. He is a product of the past, be he gentleman or peasant. A few hundred years of necessary reserve concerning articles of political and religious belief have bred caution and prudence in stronger natures, cunning and hypocrisy in weaker ones."

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, are entertaining the publishers of these books-incomparable of their kind.

In the details of printing and binding, excellence of workmanship and artistic design are evident. A CATHEDRAL COURT-SHIP is enshrined in an ancient gray dress. Penelope's Progress stone through Scotland appears in a suggestive "frock" of Highland plaid, while Ps-NELOPE'S IRISH EXPERIENCES are radiantly environed by "the shamrock so green."

THE PRAYER OF S. SCHOLASTICA AND OTHER POEMS, by Lady Lindsey, prettily

ynard & Co., Boston, These le not remarkable for force or express a wide range of emoire not only pleasing, but in nces beautiful. The themes inon, war, love and nature, with here a touch of humor. The 1 which gives the title to the Prayer of S. Scholastica," is mbitious in the collection. It in blank verse and embodies ul legend of S. Scholastica and · S. Benedict. Another strong 'The Poet's Slumber Song." luisite legends of the martyrs of the Church are recorded in I musical verse, among them and the Lion" and "The S. Fina." Two poems written tish dialect, "The Knitter" and oast Lullaby" are notable, the pathos and deep human symsecond for its fine imagery. quality is also emphasized in Love Song" and "Autumn." ad of the Marigold" expresses verse the belief held in Britwhose is truly pure in heart special morning touches bareigold flower, gains thereby the of the language of birds. The ses with several love songs, bit a delicate fancy couched in graceful form.

ie American Book Company, we have received S. Basilt to Students on Greek E, by Edward R. Maloney. and a vocabulary accompanymous address will not only be delight by advanced students, ilso render the study of the ue more practicable to the betrammatical difficulties have en lessened by reference to the ved philologists.

senger Department of the Pacific Railway Company, direction of Mr. Charles S. nial general agent, has issued RLAND, 1901, an exquisitely printed and illustrated brochure that deserves a place in the library. As a merely descriptive publication for railway purposes we should not here give notice to it, despite its value to travellers, but its fund of historical information touching the Northwest entitles it to a recognition that we cheerfully accord. The General Passenger Agent will send a copy to any person who will forward to him, at St. Paul, Minn., six cents in postage. Those who have not had the opportunity of seeing the world-famed Yellowstone Park should procure a copy of this beautiful booklet.

Poor Boy's Chances is the title of a neat little volume lately received from the Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia. Its author, John Habberton, has succeeded in delineating the careers of some of our greatest American statesmen, soldiers, financiers and lawyers from poverty and obscurity to social height and eminence. It contains an earnest invitation for all whose chances are equally scanty to better their conditions by following the maxims of these national heroes, to create a noble ideal and afterwards to labor for its attainment. book is profusely illustrated and should prove a welome gift to our bright Amerian boys.

At a time when the historic novel enjoys such vogue, it is pleasant to open a volume whose spirit breathes Catholicity and devotion as an essential portion of the historic theme. New France, the land which has been the ground of many an interesting historical tale, is once again made the field of romance by Miss Mary Catherine Crowley in her charming story A DAUGHTER OF NEW FRANCE. The scene is laid partly in the old city of Quebec, but the greater portion of the romance deals with the early days of the old French settlement of Detroit. La Mothe Cadillac, who laid the foundation of the new city of Detroit, shares with the hero the interest of the story. And the heroine -the daughter of New France-is a charming type of true womanhood. We

are also pleased with the noble, dignified manner in which Miss Crowley depicts the priestly character. The description of the scenery is beautifully presented; the natural courtesy of the French character is likewise pictured in exquisite language, but we regret to add that we detect a slight vein of weakness running through the story. With this exception the tale is artistic, even dainty, a work of faultless construction. We congratulate Miss Crowley and hope to have another book very soon from her gifted pen.

The publishers, Little, Brown & Co., Boston, have omitted no detail as to paper, printing, illustrations and binding necessary for the making of a handsome book.

R. & T. Washbourne, London, and Benziger Brothers, New York, have issued a neat little volume entitled Kindness, by Father Faber, which is a re-print of one of his Conferences. Our opinion of this brochure we best express in the earnest wish that a copy might be in the hands of each of our readers (and of many who are not our readers) and that the contents of this admirable conference might be in the hearts and lives of all professing Christians. The sketch of the dear Father Faber prefacing the work is a welcome addition.

The University Publishing Company of New York has issued a new edition of MAURY'S MANUAL OF GEOGRAPHY. The excellencies of the preceding editions have been carefully adhered to, while the new features consist of beautifully colored physical maps, a trade and voyage chart and an admirable method of teaching map drawing. The changes made in the other parts are such as have been rendered necessary by the progress of geographical science. It is quite evident that the revision has been made by one who has had experience in teaching the subject. The coloring of the maps and the printing and binding of the book are of the highest order

"He had won his place as any poor and ambitious boy in any country and in any

age must win his-by hard work, by grasping at every opportunity, by constant self-denial, by courage in every failure, by springing to his feet after every fall." Nothing can be more brief or to the point in summing up the life of one of the world's greatest men than this excerpt from the biography which lies before us entitled LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONA-PARTE, by Ida M. Tarbell. It is not an exhaustive study, as many of the most important events in the life of this great man are merely alluded to; however, it embodies the principal stepping-stones in his career as a soldier, statesman and emperor, from which the reader may obtain the light necessary through which to admire the genius, indomitable will power and martial spirit possessed by this soldier of fortune. His picture, as handed down to posterity, is that of a man who, born to rule and lead nations, never lost sight of the goal towards which, as he himself firmly believed, his star of fortune had destined him. Though proud, reticent and independent, never forgetting an injury, he possessed noble qualities, such as gratitude, benevolence and sympathy: behind the imperturbable mask that he showed to the world, there was a vearning after love and affection that was first gratified late in his career, and soon again to leave him in darkness and solitude. Again, when we examine into the spiritual side and belief of Napoleon, we are puzzled. He, before whom Europe trembled, when he led his victorious army as a second Hannibal over the Alms to new and greater conquests, was superstitious to a degree bordering on the ridiculous. A broken picture was to him the foreboding of evil, while on the contrary some insignificant event was interpreted by him as the omen of a giorious future; a peculiar mixture of principles of Christianity and pagan superstition. An idea as to his religious opinion may be formed from his own words: "I carried on the war of Vendée by becoming a Catholic; I established myself in Egypt by becoming a Mussulman; I won over the priests in Italy by becoming an Ultramontane." But the star of Napoleon long maintain its dizzy height. it commenced. After his arrotion of the law of God and his putting aside his lawful wife, ion of the Papal states, the imt of the Pope and the unjust against Spain for the sake of nd humiliating England, came ind after Moscow-Waterloo. ry prisoner on St. Helena, Na-I ample time to meditate upon id downs of fickle fortune. It hat in the bitterness of his soul bered the happiest day of his t of his first Holy Communion. ography is also added a sketch ne, Empress of the French, the ictim of an ambitious husband on's policy. With its many exustrations and pleasing style judiced character-sketch is well ling. As to paper, printing and 1e publishers, McClure, Phillips y York, are to be congratulated. s are embellished with the of Napoleon surrounded by aths.

E OF S. GERLACH, by Frederick is a most pleasing biography. to be doubted that there are rhom the name of S. Gerlach is nown. The opportunity, thereudying a life, after the reading one may truly exclaim, "How are the ways of the Lord," cloome. It is a singular tale of who, while engaged in worldly was touched by the hand of hanged into an humble Knight oss of Christ. The honor and th which the Catholics of Gererate S. Gerlach is a noble testihis power and influence with interesting appendix, entitled heuer Heiligshumsforth," or Holy Pilgrimage," gives a ription of the solemnity that en years draws thousands of o the Minster, in the historic arlemagne.

nagiographical study this little ure to find a kind reception

amongst our Catholic readers. It is published by Burns & Oates, London. Benziger Brothers, New York, are the American agents.

DRINK AND ITS REMEDIES is the title of a little catechism originally compiled by Father Cullen, S. J., Dublin, and now considerably enlarged and improved by one of the Vincentian Fathers. Simultaneously issued by six different Catholic publishers, this excellent and valuable brochure may be obtained from any bookseller. In behalf of temperance and because it is an extremely practical and instructive work we earnestly commend DRINK AND ITS REMEDIES, and we hope that it will have a large sale.

R. & T. Washbourne, London, have sent us S. Dominic's Hynn Book, a compilation whose claim that it fills "a long-existing want in Dominican churches" we cannot fully endorse. Indeed, the title of the little book might be considered a misnomer. The want of harmony between words and tunes in several instances which are emphasized by the compiler as improvements, we also note as worthy of correction.

The expedition of the first white men, under the leadership of Senor Francesco Vasquez de Coronado, over the plains of Nebraska has, by the Reverend D. G. Fitzgerald of that State, been transformed into a historical romance entitled The Quest of Coronado. The material for historical information embodied in this work is well calculated to give the volmue a distinct value. As a romance, however, we cannot so fully commend it. The author is not happy in his delineation of the Franciscan friar, nor is there advantage in his reflections on divination.

The publishers, John Murphy Company, Baltimore, have given the book a neat and artistic appearance.

Having read, with deep interest and edification, the latest issue of the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, we again remind our readers of this ad-

mirable society, and we urge upon them the meritorious nature of the noble work which appeals for financial aid. Addressing the Reverend Director, S. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md., and enclosing to him the annual stipend for the Annals, you, good friend, now reading these lines, will perform an act very pleasing to God and helpful to the Faith.

QUESTIONS ASKED BY PROTESTANTS, BRIEFLY ANSWERED, by Rev. M. Philipps, Buffalo, New York, is especially arranged to give clear information on religious subjects misunderstood by non-Catholics. This pamphlet is a most desirable auxiliary in missionary work.

We have with feelings of deepest emotion perused the beautiful autobiography entitled THE LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS. a simple and childlike narrative of the Carmelite nun, Sister Therese, of the Child Jesus and the Holy Face, written by herself at the express command of her superiors. This volume is a proof of the truth that it is in the hearts of the poor and lowly, of those who remain meek and humble, that the Divine Bridegroom delights to dwell, bestowing upon them His choiest blessings. We deem it fitting to give a brief synopsis of the beautiful life of this innocent spouse of Christ. Sister Therese was born at Christmastide, 1873. in Alenzon. Her parents were pious and God-fearing. From her earliest infancy she seemed to have been chosen by God to illuminate and gladden the little world around her, and then after a few years to disappear as a meteor and to enter those dwellings not built by the hands of man. In a singular manner she was drawn to God and to those things pertaining to His Kingdom. At the early age of fifteen she was permitted, by a special dispensation, to enter the Carmelite Order, where for seven years she edified and guided her sisters along the difficult path of spiritual perfection. After a long illness, during which she suffered untold agonies, the Divine Lover of souls took away His little girl-spouse to the iand of erternal love on October 30, 1896. It is not possible that a life so richly adorned will be without influence on posterity, and we join in the pious wish and hope of the translator of this work, Michael H. Dziewicki, that God will deign to show conclusively to the world how dear to Him was this self-denying, loving and faithful servant. The world is better for having known this saintly nun, even though her stay in it was short. We earnestly hope that the reading of her life may determine many a young girl who feels called and is yet hesitating to select with Mary the better part which shall not be taken away.

Burns & Oates, London, the publishers, have printed the book on good paper, from large clear type, and, as an appropriate cover, they have added a substantial binding. Benziger Brothers, New York, are the American agents.

As a special aid to the Clergy, Religious and the laity in general we recommend THE ILLUMINATIVE WAY, by Rev. P. J. Michael of Coutances, Prior of the Grand Chartreuse and forty-fifth General of the Carthusian Order. In ten meditations the life, sufferings and death of our Divine Lord are depicted, while at the same time the hidden manna is pointed out to the soul. The masterly manner in which the author brings forth Scriptural beauties, the lucidity employed in analysing the sacred text, and the forcible style in which it is represented, gives the book a special mission as a guide and councillor to those employed in conducting retreats. The book is translated by K. Digby Rest and published by Benziger Brothers, New York.

From the press of M. H. Wiltzius & Co. Milwaukee, Wisconsin, we have received a Biographical Cyclopedia of the Catholic Hierarchy of the United States, by Francis X. Reuss, life member of the A. C. H. S., Philadelphia. As a reliable reference book in the matter of dates, places and persons in the records of American Bishops, Abbots and Monsignori, historians and other students will derive a decided benefit from its reading.

CALENDAR FOR AUGUST.

ter in Chains. (Benediction.)
ne of Aza, mother of our Holy
Dominic, twelfth century.
y and Modesty.) (Benediction.)
illip Neri, Priest and Founder
igregation of Oratorians, A. D.
earning and Piety.) Sixth
in honor of the Most Holy
Votive Mass of the Rosary.)
ry of the consecration of the
everend Francis Mora, late
Monterey. (Benediction.)

SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—Our er S. Dominic, Founder of the Preachers and Institutor of the Rosary, celebrated for the nohis birth, holiness, learning, I zeal for the propagation and 1 of the true faith amongst L. D. 1221.

Jubilee Communion by the men ly Name at 8 o'clock Mass. At n High Mass, 11 o'clock, for scial music is arranged, the Fathers will officiate in f the sacred friendship of S. d S. Dominic, and according to le custom. Plenary Indulgence 3 faithful: C. C.; visit a Dohurch; prayers. Three Plenary s for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit ar; prayers; (2) C. C.; assist at prayers; (3) C. C.; assist tion of Blessed Sacrament in Rosary Confraternity; prayers. n Mass for Rosarians at 7 A. M. idulgence for members of the er: C. C.; visit; recite prayer 1e Pastor and Guide of All the or the "Our Father." Meeting nas Sodality at 2 P. M. Ennew members in the Rosary ilty. Rosary, Sermon and Bene-7:30 P. M.

y Name Jubilee procession will P. M. with Benediction of the Bacrament in S. Dominic's

of the Jublice Mission in S.

Vincent's Church, Vallejo, by Father Reginald Newell.

5—Our Lady of the Snow. Meeting of the Rosarian Reading Circle at 8 P. M. Plenary Indulgence for members of Living Rosary: C. C.; visit; prayers. (Benediction.)

6—Transfiguration of our Lord. Novena in honor of the Feast of the Assumption commences.

7—S. Cajetan, Priest and Founder of the Theatines (known as the Confraternity of the Love of God, A. D. 1547.) (Spirit of Disinterestedness.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

Commencement of Novena in honor of S. Hyacinth.

8—B. Augustine Lucera, O. P., Bishop, A. D. 1323. (Prayer and Contemplation.) Mass for the Building Association at 9 A. M.

9—B. John of Salerno, O. P., Priest, thirteenth century. (Love of Neighbor.) 10—S. Laurence, Deacon and Martyr, A. D. 253. (Love of Poor.) Seventh Saturday in honor of the Most Holy Rosary. (Benediction.)

11—SECOND SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—Octave day of our Holy Father S. Dominic. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Holy Name Confraternity: C. C.; procession; prayers. Mass for Holy Name Sodality at 7 A. M. Meeting at 3 P. M. Meeting of Men Tertiaries at 2 P. M. Procession of Holy Name, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

12—S. Clare, O. S. F., Virgin and first Abbess of the Poor Clares, A. D. 1253. (Patience in Sufferings.) Meeting of Young Men's Holy Name Society at 8 P. M.

13—S. Hippolytus and Companions, Priests and Martyrs, A. D. 252. (Repentance.)

14—Fast day. S. Emygdius, Bishop and Martyr. The principal Mass of this feast is offered that through the intercession of the Saint, God may be pleased to avert the calamity of earthquakes. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

15—THE ASSUMPTION OF OUR BLI LADY—(Holyday of Obligation.) ? Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians: Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians: (1)
C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers; (2)
C. C.; assist at procession; prayers; (3)
C. C.; visit any church; prayers. A Plenary Indulgence also for members of the Living Rosary: C. C.; prayers. A Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians on one day during the octave, chosen at will: C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers. Tertiaries may gain two Plenary Indulgences: C. C.; visit a Dominican church from first vespers (on the vigil) till sunset on the feast; prayers.

16—S. Hyacinth, O. P., Priest, A. D. 1256. His plety, learning and apostolic labors and numerous miracles have placed him as one of the foremost stars in S. Dominic's crown. Plenary Indulg-ence for all the faithful: C. C.; visit a Dominican church; prayers. (Benedic-

17—B. Emily Bicchieri, O. P., Virgin, A. D. 1314. (Purity of Intention.) Eighth Saturday in honor of the Most Holy Rosary. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

18—THIRD SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—S. Joachim, Father of our Blessed Lady. Plenary Indulgence for members of Living Rosary: C. C.; visit; prayers. Meeting of Women Tertiaries at 3 P. M. Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 sary, P. M.

19—S. Alphonsus Maria de Ligouri, Bishop, Doctor of the Church and Founder of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, A. D. 1732. (Conspicuous by his sanctity and learning.)

20—S. Bernard, Abbott, Doctor of the Church and Englishment Church and Chu

Church and Founder of the Order of Cistercians, A. D. 1153. (Love of Purity.) 21—S. Jane Frances de Chantal, Widow,

Abbess and Founder of the Congregation of the Visitation of Mary, A. D. 1641. (Purity of Affection. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

Commencement of Novena in honor of S. Rose of Lima.

22—Octave day of the Assumption. 23—B. James of Mevania, O. P., Priest, D. 1301. (Love of Purity.) (Benedic-

S. Bartholomew, Apostle. (Benedic-Ninth Saturday in honor of the 24-S. Most Holy Rosary. 25—Last Sunda

25—LAST SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—S. Louis, Confessor and King of France, A. D. 1270. (Resignation to the Will of God.) Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite the third part of the Rosary three times a week: C. C.; visit church; prayers. Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

26—S. Philip Beniti, Priest, Servite, A. D. 1285. (Charity Towards the Sick.) Meeting of Young Men's Holy Name Society at 8 P. M.

27—S. Joseph Calasanctius, Priest and Founder of the Congregation of the Regu-lar Clerks of the Mother of God for the Education of Poor Children, A. D. 1648. (Spirit of Self-denial.)

Lecture by Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P., in S. Dominic's, 8 P. M. Subject: "Alexander the Sixth and Savonarola." The proceeds will be offered as a testimonial to the Dominican Sisters.

28—S. Augustine, Bishop, Doctor of the Church and Founder of the Order of Augustinians, A. D. 430. (True Repentance.) (Benediction.)

29-The martyrdom of S. John the Baptist, A. D. 32.

30—S. Rose of Lima, O. P., Virgin. A. D. 1617. The first and fairest flower of sanctity in the new world. Plenary Indulgence for all the faithful: C. C.; visit Dominican church; prayers. (Benedic-

Commencement of Novena in honor of our Lady's Nativity.

31-S. Raymond Nonnatus, Priest of the Order of our Lady of Mercy for the Redemption of Captives, A. D. 1240. (Seraphic Devotion.) Tenth Saturday in aphic Devotion.) Tenth Saturday in honor of the Most Holy Rosary. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

A Plenary Indulgence may be gained once a month on any day chosen by the members of the Holy Name Sodality who make daily a quarter of an hour's meditation. Conditions: C. C.; prayers.

A Plenary Indulgence may be gained on all Saturdays and Sundays by Tertiaries: C. C.; visit a Dominican church; prayers.

The members of the Angelic Warfare may gain two Plenary Indulgences each month, on days selected at will. For the first the conditions are: (1) Daily recitation of the prayer "My Dear Jesus"; (2) C. C. on any day determined; (3) prayers. For the second: (1) The daily recitation of the prayer "Chosen Lily of Innocesses": of the prayer "Chosen Lily of Innocence" 2 and 3 as above.

The Patron Saints for the Living Rosary of this month are: The Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Louis, King; S. Ysabel, Princess; S. Clare, V.; S. Susanna, V.; S. Bernard, Ab. The Five Sorrowful Mysteries—S. Rose of Lima, V.; S. Sabina, W. M.; S. Laurence, M.; S. Augustine, B. D. The Five Glorious Mysteries—S. Bartholomew. AD.; S. Helena. Empr.: S. Bartholomew, Ap.; S. Helena, Empr.; S. Dominic, C.; S. Jane Frances de Chan-tal, W.; S. Alphonsus Liguori, B.

DOMINICANA

SEPTEMBER, 1901.

No. 9

THE "CAPITOL ON WHEELS."

SARAH C. BURNETT.

atter of some surprise to hist the records of a young State rnia should show as many as es in the location of the seat lent. And yet, when we conarge geographical area of the short years from the date of our admission, the government was located in a spot which forty-six years of experience has since shown to be the best chosen for the general good of the commonwealth.

The first session of the Legislature,



ALL IN WHICH THE CONSTITUTIONA L CONVENTION SAT AT MONTEREY

extremely rapid growth, the development of her many red the consequent shifting of tion from one field of industry, we have a greater cause for in the fact that, in four

and the inauguration of the first Governor, took place in the town of San Jose.* The Constitutional Convention had met on September 1, 1849, at Monterey, a cir-

^{*}For a sketch of Governor Burnett, see DOMINICANA for September, 1900.

cumstance that has led to the erroneous statement that the old Mexican town was the first capital of the new State. Situated in the heart of the beautiful Sauta Clara Valley, sheltered from the cold winds and heavy fogs of the ocean, yet within a distance of the sea coast found "convenient" even in those days of slow transportation, San Jose soon earned the title held by her to this day, the "Garden City" of the Pacific Coast. It seemed as though no place were more fit for the parting between the Spanish past

importance of Los Angeles and other southern cities is of extremely recent date.

But our lawgivers were not long to deliberate among the snowy blossoms and ruddy fruits of Santa Clara County. The State was large, the mining population of the eastern section was entitled to a considerable representation, the journey to San Jose was for them long and expensive. The cry went up for a more central location. On the Straits of Carquinez lay the estates of General Vallejo. He offered to



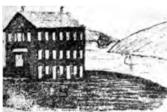
THE CAPITOL AT SAN JOSE.

and the vigorous American future. To the north of San Jose lie mainly the bustling commercial sections of the State, while to the south stretch the broad lands of the old Mission territory, where many descendants of the ancient Spanish families still make their homes, and the quiet atmosphere that surrounds them is not entirely dissipated by the noise and clamor of trade.

It may be stated, for the benefit of readers from abroad, that the commercial

present the State with a large acreage of land for the erection of public buildings together with a magnificent donation towards the cost. This offer was accepted, both by the Legislature and the voting population. But California, though young, was a wise State. Two sessions were held at Vallejo without any attempt being made to erect buildings. This method of "seeing how it would do" resulted in the discovery that the site was not desirable.

t move (a very short one) was This beautiful town, seated on the borders of the straits, 1 herself a veritable siren to ncial voyages of early days. t the floating population of the n to crystallize into cities and was supposed that the metropgrow at or near the spot where rivers meet the salt waters of isco Bay. A study of the situaw York, Philadelphia and other ities will show the reasonablehis presumption. Accordingly, :-headed business men invested tracts of property in the neighf Benicia. But, alas! Though ; there seemed favorable for the a flourishing city, the flourish-



E CAPITOL AT VALLEJO.

imply failed to grow, and the Yerba Buena, at the mouth of pidly absorbed the largest porwealth and population of the

end, Benicia became neither or metropolis. But a greater us to be hers. She was for a of the best educational centers e. Several well-known instituateligious and secular, were this quiet retreat, amongst mother houses of the First Orders of S. Dominic.

l, what would it have profited st of the earthly glory that foltread of multitudes? Were it der thing that her sunlit shores echo the chants of the whiteof monks and virgins whose ns were to bring the blessings ighty on the thoughtless multiving in the great State around

the educational institutions of

Benicia have moved to other localities; but there is glory in an honorable past, and many of our best citizens feel that the few years of their youth spent in the little town were worth more to them than many decades of a later successful career elsewhere.



THE CAPITOL AT BENICIA.

But to return to our "Capitol on Wheels"—to quote the jokers of the early fifties.

Neither Benicia nor Vallejo were found entirely convenient to the legislators from the eastern counties. The distance was less than to San Jose, but still a long journey. So, at length, in 1854, the Legis-



THE CAPITOL, SACRAMENTO.

lature established itself in Sacramento. And there the capital remained, in spite of floods, malaria or political influences. And it is worthy of note that not a stone of any public building was laid in any other than the present location.

Even if our capital was "trundled

about," as one facetious historian has remarked—what of it? Was not the capital of the nation itself moved from New York to Philadelphia, and from Philadelphia to Washington? Even the Holy Church herself has seen fit to change her seat of government more than once during the ages of her existence.

After all, what more fitting than that in this State, where so many cities and towns bear the names of God's saints and angels, the scepter of government should be held by a city bearing the most sacred title of the Lord of All? The seraphic Francis, the royal Louis, the heroic Barbara—these and many others shall be spoken of as long as our lofty

mountains rise and our mighty rivers reach the sea. But the greatest of all is the Name at which every knee shall bend.

The laws of men! Evolved from the inner consciousness of the noblest of God's creatures, perfected (as we think) by years of study and experience, entorced by a participation, as it were, of the Divine power over life and death! And yet, after all, how often powerless to restrain human passion or comfort human misery! For, in the end, when man's wisdom fails, and man's strength becomes as naught, the only reliance of the nations is in the eternal and unchangeable laws of God.

BY THE SEA.

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

O fair are these shell-strewn beaches
When the morning sunlight falls,
And over their silvery reaches
The voice of the ocean calls
To the guardian cliffs above me,
With passionate pleading strong,
"O beautiful land, I love thee!
O land, I have loved thee long!"

Beyond, where the gray mists drifting
Are fringed by the breakers' spray,
Through their vistas forever shifting
As the winds the vapors sway,
Here banners of Iris are streaming,
And there 'gainst the cloud-flecked sky
Shines a vision of white sails gleaming
As the fishers' fleet glides by.

The world with its toil and riot
And struggle seems far away,
So dreamlike the calm and quiet
Of the wide, white sands to-day.
As bright with the summer's glory,
And sweet with the balm of the breeze,
They list to the great heart story
That is told by the restless seas.

It has baffled the wisdom of sages,
That solemn, mysterious strain,
The "Chant Royal" of the ages
Sung over and over again.
As though through its deeps still
thundered

its Maker's and Master's command, The mandate of power that sundered its wasting waves from the land.

IN THE MASTER'S SCHOOL

MARGARET E. JORDAN.

Stricken when at the helm my hand would be

Guiding my given work, O Master mine! Speaketh a Voice, within me light doth

"Peace, O troubled worker! hear and see, For thou art stricken now to learn of Me New lore for doing of the work divine; Now here, now there, My ways are not as thine—

Thou seest for time, I for eternity."

And now no more I grieve when I must lay

My pen aside and bid my voice be still:

For toil alone ne'er makes the perfect day.

But this—the plan of Heaven to fulfil.

All vain the toil when God would have
me pray

And listen to the lessons of His will.

MRS. DORSEY'S WARNING.

JOHN WILKINSON.

bet you, Captain Benner, and I'll five dollars to one on it, that this it preacher that we've been listenpaying him a high salary for the ar to give us good, sound doctrine, : all nothing but a Jesuit in dis-What do you say? Now don't you o yourself?" and John Stanton of wn named after his grandfather, g on the street corner and looking e eyes of his neighbor and fellowman. Captain Benner, a retired sea waited some time for an answer. n't know," and the captain spoke "but you may be right, Mr. Stant so far he's proved himself all nd what he said last Sunday about ools, the immorality of the age, s and so on, and saying that it all from a godless education, I'm be-; to think there's a good deal in it. for his being a Jesuit in disguise, say, I've been sailing around the from a cabin boy up, have seen of the work the Jesuits accom-, read something about them, but of their being anything but priests. upon Rev. Edward Naylon as a ue to his faith and in every way or the chairmanship of the School and will vote for him to have it at t's meeting of the committee."

owd was gathering, Captain Benoice being strong and forgetting by pitching it too high, he felt he ring too much, so turning upon his walked away. Enough had been however, to give the wagging of the town material for further as high on barrels in grocery they talked of the contention in thool Board, the Episcopal minlast Sunday sermon and the probof his being "a Jesuit in dis-

The last thought was a horr die Vould not the town go up in smoke ight—burnt to the ground by this is, smiling, dark villain whose vas dark plots and counter-plots?

Leaving the village center in an excitable state of mind, Captain reached his home, as Miss Goulding, the new teacher, who was to board at the captain's, was going out. Looking at the pleasant-faced girl as she was drawing on her gloves, he was tempted to ask what church she belonged to-Episcopal, Baptist or Congregational. Not that he cared about it himself, but hoped on her own account, as there was a dark cloud coming up, she should prove to be as far from a Catholic as possible. It was her first day, she having come to fill out a vacancy. The captain repressed his curiosity, only saying he hoped she would find all pleasant at the school. He was surprised and taken somewhat aback to see her go out by way of the porch, where she stopped to speak to the washerwoman, Mrs. Dorsey. Had he heard the question asked the woman at the tub, his heart would have almost stopped beating.

"Are you a Catholic?" Such were the words that Mrs. Dorsey heard, as, not noticing the approaching footsteps, she was bearing her strength on the wash-board. Looking into the blue eyes that met hers she reddened—stopped her washing, and, looking steadfastly at the questioner, answered, "And what else would I be?"

"Will you kindly tell me when you will have services—evening services:"

Mrs. Dorsey resumed her washing, and, as she drew the garment back and forth slowly on the washboard, said—all the time looking at her work: "Be on your guard, Miss. The one ye are taking the place of was told to go when it was found out on her that she was a Catholic. Himself here is good enough, but they're not all that way—there's a minister on the Boord an' he's black. It's sermon and Benediction to-night at eight. But be on yer guard."

In the same low voice Mary Goulding answered, thanked the woman at the tub and passed on. Mrs. Dorsey did not know it was the minister whom she denominated as "black" who was the friend of the girl she was speaking to, and had brought her name forward at the last meeting of the school committee before its reorganization. On the other hand, Mary Goulding had found by what Mrs. Dorsey said that in Captain Benner she would be be apt to find a friend, if the test should come before the School Board. And Captain Benner himself, never thinking to include the fourth and last "meeting house in town," the one on High Hill, when wondering to himself which was Miss Goulding church, was only thinking of the fight he would have that night in the meeting of the committee to place at its head Rev. Mr. Naylon.

The three Protestant church bells were ringing that night, and Mrs. Benner, preparing to attend the Episcopal, was to have her husband's company down the street. They were asking each other the propriety of asking Miss Goulding which of the three she attended, when the young teacher came into the room.

"We are going out, Miss Goulding," said Mrs. Benner, "I to attend church and Mr. Benner to go to a meeting of the School Board, so we will have to leave you alone—without you are also going out."

She stopped herself before asking the question she wanted to ask, and which was burning her tongue, for the young girl had stepped into the hallway and was putting on her cloak.

"Yes, Mrs. Benner," she said, "I am going out, too. I am going to my church and you are going to yours." She turned back into the parlor with a sweet smile as she said this, a smile that captivated while the words were pronounced with firmness and dignity. "Our churches," she continued, "are different, Mrs. Benner. I am a Catholic and am going to the Catholic church to-night. I feel I ought to tell you at first the whole story."

The bells of the three churches were ringing more clamorously than ever as the school teacher said this. The face of the captain's wife lengthened and clouded, and he himself saw the mountain of bigotry he would have to contend with that night at the meeting of the Board, if

this last work of "the Jesuit in disguise" should become known. And it was known. Leaving the house together, Mary Goulding parted with the Benners in the village and turned to S. Michael's Church, the cross of which she had seen glittering in the sun the moment she left the train on coming to the town.

The meeting of the Board was a stormy one. John Stanton in passing the Catholic church had seen the new school teacher entering its door. Rev. Mr. Naylon not being present, he was attacked on all sides, save by the captain. The sailor's words for his clergyman were strong, but he was breasting a sea deeper and wilder than any the oceans had given with him, and his craft "Fair Play" "Merit" lettered at the masthead, went down. Not only was Rev. Mr. Naylon defeated for the office of Chairman of the Board, but a resolution was passed, with only one dissenting voice, that he should resign. In the case of Miss Shields there was no one who knew what her religion was until she came and no one was to blame. But here a teacher was brought forward by one who knew her unfitness to teach American children, one who himself was as far from the spirit of true Americanism as was the teacher he imposed upon them. So said, in effect, John Stanton, and Captain Benner, thinking of the much-discussed sermon of the previous Sunday, thought of the modern Americanism it denounced. But it was not the place at that meeting to use words of reason, and the captain allowed the next vote, calling upon the new teacher to give up her position forthwith, without expressing his disapproval.

Silence reigned at Captain Benner's table the next morning, until it was at last broken by the old sailor, who feelingly told Mary Goulding the decision of the School Board. He was still speaking of it, and that while she might teach that day, still he hoped she would not—for the sake of her own dignity, when the doorbell rang and the servant announced Rev. Mr. Naylon. Meeting the captain and Miss Goulding in the parlor, he said that the events of last night had hurried him to the final step. Next Sunday he would announce to his congregation his detar-

ι of entering the Catholic Church. cotry that was outside it and around it had forced him to this. hoped to live in the religion of nts, to preach it, and, occupying le ground, offer when occasion imit, an equal chance to all. But owness of the self-styled "deof our institutions" had been at ight out so bare, had shown him long as he believed in the Cathrch, now was his time, when it k and its believers were being to be instantly and without hesitation a postulant for admisher fold.

Mary," he said, turning his eyes, e young teacher, while Captain heart beat warm at the words d, "when my father met your orty years ago, both on the same ning to America, my father was and your father was Irish. But u and I were born, although near 1er-your father being our gardnu were born and grew up an ild and I an American—at least the distinction given us by those nanner born because one child is nt and one Catholic. And it is that you are called to-day to reir position in this town, and it is I championed your cause that am asked to resign my place on a's School Board."

The warm-hearted and impulsive old sea captain could contain himself no longer, and springing to his feet grasped the hand of Mr. Naylon.

"I believe with you—almost want to go with you," he said. "You have made me look at things around us in a different light than I have ever before seen them."

"Think well upon it," replied Edward Naylon. "Your heart is in the right place, captain, and whether you come into the light of the Church in full or not, I'm sure God will reward you. And you, Mary Goulding, did not think when I brought you here that your coming would cause the storm it did. I thought my popularity would tide you over. But I did not think that you would be so indiscreet as to go to Father Fay's church the first night." Edward Naylon laughed as he said this, and Mary Goulding smiled her reply:

"I only did what I was brought up to

An hour later, as Captain Benner was helping Mary Goulding into the carriage, she saw the washerwoman Mrs. Dorsey, entering the side gate. The heavy little woman as she was going by looked neither to the right nor the left, but straight ahead, as she said in an undertone:

"I told ye to be on yer guard. That minister's black."

the Saviour's Blessed Mother. elect, above all other, l of honor, full of grace; ordained from years eternal, Wisdom's hand supernal, ought from Adam's ruined race.

—Adam of S. Victor.

Volumes! richest treasures! of delicious pleasures!
eyes rejoicing please,
hands in rapture seize!

wits and musing sages. who beamed through many ages, your conscious leaves their story, red to trust you with their glory; w their hope of fame achieved, lumes, you have not decei

-- Isaac D'Isracli.

I love my books! They are companions

Sterling in worth, in friendship most sincere; Here talk I with the wise in ages gone,

And with the nobly gifted of our own.

If love, joy, laughter, sorrow please my mind,

Love, joy, grief, laughter in my book I find.

-Francis Bennoch.

Nought treads so silent as the foot of time.—Young, Love of Fame.

Time wasted, is existence; used, is life.-Young, Night Thoughts.

I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.-Richard III.

KATHERINE E, CONWAY.

MARY SARSFIELD GILMORE.

In the present day's galaxy of famous Catholic women of the younger generation, Katherine E. Conway, poet, novelist, essavist, critic and editor, shines forth the "cynosure of neighboring eyes," commanding the recognition, respect, admiration and enthusiastic tribute of the intellectual and artistic world in general as well as of Catholic circles in particular. Edmund Clarence Stedman, in his anthology of American poets, and Dr. Edward Everett Hale in his journalistic organ, are but two of the many illustrious non-Catholic men of letters whose recognition of Miss Conway's genius has been spontaneous, generous and sincere. As the greater portion of her work has been distinctively Catholic, the significance of such alien tribute speaks for itself.

Of the State of New York, the city of Rochester, Miss Conway is a daughter, by birth; and the schooldays of her childhood were divided between her natal city's convent of the Sisters of Charity and Academy of the Sacred Heart. Later, she became a pupil of S. Mary's Academy, Buffalo; which has the honor of claiming her as its graduate. During her four years' senior course in that prominent institution, the Providence that subtly shapes the human instrument for its destined work favored her with two preceptors whose influence upon her gifted youth can hardly be overestimated-Madame Ernestine Nardin, a spiritual child of Pere de Ravignon, graduate of the University of Paris, and a remarkable scholar in the severer studies, to whom Miss Conway owes her mastery of the best French literature; and Miss Eliza Smyth, an English convert (received into the Church by Father J. B. Dalgairns, the Oratorian), whose literary and artistic family were in social touch with Dickens, Thackeray, and all their brilliant contemporaries. Both these noted women recognized and developed their young pupil's literary gift, with what illustrious success the world already knows.

While still in her early 'teens, the unusual merit of Miss Conway's verse and prose commanded the attention of the Right Reverend Bishop of Rochester, who nutured his young literary protegee on the writings of Cardinal Newman, and her career may be said to have begun in the columns of the Rochester Daily Union. When her previously wealthy father's sudden financial reverses forced her into the professional arena, she accepted the position of assistant editor of the Buffalo Catholic Union and Times, a position which she retained for three years (publishing, meantime, her first volume of poems, "On the Sunrise Slope"), and which she resigned only when the late lamented John Boyle O'Reilly, who recognized the divine spark in the young writer's work, offered her an associate editorial position which, in conection with Mr. James Jeffrey Roche, Miss Conway still holds upon the Boston Pilot. In the New World's literary Mecca, Miss Conway's strong intellect, sensitive, artistc temperament and creative literary genius naturally found their congenial atmosphere; and even as her Boston friends have recorded for the author a succession of ever higher and more successful achievements, so, socially and personally to the woman, as well, they have proved a happy "coming into her own"-undoubtedly an inspiring experience for the sensitive child of genius. But Miss Conway's devotion to her art in all its phases, and the conscientiousness with which she regards her labor of love as the duty of the steward faithful to the Master's talent, are the supreme solutions of the incredibly generous output of her proific brain. Many a veteran author whose life-work has been devoted to letters exclusive of journalism, boasts 8 shorter scroll of Fame than already bears the name of the woman, still comparatively young, whose editorial duties are necessarily an onerous and ceaseless tax

id her initiatory Boston publicaristian Symbols and Stories of 3," written in collaboration with kine Clement, the art writer, no eight most successful books, nto many editions, stand to Miss credit in every sense of the rely the highest tribute of praise be given an author in the presof degenerate, impious and imerature. Specified, these books tchwords From John Boyle Edited and With Estimate," shortly after the sadly premauniversally lamented death of rtal patriot and poet, whose perndship it was Miss Conway's tune to possess; four very popunes in entertaining essay style, ly entitled "A Lady and Her "Making Friends and Keeping "Questions of Honor in the Life," and "Bettering Ourcomprising the earlier numbers 'amily Sitting-Room Series," for w volumes are in preparation; otsteps in Well-Trodden Ways, ful book of European travel, by a prominent critic as "a mine of religious, artistic and al lore indispensable to every tourist, and appealing alike to nt and to the reader whose exaim is entertainment"; " A Lilies," a volume de luxe or deand exquisite poetry; and her al, "The Way of the World and ys," only just published in book which, as is proved by advance r the first edition, has already ed its public; unusual attention een attracted by its absorbing dramatic development, during erial publication in the Boston

me and vitality. In addition to

volume of poems already men-

rident from this summary of her 38 Conway's genius is essentially even the most able critics differher special line (if a professional be pardoned) since hers seems hal progress up each and every avenue she chooses to enter. Personally, Miss Conway inclines to rank her prose writings above her songs, and looks toward the field of the novelist as the arena in which she will yet win her crowning colors; but many of her more recent, as well as her early friends-and among the latter may be mentioned J. W. De Forest, the novelist-have recognized her as pre-eminently the "poet born," and not a few of her warmest admirers regret that her many-sided literary character has been developed at the expense of her purely poetic powers, which are the rarest and highest, even though not the most lucrative of the Muses' benizons. But there is small doubt that the real genius of Miss Conway, whose struggle for fame and fortune is already behind her even in her youthful prime, must yet assert itself irresistibly; impelling her into the path toward which the many bypaths have been providentially leading, and whose prophetic echoes are already responding to the tribute of the world.

Remembering her journalistic career, which, as has already been said, makes her prolific authorship a marvel, it seems incredible that Miss Conway should be likewise the enthusiastic president of the Boyle O'Reilly Reading Circle, acknowledged to be the largest, most enterprising and most successful circle in this country; an active member of the Boston Authors' Club, and a reader of brilliant original essays on religious and intellectual topics before prominent literary and social clubs. Such is the truth, however, which by no means deters Miss Conway from dispensing a large, generous and most gracious hospitality from her own delightful hearthstone. To quote the words of a recent writer, "In Miss Conway's beautiful home, filled with books, pictures and all that constitutes culture and refinement, one is apt to meet most of the Boston celebrities as well as those of the other cities who may be passing through this 'modern Athens.'" This home is now a domestic monarchy, since recent years record the death of Miss Conway's parents, her brother's marriage and her sister's foreign career as foundress of the Colegio Americano, affiliated with the University of the Argentine Republic. But in personal charm, as well as in cordial hospitality, the presiding genius of the present household is a host in herself; and the many guests she enthusiastically welcomes and reluctantly speeds, bear witness to her equal popularity, whether as lovable woman or successful author.

The sketch of a famous woman is incomplete without a satisfactory portrait of its subject, and it is to be regretted that no reproduction of the camera's reflection can convey a just idea of the intense eves and illuminative smile which. upon first meeting with Miss Conway, im press one as her characteristic and most striking attractions. Her dark, direct, magnetic gaze suggests the appealing yet intuitive scrutiny of the child as well as of the woman, and the contagious glee of her beautifully irradiating smile is at once resistless and lovely. Generally speaking, Miss Conway is the antithesis of the literary woman depicted by tradition. Instead of tall and angular, she is graciously rounded and not above medium height, with a beautifully shaped head bowed under "woman's crown of glory," as well as beneath its wreath of Fame. Her perfectly modeled hands and arms are "things of beauty," and her voice is gently soft and musical, with no strident note of assertion or demand. In nature she is deeply devotional, intensely earnest, and au fond, as emotional as needs must be the artist "born." Her ideals are of the highest, her unswerving principles masculine rather than feminine in their uncompromising strength and honor, and her entire life a scathing, albeit self-unconscious, rebuke to the frivolous, false and unscrupulous type of womanhood, the pain and pity of whose ignominious existence and material standards are a pathetic problem to Miss Conway's lofty, idealistic and conscientious soul. But even as the mute example of her life is an incarnate inspiration, so is the pure, high work of her gifted pen an active and eloquent missionary, faithfully fulfilling its exalted vocation in the literary field. Hence, since upon high poetic authority

"We needs must love the highest when we see it,"

the universal popularit of Katherine E. Conway—alike eminent as author, editor. Catholic and woman—is both an enviable problem solved for the present generation and a foregone conclusion for generations yet to come.

It is deeply to be regretted that the present article cannot include adequate examples of the versatility, power and brilliance of Miss Conway's pen; but the following brief quotation will reveal the high vision and exalted ethics characterizing her Muse in each and every realm of literature, whether disguised in the garb of prose, or revealed in her native and royal crown of "truth and pure delight and heavenly lays," as Wordsworth describes poesy:

SUCCESS.

"Ah, know what true success is. Young hearts dream—

Dream nobly, and plan loftily, nor deem
That length of years is length of living.

A whole life's labor in an hour is done: Not by world-tests the Heavenly crown is won—

To God the man is what he means to be."

The formula of the Rosary, too, is excellently adapted to prayer in commonso that it has been styled, not without reason, "the Psalter of Mary." And that old custom of our forefathers ought to be preserved or else restored, according to which Christian families, whether in town or country, were religiously wont at close of day, when their labors were at an end, to assemble before a figure of our Lady, and alternately recite the Rosary. She, delighted at this faithful and unanimous homage, was ever near them, like a loving mother surrounded by her children, distributing to them the blessings of domestic peace, the foretaste of the peace of Heaven.—Our Holy Father, Leo XIII.

RABBONI THAT I MAY SEE.

A. M. B.

was in the sky—the peacefulness norn lay on the sunkiss'd earth ed upon His flowers to their ver hearts that would be hearts and break their little lives for ipon this gracious morn had disciples, John and all the rest, icho, and multitudes of people r, treading in the sacred marks aled feet had made upon the sod, tout the gates of Jericho to into the country's sweet reig by the way side Bartimeus, man, son of Timeus, called, ing when the Nazarene came by. of Bartimeus were sealed from sweet sun was night and grief revolved 'round shadows black (ht), lay when he heard that He was

broke forth in one long, piteous , Son of David, mercy have! cy on me, 0 thou Son of David!"

rebuked him for his great pre-

ion, g up his voice a great deal more "Have mercy on me, O Son of

100 s. standing still with great com-

n ed Bartimeus to be called.

y who had rebuked went forth aid

iter sends for thee, be better d!"

with he arose, and casting off ent he leaped up and came to

drops streaming from his sightis from those eyes that spake a All white and spotless like a lily stood, And said to Bartimeus: "What woulds't thou have?

What wilt thou that I should do to thee?"
"Raboni, that I may see!" the blind man asked.

And Jesus said, Go thou thy way, thy faith

Hath made thee whole." And he arose and follow'd Him.

The Scriptures say no more of this true heart,

But we must know the great rejoicing sight

Which stretched before him to the right and left

Both pleasur'd his rejoicing heart and sight;

The bright and gleaming garments of the crowd.

The myriad bearded faces of the men With wonderment depicted on each brow, Benign and kindly women at Him gazing With hearts of love. Ah, me, to last how long?

Among the maidsthe multitudes sweet, gentle

Innocent children, buds He loved so well. Above, the glorious dome of Heaven— His Heav'n, which gave its Son to be our life

And would shield Him 'neath its canopy of blue;

But love had left the earth, nay e'en the sky.

All Bartimeus saw with raptured sight—And follow'd after Him both night and

day.
But there did come a time when he oft wish'd

His eyes were sealed as in days of yore Before he asked the Nazarene for sight. For now His earth was grieving with a moan

And sending forth a sigh for blood and death, And "Crucify" was cried from far and

near;

While Bartimeus, prone upon the ground, Shed tears, bewailed his sight, and moan'd for death.

highest civilization the book is still the highest delight. He who has once is satisfactions is provided with a resource against calamity. Angels they of entertainment, sympathy and provocation — silent guides, tractable , historians and singers, whose embalmed life is the highest feat of art; 7 cast their moonlight illumination over solitude, weariness and fallen -- Emerson.

BLESSED CATHARINE OF RACONIGI, VIRGIN.

(A. D. 1486-1547.)

Biessed Catharine was born at Raconigi, in Piedmont, A. D. 1486. The place of her birth was an old, half-ruined hut, exposed to all the inclemency of the weather, for her parents had been reduced to extreme poverty in consequence of the war then raging between the Duke of Savoy and the. Marquis of Saluzzo. The child had to suffer many hardships from her infancy, but she bore all with patience, and even in those tender years was honored with many wonderful tokens of the Divine favor. One day she broke a cup which her mother greatly valued, and, as she was weeping inconsolably in expectation of being severely punished, a beautiful child suddenly appeared in the room, picked up the broken pieces, restored the cup to her whole and entire and then vanished from her sight. At the age of five, our B. Lady mystically espoused her to the Infant Jesus, in presence of many angels and saints, and in particular of S. Jerome, S. Peter, Martyr, and S. Catherine of Siena. On this occasion our Divine Lord gave these three Saints to her as her special patrons and protectors, and also commanded a seraph to watch over her for the remainder of her life, in addition to the angel who had guarded her from her birth. Her heavenly espousals with the Beloved of her soul were renewed on two subsequent occasions with circumstances of great solemnity.

When she was fourteen, as she was praying earnestly before daybreak on the Feast of S. Stephen, and telling that glorious Protomartyr that the Apostles had especially given women into his keeping, and that therefore she hoped he would take her under his protection and help her to preserve her virginity, he appeared to her, bidding her be of good courage, for her prayer was heard and she should presently be filled with grace of the Holy Spirit. Then three rays of light descended upon her, and she heard a voice saying, "I come to dwell in thee, and to purge,

illuminate, enkindle and animate thy soul."

Nor was this the only time on which she visibly received the Holy Ghost. He had come upon her in the form of a dove when she was only five years old; and He came on two later occasions, once as a shining cloud, and again under the form of tongues of fire.

One Christmas night, as she was meditating on the birth of the Divine Infant, the seraph who had been given as her guardian transported her to Bethlehem, where she beheld the Holy Child in vision. and was permitted to take Him in her arms and caress Him. Several times her Divine Spouse took her heart out of her body to cleanse and beautify it, as he had done to her patroness, S. Catharine of Siena. Indeed, the tokens of Divine favor granted to her bore a strong resemblance to those bestowed on the seraphic Saint of Siena, and the whole character of the sanctity of both was, so to speak, cast in the same mould.

Like S. Catharine, she became a member of the Third Order of S. Dominic, still continuing to live amongst seculars; like her, too, she received the impress of the sacred Stigmata, which, by her own request, were invisible to the eyes of others. She was permitted to share in the sufferings caused to her Divine Spouse by His crown of thorns; she often received Holy Communion in a miraculous manner; and, like S. Thomas Aquinas, she was guided by the hands of angels. The words, "Jesu, spes mea" ("Jesus, my Hope"), were seteral times inscribed in letters of gold upon her heart. And all the while this wonderful life of visions and raptures was being lived, B. Catharine's surroundings were those of a poor peasant woman, obliged to work hard to earn daily bread for herself and her family. She would sometimes feel tempted to repine at being thus continually kept at her weaving without moment's respite; and once, when she was

rs old, as she thought of the ant her poor mother had to aned her head on her loom tears, fervently commendy of her home to the provite Then her Divine Spouse er under the form of a child destitute as herself and of her. She answered that lesired to help Him, she had agle thing on earth that she

Then the Holy Child made a to her, gave her a piece of vide food for the family and or to bear poverty cheerfully note.

daughter of S. Dominic, B. s full of zeal for souls, and t her Divine Spouse to shut hell. When told that her de-

sire was an impossible one, she implored that He would exercise His justice on herself and have compassion on poor sinners. She was often taken in a miraculous manner to visit persons who lived a great distance from her home, that she might warn them of the spiritual dangers which threatened them. By her prayers and penance she obtained the release of many souls from Purgatory, and she was sometimes permitted to take their sufferings upon herself, and thus to hasten their admission into the joys of Paradise.

After a life of wonderful union with God and entire self-renunciation, she died, abandoned by her friends and deprived even of her Confessor, on September 4, A. D. 1547, in her sixty-second year. She was beatined by Pius VII.

OUR LADY'S NAME.

MARY A. CONROY.

one! O Undefiled! te and fair, speak thy holy name thy name to bear!

as loving thee doth give, a can never know; an soften every ill, ery care and woe. O Blessed One! To God so dear, The honored Queen of Heaven, The Angels' Mistress—priceless gift By God to mortals given.

O Lady, help us on our way, Our beacon-light still be, Thou peerless Maiden, Virgin pure Star shining o'er life's sea!

THE WILD FLOWER.

MARY ALLEGRA GALLAGHER.

in's bride," I gently asked, nature's wild?" taken, miss." she said, psy's child." "What do they call you?" I replied;
"Kind miss, I hardly know,
I never had a name, it seems,
I simply 'come and go.'"

I called on Beauty then to learn Why overlook'd this flow'r. "To give a fitting name to her Is not in Beauty's pow'r."

THE STORY OF A CALIFORNIA INDIAN.

KATHARINE WALLACE.

CHAPTER I.—AN INDIAN BOY AND HIS DOG.

Upon the tree-top a blue bird is singing so loud and sweet that we wonder how so much melody comes from one small throat. The notes of the little singer ring out through the forest trees that rise in scattered groves on the southern slope of the Sierra Madre. A little Indian boy, with his bronzed face and twinkling prown eyes, stands shaking his pointed straw sombrero at the bird upon the tree; he whistles, and the little singer twitters an answer back. A big shaggy dog dashes thro' the underbrush, and seemed to catch the boy's thoughts, for he, too, stops and watches the bird, looking up and barking cheerily. Then he bounds off, leaping and gamboling as merrily as the birds who are twittering and hopping about on the topmost branches of the trees. Soon the boy and dog are lost to sight among the scruboaks. Shortly we see them again on the old Indian trail going towards the town of Juan Capistrano. They stop at the ruins of an old adobe hut and the boy is carefully watching the cliff swallows, a most industrious bird, who builds its six-inch nest in a few days in a way somewhat different from other birds, with one side flat against the wall. Antonio, our little Indian hero, has a great love for birds and knows the habits and songs of most all the birds of his neighborhood. The boy and his faithful dog are the very best of friends, and both often stop on their way to watch the bright birds as they fly from bough to bough, twittering and singing among the pines. All save the eagle, so big and powerful, who flaps his great wings hovering in the air while calling to his mate. The eagle never came near enough for Antonio to very closely watch him: indeed, he was so big and large that the boy would rather he kept at a safe distance. The little town towards which Antonio is walking lies in a fair and smiling country. West are the rolling waters of the blue Pacific Ocean, east tower the grand old Sierras. As far as eye can reach there is a golden abundance. Fruit is ripe in the orchard; rosy-cheeked apples and brown pears hang upon the trees; plums and apricots shine in green leaves. Orange and lemon trees lie in endless rows before us: farther away the corn stands in thick sheaves and the meadows are full of busy men. The very air is redolent of peace and plenty. The whole country seems to be a veritable haven of rest. It is now high noon; sweet and thrilling over the hills and thro' the valley comes the sound of the Angelus bell from the old Spanish church, ringing loud and clear thro' the summer air, telling to the world of men that wonder of wonders: "The word made flesh that dwelt among us." It is a reminder of the old Catholic days of Califernia before greed and lust of gold devastated that beautiful country. When the Indians and the Franciscan Fathers lived side by side in peace, abundance and happiness. All down the coast from Santa Barbara to San Diego was once peopled by peaceable Catholic Indians. The settling up of the country by Americans has changed the whole face of nature. The greedy whites have driven the Indians away from their homes like dogs. In a few generations the old American Indian will be but a memory, and the opportunity to keep faith with him, to be just and generous in our dealings with him, will have past by forever. The treachery and injustice of the whites to the poor Indian is something we Americans should blush to recall.

At last it looked as if Divine Providence interfered and that far-away country was shaken by a terrible earthquake; houses rocked to and fro, cracked and fell to ruin; the atmosphere was filled with fine dust that was stifling. Steeples and churches swung like trees in a storm. The mighty ocean rolled and roared like an angry God, and the waters of the rivers ran yellow as sulphur. The bells of the Church of San Luis Rey rang out as if by some invisible hand. The walls of the

iplit, crumbled and fell to ruin. the neighboring orchards and were destroyed. The whiskey the Indians were well shaken frightened, too; the butchers ho had slaughtered the Indians ieir last days had come. Ruins rthquake are yet to be seen at strano and other places. The le ranch where our little Indian was once a part of the princely s of the old Mexican family

A tract of some 100 acres had hased years before our story Cornelius O'Donovan, an Irish of good birth and breeding, with his amiable and intellihad made their home here in a perfect little paradise. Mrs. was known to the whole counr her generous heart and many She was familiarly known to riends by the title of "Aunt i a loving, kind woman she was came within the radius of her Some years before our story good woman had lost both husher only child by a fever that the country. Being alone in she adopted as her son a little 7 named Antonio Cavai, whom ready met on the road with his vas the very brightest little felthe country-side; although only old, he was known for miles a boy of sterling character.

was born in the Saboba village, s not far from Aunt Mary's is village was peopled princi-Indians and half-breeds. Ani's father was an educated man n of the village; he was looked he Indians and much respected hites. Little Antonio boasted ther had once written a letter sident of the United States. We forgive Antonio for boastingnite boy might be proud of the e Indian boy had in his nature of the woods, the flowers and never tired talking about them. ere was no shadow of fear; he in doing things dangerous; he isplay his strength and agility.

He was not only an apt scholar, but a devout little Catholic. The workmen on Aunt Mary's ranch were one and all Antonio's fast friends and would go many a mile to oblige the kind and willing lad. His home with Aunt Mary was altogether a very happy place, and with his dog Pedro no happier boy could be found. You may be sure that Antonio was good to his dog, for Aunt Mary had taught him cruelty to animals was a contemptible thing in man or boy. Cardinal Newman has left us this bit of wisdom about the dumb creation: "Can anything be more marvelous or startling, unless we were used to it, than that we should have a race of beings around us whom we do but see and as little know their state, or can describe their interests, or their destiny, as we can tell of the inhabitants of the moon. It is a very overpowering thought when we fix our minds upon it. They are more powerful than man and yet are his slaves. All is mystery about them." The whole dumb creation is a wonder and a surprise to us. Why should we use our higher intelligence by being cruel. It is a pitiful thing to see a strong man or boy beating or starving a poor dumb animal. Antonio was so careful in his treatment of animals that many of them on the ranch knew him by his voice, because the kindiness of his gentle heart went out to them in kind and considerate treatment. Thus love and kindness to animals led to great good fortune in Antonio's life, as you shall hear. He was not the kind of a boy to treat cruelly or unkindly any of God's creatures. You remember that pretty poem by Coleridge:

"He prayeth well who loveth well Both man and bird and beast; He prayeth best who loveth best All things both great and small, For the dear God, who loveth us, He made and loveth all."

CHAPTER II.—OUR LADY'S SHRINE.

Out in the busy fields the tired workmen have now quit work for their midday lunch. The workers are most of them half-breeds, with some Indians and some whites. As they file thro' the fertile fields they pass a little grotto, or wayside

shrine, fitted into the side of a hill, with overhanging vines and flowers, wherein is a statue of our Blessed Mother with the dear Christ in her arms. It is pretty spot, with its vines and blossoms and flowers. As the men pass the little grotto many of them raise their hats and one alone kneels to say a little prayer, and he is an Indian; this tells the tale that Catholicity is not quite dead, tho' it has been crushed to earth. On they go past the old church of Juan Capistrano, where the Franciscan Fathers still live, though most of their old church is now a picturesque ruin. It seems strange in these fast rushing days of steam and trolley that such an evidence of bygone days should still stand there to remind the aggressive American that this was once a Catholic country, peopled by peaceful, industrious and devout Indians, free from discords and strife. As one gazes at this picturesque old church, we wonder what could have been the coming and goings of the people who prayed and worshiped there in the long ago. Our little Indian boy Antonio had been carefully taught by Aunt Mary to ask our Blessed Mother for daily guidance, and indeed he was a good and devoted child of Mary. He was often found praying before the statue in the grove, and no amount of scoffing ever turned Antonio from his devotion to our Blessed Mother. And the time came when she fully repaid him for all his childish faith and confidence in her. Quite near the little wayside shrine, where Autonio went so often to pray, up on the top of a soft rounded hill, which made the beautiful rolling sides of that part of the valley, there had been erected, in the old Catholic days, a large wooden cross; it could be plainly seen at every turn of the road. There it stood, summer and winter, rain or shine, like a sentinel, silent and solemn, with outstretched arms. In the past it must have been a landmark to many a guileless traveler, and who shall say that the cross did not bear a message of hope to many an idle heart journeying by. Certain it is that good Catholics crossed themselves when they first beheld it in this lonely place. The inroads of greedy speculators have destroyed many of the old landmarks which were distinctly Catholic. In the early days of the Mission Fathers, in the smiling seaside hills and in the fertile valleys of the Sierras, humble little shrines were raised to the Madonna. These little wayside altars, shaded with network of ivy and green, told of the Indians' love of the Virgin Mother. This devotion, so fresh and simple, so appropriate to the gentle and quiet habits of the Indian, helped to fashion the ways and manners of that once savage race. There is a legend of a lost statue of the Virgin, being found by Indians after long and vainless searching, by a train of radiant light illumining the night and concentrating its rays on the same spot, where the statue had been concealed by the Franciscan Fathers on a night of fear and flight, when the sacrilegious United States troops had taken possession of their church and made a military barracks of it. It was told among the Indians that over this spot flocks of beautiful singing birds hovered days and days (which might have been angels for aught they knew). They found the image hidden under a thorny shrub that blossomed nowhere but there, and the blossoms were redolent with perfumes of the wildwood. The oldest inhabitant tells the tale that this same thorny shrub was ever in riotous blossom the whole year round. The Indians loved the Blessed Mother, and devotion to her was very marked Antonio Cavai had the among them. greatest faith in the Virgin Mother, and many an earnest prayer went up to heaven from the loving, innocent heart of this little Indian boy.

(To be continued.)

When September's sun was shining On the corn-clad mountain-side; When Engaddi's lonely vineyards Shone in green and purple pride;

When the broadening moon in autumn Saw the harvest gathered in; Then there came the Prince's Daughter Mary, without stain of sin.

Rev. H. A. Rawes, O. S. C.

EDITORIAL.

MAGAZINES.

The August number of The Review of Reviews should have a special interest for Irish-American readers because of an article on the Gaelic revival, by Thomas O'Donnell, M. P. One extract which we make is beautiful and suggestive:

"Our language is the only thing that remains to us after the struggles of centuries. Our liberty and our own land have been taken from us. While that language remains it will ever act as a Masonic bond to link a people whom misgovernment has exiled all over the globe, and who would otherwise be lost in the multitude and lost to their country. Our national poet has said: "The language of a nation's youth is the only easy and full speech for its manhood, and for its age, and when the language of its cradle goes, itself craves a tomb.' And again: 'A nation should guard its language more than its territories—'tis a surer barrier and a stronger frontier than fortress or river.'

"The language and the mind of Ireland mutually reacted upon each other. While the language was in the first instance the product, the growth, of the Irish mind, leaving in its idioms and forms of expression distinct characteristics of the minds which evolve it, the minds of future generations of Irishmen were shaped and developed by the language, by its expressive beauty, its prayerful and religious tendencies, its mystic charms; they grew in the natural order, forming, each one, a link in the chain of national development, each the inheritor of the wisdom, the culture and refinement of those preceding, each drawing from the storehouse of the past; and thus has been developed, not in one generation, not by forced instruction, but by slow degrees, through nearly twenty centuries, the Irish mind and the Irish language. The Irish mind was, even in pagan times, essentially religious, chaste and idealistic, docile, dutiful to parents, passionately loyal, whether to earthly chief or heavenly King, selfsacrificing and unselfish-a fitting soil on which to sow the seeds of Christianity, a soil which has brought real enduring fruit, not its semblance, or the blossom, to decay on the appearance of the storm of self-interest or self-indulgence. That mind, with Its simplicity, its sincerity, and its devotion to the cause of religion, has come down to us unstained, in a language which to-day, in the wilderness of irreligion, moral depravity, selfishness and mammon worship, speaks only of the beauty of a simple life, relating tale after tale to exemplify the worth of selfsacrifice, of chastity and purity. Our language breathes of the time when men and nations were younger, more beautiful and less materialized than they are today."

In the "Progress of the World," The Review manifests a spirit of misunderstanding, if not of unfriendliness towards the Orders, in its comments on the French Associations Law.

We are pleased to note that the campaign against "cursing" is spreading. From The Church Progress, St. Louis, Mo., we make an extract to which we are glad to give greater currency:

"Frequently have we inveighed against the too common and more disgusting habit of loud, filthy language in public places. There seem, however, some men whose tongues are so attuned to profanity that common speech sits awkwardly thereon. With them emphatic speech has for its synonym punctuated curses. And the worst feature of the degrading habit is that they have no consideration the character of those upon whom it falls.

"And to this fact more than any other may be attributed similar language heard upon the streets and in the public conveyances by those of the most tender years. Boys who have hardly learned their prayers properly are experts in the detestable habit. They are masters of the most foul vocabulary that not infrequently brings a blush to the more hardened cheek.

"There is one man, however, in St. Louis

who proposes to do his part to break up ing the guilty individuals have some care as to where they express themselves. This is the gentleman who presides over the Wyoming-street Police Court. At least to the extent of mak-

"He fined a sixteen-year-old youth the other day for using profane and vulgar expressions on a street car. The language was such that it cannot be repeated is a good beginning. If people w cause the arrest of many of the Ware the individuals who similarly indulge themselves there might be some hope of breaking up the practice. Nothing else will teach them to bridle their vulgar and filthy tongues. What is much needed in all our large cities is an anti-cursing crusade."

The Church Progress is a representative Catholic journal, whose influence we welcome to the cause of promoting decency in speech.

In the August number of the North American Review we find worthy of note "The Insular Cases," by George F. Edmunds, advocating the assistance of the United States Government rather than an absolute dominion over the new territories that have cost the American nation so great an expenditure and so much blood. "The Supreme Court and the Dependencies," by G. S. Boutwell, sifts carefully and judiciously the decision rendered by the Supreme Court in regard to the Porto Rico question. It places that body in a dilemma as to future proceedings in the Philippines. "The Katipunan of the Philippines," by Colonel L. W. V. Kennon, U. S. A., gives briefly the history, purposes and work of the powerful, all-pervading "K. K. K." organization of shortlived fame in the history of the Philippines.

In The Popular Science Monthly for August, Professor Rud. Virchow contributes a learned article on "The Peopling of the Philippines," and the ethnological position of the different tribes inhabiting the islands. "All signs," he says, "point to the assumption that from of old, long before the coming of the Portuguese and Spaniards, a strong movement had gone on from this region to the east, and that the great sea-way which exists between Mindanao and the Sulu Islands on the north and Halmahera and the Moluccas on the south, was the entrance road along which those tribes, or at least those navigators whose arrival peopled the Polynesian Islands, found their way into the Pacific Ocean." But the "Polynesian invasions of the Philippines are not supposed to have closed when a migration of peoples or of men passing out to the Pacific Ocean laid the foundation of a large fraction of the population of the archipelago." Professor Virchow now proceeds to explain the local differences of various tribes. Presupposing that the chief characteristic differences amongst the tribes have been preserved intact from the time of immigration, it follows from observations made during the last three centuries that the Negritos of the Philippines do not belong to the same stock as the Indians. The writer, in treating of these tribal differences, considers first the physical characteristics of the hair, significant conclusions drawn from the designs employed in tatooing and the great contrasts found in regard to languages, religious ceremonies, domestic arts, agricultural and pastoral life. In spite of the sway of Christianity, there are still traces left of the Mindanao and Mohanimedan worship mingled with that of the Christian religion. Artificial changes in the teeth, so common amongst the savages of Africa, is also known and practised here, and the deformation of the skull amongst the Indios in the Philippines leaves room for many conjectures as to the origin of the natives. This will, as the government of the United States becomes better acquainted with the islands, furnish rich material for scientists in their search for information concerning ancient Philippine history.

As bearing on this important subject, we have made use of an article published in the Yale Review for May, 1901, by Bryan J. Clinch, entitled "The Formation of the Filipino People," in which a high tribute is paid to the religious Orders in the Philippines for their preservation of the ancient traditions of the tribes so valuable in forming an intelligent judgment of the possessions lately acquired by the American Government in the Far East.

Another interesting article in the same number of *The Popular Science* is "Gilbert of Colchester," the originator of physical research and founder of the experimental school of philosophy, to whose labors the sciences of magnetism and electricity are greatly indebted. He was the first to notice and attribute the peculiar movements of the compass and dip-needle to the magnetic state of our globe. The author, Brother Potamian, is a distinguished member of the Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

The Forum for August contains some well-written articles on the issues of the present day, as "The American Workman's Golden Age," by W. J. Gent, examining and probing into the labor question with a special reference to the mythical fable of a once "golden age." "The Spanish Treaty Claims Commission," by J. L. Rodriguez, gives a clear idea of the scope of action entrusted to the Commission fer the adjudication of claims coming from citizens of the United States during the war with Spain, and solves the great question, "Have the Commissioners acted justly and impartially toward the claimants?" "Pacification by Arson," by Exul, a truth-loving and fearless exposition of the "English Butcher's" method in the Transvaal, fittingly summarized in the words of William Watson:

"Fulfil your mission; spoil and burn, Fling forth the helpless—babes as well; And let the children's children learn To hate you with the hate of hell."

"The Metric System and International Commerce," by James Howard Goss, recommends the introduction of the metric system into the United States, thereby abolishing many disadvantages under which our merchants labor in dealing with foreign countries.

BOOKS.

THAT MAINWARING AFFAIR, by A. Maynard Barbour, abounds in dramatic interest. The popular appreciation of its meritorious character is manifested by

the demand for a fifth edition in less than a year.

The scene of this clever story is laid partly in America, partly in England. The fortune of the younger branch of the Mainwaring family is jeopardized by the mysterious murder of the legal heir. The "affair" of this murder baffles the most sagacious detectives for months, but the supposed murderer is at last "run to cover" by a shrewd member from the Scotland Yards. A most unexpected denouement of "the affair" happily adjusts complications regarding the true heir to the ancient estate. Bright bits of romance lighten the gloom that overhaugs the waiting hero.

The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, have published the book in handsome style. The illustrations are by A. Plaisted Abbot.

THE TOWER OF WYE, by William Henry Babcock, is a romance of early colonial life in Maryland. Richard Smith and Ratcliffe Warren set out from London entrusted by his Majesty the King with "two-score maids, well picked," as wives for the planters in the new colony on Kent Island in Chesapeake Bay.

The ocean voyage is by no means monotonous, for Cupid sends some random darts that make havoc of the fair maidens' hearts as well as those of their guardians.

A most exciting sea-fight with pirates breaks in upon love's young dream and the custodians and brides-to-be valiantly fight for their lives. The almost daily encounters of the colonists with the Indians upon their arrival and frequent quarrels with English settlers are the subjects of stirring descriptions, into which the author has introduced the elements of the mysterious, inseparable from the times and the strange, unknown region.

Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia, are the publishers of the book. It is exceilently printed and bound. The appropriate illustrations are the handlwork of George Gibbs.

From The Abbey Press, New York, we have received Max O'Rell's latest book;

entitled HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, WOMAN. In his delightfully humorous style the author most indulgently treats the foibles of lovely woman—lovely whether considered as youthful beauties, dear old maids, wives or widows. Max O'Rell's philosophy is pre-eminently broad and his expressive piquancy refined and amusing. Here are some "stray thoughts about women, love and matrimony":

"I love and admire the woman of forty who admits that she is ten years older than her daughter, the woman of fifty who is proud to show me her grandchildren and does not object to being photographed with them.

"Give me a tactful woman (she is a delight), but spare me the diplomatic one. 'A diplomatic woman' sounds to my ears very much like 'a woman too clever by half.' I almost prefer the dear little goose who puts her foot in it every time she opens her mouth.

"No doubt the diplomatic woman is a very useful mate to the man who occupies a high official position, but in everyday life, in married life especially, the only diplomacy that a woman should concern herself about is the politics of matrimony. Under all other circumstances the diplomatic woman is only an insincere woman with a high-sounding name. The more I think of it the more I feel convinced that, in the ordinary pursuits of life, whether a man or a woman be in question, good diplomacy does not consist in cleverly deceiving people, but in finding out who your friends are, and, when that is ascertained, in sticking to them and for them through thick and thin."

The American woman is to Max O'Rell the most interesting woman in the world. On this subject, from personal observation, he writes:

"I have never seen in America an absolutely, helplessly plain woman. She is always in the possession of a redeeming something which saves her. She may be ever so homely (as the Americans say), she looks intelligent, a creature that has been allowed to think for herself, that has never been sat upon. * * * Allowed from the tenderest age almost every liberty, accustomed to take the others, she is free, easy, perfectly natural, with the

consciousness of her influence, her power, able by her intelligence and education to enjoy all the intellectual pleasures of life. and by her keen powers of observation and her native adaptability to fit herself for all the conditions of life; an exquisite mixture of a coquette without affectation and a blue-stocking without spectacles or priggishness; the only woman, however beautiful and learned she may be, with whom a man feels perfectly at his ease—
a sort of fascinating good fellow, retaining all the best attributes of womanhood.

* * I can not help thinking that
there exists in some American women a little mild contempt for that poor creature that is called a man. And how is it that in a country where the women receive such delightful, and, for that matter, well-deserved, attentions at the hands of the and that throughout the length breadth of the country? Well, I the education system of America plains the phenomenon. * * In e I think the education system of America explains the phenomenon. * * In every grade of educational life among the masses of the people boys and girls are educated together, side by side on each bench a boy, a girl, a boy, a girl. Now the official statistics of the Education Department declare that in every State of the Union the number of diplomas and certificates obtained by girls is larger than the cates obtained by girls is larger than the number obtained by boys. When I heard that statement I said this to myself (kindly follow my little argument): 'Is it not just possible that the young American boys, when they saw what those girls next to them could do, said to themselves, "Heavens! who would have thought so?" Is it not also possible that the young American girls, when they saw what those boys next to them could do, exclaimed, "Good gracious! is that all?" 'Ah, my dear European men, who clamor at the top of your voices for the higher education of women, be careful! You will be found out, and like your fellow-men of America, by and by you will have to take the back seat."

Benziger Brothers, New York, recently published a neat little book on Mass Devotions and Readings in the Mass, written by Rev. F. X. Lasance. It is divided into two parts, the first of which gives instructions on the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in thirty-one "readings," with an example following each treatise. The second part contains daily prayers and devotions for Mass and Holy Communion. Its use and purpose are to discuss "practical questions on the Mass from a dogmatic, moral, ascetic, historical and liturgical point of view." It

its purpose well, for the readings ry instructive, the examples most and apposite. The Mass devotions ch more closely than the usual run yer books to the satisfaction of the l needs of the people.

have received from R. & T. Wash, London, whose American agents
nziger Brothers, New York, Mediis on the Passion and Resurrecr our Lord, by Thomas a Kempis.
ittle book contains nine Meditaon the ruits and favors flowing
he suff ing, death and resurrecf our Divine Lord. These plous
ts, coming from the pen of the
of the "Imitation of Christ," need
ther recommendation. The volume
ngly bound.

ractical Manual of Pastoral
Gy, by Rev. Frederic Schulze,
for of Moral and Pastoral Theology
provincial seminary of S. Francis,
sin, has been received. It is
into three sections, which treat of
craments, Preaching and the Govit of Parishes. To the first part
pended notes on Vespers and
arch music. The second section
ted to the ministry of teachd includes Homilectics and Cate-

Finally, the third section conaffairs pertaining to external stration, parochial schools, spiritection, societies in general and in lar, the priest's private life. The ind, well-timed and practical suggiven in this manual by an exed priest and teacher should prove al and fruit-bearing to ecclesistudents as well as to newly orpriests; it should render the labors first few years' experience in the rod less burdensome.

Wiltzius & Co., publishers, Milhave combined in printing and all those qualities that form a text-book.

the title The DIVINE PLAN OF URCH. WHERE REALIZED AND NOT, the Rev. John MacLaughlin

has written a book dealing with those marks or characteristic signs intended by Christ to designate the one true Church established by Him upon earth. By applying these individualizing marks to that denomination (the Church of England) which has claimed and does still claim those prerogatives proper to and inalienable from the Spouse of Christ, the writer proves conclusively the untenable position and illogical pretensions of the Anglican body.

His controversial argument is divided into two parts. The first lays down, as a primary principle, the necessity of a firm belief in Christ, His Divinity and authorized mission amongst men. With this as a starting point or nucleus of what is to follow, the author explains the expediency of bringing the Catholic Church, the token of God's love for man, to a height of prominence by a distinct and definite plan embodying an intimate and definite relation between God and the Church, a specific mission entrusted to her and an infallible voice of authority in regard to matters pertaining to faith and morals. Secondly, the Church of Christ should necessarily exclude private judgment and interpretation on the part of her members; it should also exclude their right to accept, refuse or alter the articles of faith proposed to them. A denial of these prerogatives results in the destruction of sectarianism, as without an infallible guide no certainty can be obtained. Evidence, from a historical, dogmatic, resthetic or empirical point of view cannot be admitted as a criterion on account of their weakness, insufficiency and defects. Moreover, it leads to and is the forerunner of agnosticism, making even the existence of God a matter of free discussion. The second part of the book points out the groundlessness of the claims of the Church of England by showing that the divine plan, existing in the mind of Christ at the time of establishing His Church, is not realized in this sect. First, its very origin and foundation destroys the much-discussed term "Continuity." Secondly, by its hitherto persistent denials of Roman Catholic doctrine and its present illogical toleration of same. Thirdly, by the existing division amongst its bishops and clergy in doctrinal teachings. Finally, the civil interference to which it is subjected would naturally destroy its very essence (supposing its claims to be true), as it would cease to be the Kingdom of Christ, the pillar, guardian and upholder of divinely revealed truths.

We hope that this volume will be received with the same impartial spirit in which it was written. Burns & Oates, London, whose American agents are Benziger Brothers, New York, publish this controversial sketch and have made it a very desirble book as to printing, paper and binding.

To the courtesy of the genial and scholarly editor of *The Messenger of the Nacred Heart*, New York, we are indebted for a copy of EL Archipielago Filipino, compiled by the Jesuit Fathers of Manila, and issued in sumptuous form from the Government Press, Washington.

Written in Spanish, and consisting of two large volumes, aggregating about thirteen hundred pages, and an atlas containing thirty complete maps, drawn by Filipino draughtsmen, these beautifully printed and richly illustrated volumes present a careful and comprehensive account of the Philippines from every point of natural, industrial and scientific interest. The Philippine Commission, under whose auspices the publication of this splendid work was undertaken, declare it to be "superior to anything of the kind hitherto published."

With much of the ethnological and scientific portion of this work neither our Government nor our people generally will feel concerned; the chief point of interest for Uncle Sam will be the exact delineation and description of the geographical extent and industrial resources of our new possessions. As to the nine million native inhabitants—many of them savages, Chinese and negroes—whom, besides our big army, it has become our duty to discipline and feed, the bargain would seem

to have placed this country in much the same predicament as that of the dead circus owner's poor relative, who came into possession of only the menagerie!

That we shall manage the Filipinos of every description in a style satisfactory to ourselves may be safely predicted, judging from our century of experience with that type of humanity at home, where the negro is pretty much the same as we found him and where our queer Indian neighbor has been pretty effectually "done for!"

To speak the honest American mind, we are "in it" only for Trade! If, aside from our purpose or concern, the moral and Christian reawakening of the Orient should be advanced by our industrial adventure, thank not us but a higher Providence; our sole intention, if not our "manifest destiny," is to assume the trade supremacy of the world.

Whether this intention—already partially realized—may bring upon us the "trade combine" of Europe, lately threatened in the press of older and prouder nations, who seem hurt in purse and prestige, or whether they themselves might not be "beaten at their own game," this country will not stop to consider. Such is the state of the American mind in the present situation. With many it has long been a deep conviction that a reawakening of the Orient to the long-lost blessings of material prosperity and Christian life are in the merciful designs of Divine Providence; and, however startling and puzzling may have seemed our sudden expansion to the very gates of the east, such persons half suspect that America which, for its enterprise, youth, love of justice and its strength is best fitted for the task, has been chosen as the unconscious instrument under the guidance of Heaven. This is the principle, this the ideal, of many generous souls, but the facts and the men who are making facts are not of such delicate mold. But, apart from our reflections or our hopes or our fears, we desire to record our high esteem for the noble achievement of the Jesuit Fathers in El Archipielago Filipiro.

MARTIN BROOK, by Morgan Bates, is the third novel in the one-a-month series of American fiction. The story is founded upon facts which occurred between the years 1820 and 1865. The author has introduced some dramatic incidents in connection with negro slavery. The hero, Martin Brook, a man of "introspective" and "retrospective" moods, passes through flery ordeals in realizing his ideals in love, religion and social government.

A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES, the fourth publication of the same series, by Geraldine Anthony, is a story of society located in the suburbs of the Hudson River. Bobby Floyd, Reggy, Percy, Spriggy and Clip are the euphonious (?) appellations of the would-be "smart set" that flit in the moonshine of romance. The vapidity of the story is varied by an occasional burst of vulgarity on the part of the gentlemen introduced. "Life at a country club" as characterized by Miss Anthony holds few features worthy of imitation by the modern American.

Harper & Brother, New York, are the publishers.

MONONIA, A LOVE STORY OF 'FORTY-EIGHT, by Justin McCarthy, comes to us from Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. In this delightful novel the author describes the futile struggles of the patriotic Young Irelanders against the unscrupulous policy of England. The heroine, Mononia, and her lover, Philip Colston, are exalted types of Ireland's faithful children who suffered disappointment in the failure of a series of movements to gain national independence.

The period of which the story treats—1848—is of historic interest and gains sympathetic force from the fact that the writer was contemporary with the uprisings he so graphically describes.

The book is well printed and appropriately bound in green and gold.

John Lane, the Bodley Head, New York, has issued in attractive form a novel by William Samuel Lilly, entitled A YEAR OF LIFE. The events crowded into twelve months of London's fashionable society illustrate alternately the virtuous con-

stancy of the heroine and the illicit love affairs of her recreant suitor. By the intervention of friends, the hero is rescued from his downward course and becomes a respected citizen.

THE OCTOPUS, by Frank Norris, is published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. The story treats of the struggles of the wheat-growers located in San Joaquin Valley, California, and is founded upon a historical fact. Under the figure of THE OCTOPUS, Mr. Norris depicts the methods by which the railroad seized upon and finally gorged itself with the substance of the farmers.

Mr. Norris introduces the reader to the leading land-holders in and about Bonneville, who become involved with the railroad in an affair that culminates in the moral and financial ruin of many members of a once thriving and happy community.

Mr. Norris' intense powers of description transport the reader to the scene of the contest of "might against right."

Magnus Derrick, the "Governor"—the embodiment of all things honorable—finally abandoning sacred principles and gradually yielding to the corruption of bribery, is a pathetic illustration of the inevitable perversion of the party weakened by the pernicious system of legalized monopoly.

Despite the faults of style that mar its literary perfection, Mr. Norris has produced a work "meritorious in purpose and comprehensive in the details of the conflict that tried men's souls in the guardianship of the golden wheat—their vain efforts to escape the grasp of the tentacles of the Octopus."

The book is beautifully printed and bound; the map of the locality named in the story is particularly clear and interesting.

The name of the author of ESPIRITU SANTO on the title page of a volume is prima facie evidence of excellence. In this conviction we open HEART AND SOUL, Mrs. Henrietta Dana Skinner's latest book. We turn, with delight, page after page, and grow more and more interested in this story, which might be called a historical

romance, so clearly, forcibly and elegantly told. The graceful manner in which the author handles the charming love theme which runs through the book shows that she is an artist in every sense of the word. We follow the young hero, Roderic Freemont, from Detroit to Paris, whither he is sent, by his kind old grandfather, to be educated. The trustees who were to guard his training were men of dishonor, men of low, dissipated habits, men who were believers in libertinism and agnosticism, men who were on the highroad to perdition, although they had "no cloven hoof or diabolical horn."

Few youths could breathe such a foul atmosphere and remain free from contamination. But Roderic's well rooted religious ideas became his pledge of safety. Although only seventeen, he discarded his present companions—cynical, disillusionized, world-weary youth—and went in search of associates who were of his own high type. In the same city where he saw vice in all its glittering raiment, he found fine young fellows, trained in the best homes, and enthusiastic adherents of Ozanam, Montalembert, and the Dominican Lacordaire.

These new surroundings were congenial and stimulating, and inspired our hero with a desire to forsake the world and give his life to God. With this end in view, he made a spiritual retreat in a Dominican Priory. He is dissuaded from taking the further and final step by Pere Lacordaire, whose soul-searching eyes read his future destiny. In a kind, gentle way the saintly Dominican points out to this poor restless soul that his heavenly crown must be won, not by making great sacrifices, but by simple, loving ministrations to his grandparent, and his duty to his country.

No less interesting is the heroine of our pretty story. Her gay young life is clouded by an unhappy marriage, but she bears her sufferings in a truly Christian spirit, which portrays in all its beauty the brave, noble, self-sacrificing woman.

We congratulate Mrs. Skinner, and we feel safe in saying that her book will not only be perused with eagerness by readers of the present hour, but that it will win a

permanent and honored place in the literature of fiction.

The publishers, Harper & Brothers, New York, deserve our thanks, and the thanks of all who love the good, the pure, the wholesome, for their artistic share in bringing out this fine story.

THE LIFE AND LABORS OF THE RIGHT REVEREND FREDERIC BARAGA, first Bishop of Marquette, Michigan, by the Rev. P. Chrysostomus Verwyst, O. F. M., inspires the reader with mingled feelings of admiration and reverence for this apostolic man. Frederic Baraga was born June 29, 1797, in the castle of Malavas (Klendorf). in the parish of Dohring, diocese of Laibach, Unterkrain (Lower Carniola), a Slavonian province of the Austrian empire. His parents were pious, noble and wealthy. He received a careful home education until his twelfth year, when he entered the gymnasium of his native place. In 1816 he entered the University of Vienna to study law. Later he was drawn by the Good Shepherd, in whose footsteps he was to walk so many years, to the priesthood. He studied theology, etc., at the Seminary of Leibach and received the Sacrament of Holy Orders in Transferring his inherited estates 1823. to his sister, he left all things to follow Christ in the humble position of assistant priest to S. Martin's parish. It was while thus occupied that God turned his thoughts towards the distant shores of America, where heathens were living and dying in the shadow of death for want of laborers to gather in the heavenly harvest. Obtaining permission from his Ordinary, he applied to the Right Rev. E. Fenwick, O. P., Bishop of Cincinnati, for admission into his diocese. This was readily granted, and on December 31, 1830, found him in New York. Eighteen days later he arrived at his destination. He turned immediately his linguistic abilities to the study of the Ottawa and Chippewa dialects of the red man's language. That he mastered them thoroughly may be seen from the great number of grammatical and devotional books written by him in the Indian's mother

during his missionary career. story of Bishop Baraga's numerl arduous missions is told in dethis charming biography.

ied in this life are short descrip
the labors of the pioneer Inssions priests, Francis Pierz, O. S.

E. Jaker, O. S. B., L. Lautischer
eodore J. Van den Brock, O. P.,
poraries of Bishop Baraga, and
a pastoral letter in the Chippewa
;e (with an English translation),
by Baraga, "the great blackto his red children, illustrating
ressive text: "One thing is neces-

rust that this book will meet the tion it so justly deserves. It is ly illustrated. The publishers, M. tzius & Co., Milwaukee, have advexecuted the details of printing iding.

shing and consoling for the weary the hope held out to her in Meditations in the Penitential Psalms, by the of "Meditations on the Psalms of the Office." After being time and eccived by the "Fata Morgana," or y representations that seek to lure any from the path through the of life, the soul feels the necessity ting her steps toward those fountat will never run dry, because they heir sources in eternal truth—imself. It is a book eminently for meditation. Published by B., St. Louis, it is printed and bound ttractive form.

persistent and calumnious accusagainst the Catholic Church, the unig hatred and prejudice with which emies have protracted their warit she is adverse to progress and to the arts and sciences, is all the bound since the majority of emiscientific and world-famed writers rer asserted that in the Church they the most large-hearted and liberal ass of everything tending to enind benefit the world at large. In e of defense of truth and justice, and with the enlightened nineteenth century as the judge in the controversy appears THE INFLUENCE OF CATHOLICISM ON THE SCIENCES AND ARTS, by the Rev. Don Andres de Salas y Silavert, D.D., translated from the Spanish by Mariana Monteiro. In thirteen articles the unjust accusations are sifted and weighed on the scales of unerring justice. The verdict rendered is "Not guilty." From theological, phiosophical and historical proofs the facts are elicited that far from opposing scientific progresses, the Catholic Church has spurred them on through wider and more lucrative fields of scientific and artistic achievements. With her as a guide, eloquence, whether considered from a secular or a religious view point, has been raised to the highest pitch, poetry joined to faith, and inspired by the great spirit of love, has culminated in sublimity; music has inspired the soul of man with most noble sentiment; painting, sculpture and architecture have captivated, instructed and given the seat of honor to the triumphant genius of Christianity—a place from which modern, narrow-minded prejudice and infidelity can never dethrone her.

The value of this work may be realized by a careful reading of it. It presents the policy of the Catholic Church towards art and science.

The publisher, B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo., has put the book within the reach of all interested in the noble subject treated.

From the Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston, we have received THE POTTER AND THE CLAY, by Maud Howard Peterson. This attractive title is realized as the reader progresses. Two young British Officers fall in love with Cary, an American girl, the heroine of the story. As playmates of her childhood she loves both, but the contrast between the two is bewildering to her in making the final decision. Stewart, good-natured, affectionate and idolized, is the ideal of manhood; whereas Trevelyan, being bitter, moody and passionate, represents the clay that Cary wishes moulded and perfected. An act of cowardice on the part of Trevelyan while serving in India, the magnanimous

conduct of Stewart, form strong contrasts. Trevelyan subsequently redeems himself by noble work during a cholera epidemic in India. Thus the clay is finally moulded and purified by the grim Potter—bitter experience. The story is instructive reading. It is handsomely illustrated by Charlotte Harding. The printing and binding are models of superior workmanship.

A DREAM OF A THRONE, the pathetic tale of a Mexican revolt, half a century ago, is charmingly told by Charles Fleming Embree. It glows with dazzling descriptions of warlike adventure. Vincente, the last descendant of an ancient royal house, in attempting to restore the monarchy is himself overthrown by the treachery of Deroteo Quirez, his lieutenant, and condemned to death. Rodrigo. an American, in whose hands the Mexican Government has entrusted the suppression of the rebellion, and Clarita, the foster-sister of Vincente, are two noble characters in the romance. Tuey easily gain the good will and sympathy of the reader. As a story of the "sunny South" it is singularly attractive. The rich material deftly treated sustains interest throughout. The book is illustrated by Henry Sandham. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, are the publishers. The details of printing and binding are excellently executed.

A fascinating and instructive historical romance has reappeared that should be hailed with delight by all true lovers of fiction. TARRY THOU TILL I COME, by George Croly, possesses the magic and subtle charm of the Orient. It immediately attracts and holds captive the attention of the reader. Its graphic description of the hopeless struggle of the Jewish nation under the Roman yoke, the last despairing and gruesome defence of the city of David, with the well-known mythical character of the "Wandering Jew" as the central figure, contains many thoughts for earnest, almost sad, meditation; the impressions received are lasting. To the pleasure derived from the fictional part is added a rich treasure of historical information extending from the crucifixion of Christ to the destruction of the temple. This work contains sixteen full-page half-tone drawings and a colored frontispiece, all of high merit, executed by T. de Thulstrup. "TARRY THOU" is worthy of occupying a place beside the best biblical romances.

The book is printed on fine paper, in large type; the binding is choice and the cover design appropriate. Funk and Wagnalls Co., New York, are the publishers of this interesting volume, whose value is enhanced by artistic workmanship.

The Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S. S., Professor of Sacred Scriptures, S. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md., has given valuable contribution to the department of bibliography in his recent work BIB-LICAL LECTURES—ten popular essays on general aspects of the Sacred Scriptures. The book is not intended as a manual for bibliologists; it is written for laymen who might wish to study the Bible in language adapted to their intelligence. With this end in view, all technical expressions have been carefully avoided; in their places such words are substituted whose meanings are clear. The Bible has been considered from different view points. These lectures include considerations of the dogmatic, moral, historical, devotional and miraculous phases of the sacred writings. Each lecture is preceded by a synoptical table giving the student a clear idea of the topics treated and the principal points that constitute the lecture We feel confident that this book will receive a hearty welcome from all those for whose instruction and benefit it was written.

The publishers, the John Murphy Company, Baltimore, have presented the volume in a creditable form.

From the Henry Altemus Company. Philadelphia, we have received Montanye, or the Slavers of Old New York, a historical romance, by William O. Stoddard. The Rev. Dr. Montanye, a clergyman, and his daughter, Madeline, residents of Old New York while it was yet a British colony, are the central

figures of the plot. The doctor, who in his early days accumulated a fortune under the flag of the "grinning skull and crossbones," is supplying General Washington with news from the British camp. where, as a "society man" and "gentleman of the cloth," he is looked upon as an ardent supporter of the King. But the sins of his youth return in the shape of remorse and despair. Always fearing that his innocent daughter some day will discover his dark past of "no quarter," the life of the unfortunate minister is a most unhappy one. The story makes the reader familiar with the many dangerous trades in which men were engaged in those days. It abounds in thrilling adventures encountered in the slave traffic on the muddy Congo. In printing and binding the publishers have exercised their usual excellent taste.

MEXICO CITY, AN IDLER'S NOTEBOOK, by Olive Percival, is the title of an attractive volume received by us from Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. The writer has succeeded, by looking upon the land of Cortez and Montezuma, from a Mexican view-point, in creating a favorable im pression of the easy-going and pleasure loving inhabitants in the land of the "Noontide Calm."

From Marlier & Co., Boston, we have received a brochure by the Right Rev. Bishop Favier entitled THE HEART OF PEKIN, a soul-stirring diary of the siege during the reign of terror, May and August, 1900. In a few touching words the venerable prelate places before the civilized world an account of the heroic conduct of the Christians, the self-sacrificing devotion of the European soldiers and the exemplary fortitude exhibited by the priests and nuns of the mission during the long, sad weeks of their captivity. No doubt, as in the early days of the Church, the seed of the word of God steeped in the blood of the martyrs bore abundant fruit-so also will the selfdenying, disinterested labors of these soldiers of Christ reap a rich harvest in the land of the yellow dragon.

The necessity of taking up the challenges of the world to give an account of "the faith that is in us" has long since been recognized by our Catholic writers. One of these, the Rev. Xavier Sutton, has in the little volume, CLEARING THE WAY, sought to show the truth and the beauty of the doctrines as taught in the Catholic Church. As this work is intended for the lower classes of Catholics and Protestants, the author descends to the intellectual level of his readers and explains in simple terms Catholic belief. At the same time he answers some objectious that ignorance and prejudice have brought to bear against it. The appearance of this little manual is well timed. and we earnestly wish that the sublime messages contained therein may bring light and strength to the souls of those for whom it was written. It is published by the Catholic Book Exchange, New York.

It is a notable fact that the works of Plato in their ethical and political bearing are peculiarly applicable to the issues of our own day. Sublime as are his theories, they are not always practicable, yet there may be selected many a subject from his writings which is worthy of the consideration of a present-day philosopher.

In the first book of his REPUBLIC, of which we have received an excellent English translation, by Alexander Kerr, Chicago, there is a dialogue between Socrates and Cephalus, an old gentleman. The conversation turns upon the subject of wealth and its best usage. Cephalus, interrogated by Socrates, answers, that, "as regards the power of keeping ourselves free from fraud and deceit practiced even involuntarily upon others, and in respect to our departing to the other world without fear because we do not, owe sacrifice to a god or money to men-I say, it is to this end that the possession of wealth in great measure contributes.' Let some of our great magnates and millionaires consider these few lines; let those who are responsible for the labor conditions of the present say whether they, through the wealth they possess, are

"free from fraud and deceit practised even involuntarily" upon those who, through their industry and toil, make it possible for them to amass such enormous amounts of money.

Justice as treated by Plato might be studied with profit by many a civil magistrate and ruler now in office.

FAITH AND FOLLY, a work of deep import, is presented to the consideration of the scientific world by the Right Rev. Mgr. John S. Vaughan. With consummate skill the author takes up, analyzes and explains, in the light of Catholic dogma, numerous questions that puzzle and agitate thinkers of the present day. Modern scepticism and enlightened (?) infidelity have established a certain code of rules and regulations which pretend to contain the key to the solution of the many problems confronting a godless victims, science. Comparatively few however, have swallowed the rather tempting morsel that conceals the poison. As a defender of the faith, expounder of much-disputed questions and the re-futor of illogical and hair-brained principles, the writer of the present work will remain unchallenged. He meets the attacks of modern unbelievers with clearly defined statements and incontestible arguments.

As most of these essays have already found their way into various reviews and magazines, we merely call attention to the following important subjects: "Faith and Reason," "Theism Treated as a Scientific Hypothesis." "Magnitude and Mind," "Civil Penalties for Religious Offences," "The Ethics of Animal Suffering," vivisection being treated with rare ability; "Man or Ape," an overthrow of Darwinistic principles, and "The Relation Between Religious Truth and Material Prosperity."

The publishers, Burns & Oates, London, have printed the volume in an attractive manner.

G. F. Putnam's Sons, New York, have recently printed a series of "Biographical Studies of the Lives and Work of Certain Representative Historical Characters,"

under the general title of HEROES OF THE NATIONS. The life of S. Louis of France. written by Frederick Perry, M. A., is included in the series. Brevity and directness hold one's attention throughout. Minor details are eliminated. A careful perusal of this volume will give one a fair historical knowledge of S. Louis IX and of the meaning of his meritorious titlethe "Most Christian King." As the author remarks, perhaps his best epitaph is, that "there was peace in his time; he loved God and Holy Church; and they say that he is with the Saints." The work of the publishers as to printing and binding is excellent.

THE FLIGHT OF HELEN AND OTHER POEMS is the title of a recently issued volume by Warren Cheney. The conviction has been steadily growing upon us that the muses have indeed fixed their preferable and permanent home here in America. They have, certainly, camped in California. For thoughtful and thought-inspiring strains of life, hope and sweetness—like a trained choir of lovely, sweet-singing girls—we recognize the immortal Nine in the poems of Warren Cheney.

We usually "shy" at lengthy poems; but to the credit, be it said, of these most sweet verses we felt a sense of regret at their shortness. This elegant little book forms a bouquet of the brightest and most fragrant flowers of thought, feeling and sentiment that we have had the pleasure of receiving for many a day. Elder & Shepard. San Francisco, are the publishers. We compliment them because they have brought out a beautiful volume.

Under the title Manual of Sacred Rhetoric, by the Reverend Bernard Feeney, we are pleased to acknowledge the fulfilment of a praiseworthy purpose touching a logical and practical guide over the wide fields of oratory. It must be admitted that how to prepare a sermon becomingly has been and is to-day the great difficulty in the way of many young priests. This difficulty has been admirably met by Father Feeney. Pithly and forcibly he lays down not mere speculations but practical rules that show a

rasp of this important branch stical training. His volume, iblished in a becoming form by St. Louis, Mo., could be a and advantageous handbook ifor clergy.

BRIDE LITERATURE AND ART companied by suggestive maneachers, contain beautiful ilus of masterpieces of art. In ; and Two of the series special s paid to the child's expression about a given subject; methods ig words from the expression of its of others are also given.

HREE develops the thoughts of her in the language of the pupil ise. The child is early intro-Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, r, Faber, Tennyson and other ' repute. The child's attention rected and concentrated upon and true in artistic literature attention is given to syllables, id pronunciation in general. of the lives of heroes and heroded to exemplify their practice istian virtues are features of the e beautiful frontispiece, Milgelus," and "The Plow," after pon the title page, artistically e subject labor.

ord, the selections and illustraughout the series are of an eletracter—unique in arrangement ning in effect.

of gratitude from Catholic parteachers is due to Mrs. B. Ellen whose untiring labors so rich a lart has been opened to the eye youth. Mrs. Burke's suggestions rs are of practical value. The Literature and Art Books should less meritorious publications in ur schools. The publishers are Bride & Co., New York.

3 OF ANCIENT PEOPLES, by Emma 1, is an attractive little volume 1 by the American Book Comw York. The sketches are admirpted for supplementary reading 1s.

national characteristics and

achievements of the ancient Egyptians, Babylonians, Phoenicians, Hebrews, Medes and Persians are set forth in an entertaining and instructive manner.

An appended list of authorities consulted serves also for reliable references for extended historical research on the part of ambitious students.

Numerous illustrations, clear maps and an index of accented proper names serve to sustain the interest and lighten the labor of the pupil. The book is well printed and bound.

From the sons of S. Francis the world of ascetic literature has received a valuable contribution in two volumes published by Benziger Brothers, New York, entitled Meditations on the Life, the TEACHINGS AND THE PASSION OF JESUS CHRIST FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR, by Rev. Augustine Maria Flg, O. S. F. C., edited by Rev. Richard Clark, S. J. These meditations were published in 1712 by Rev. Father Alphonsus Zussmerhausen, a Capuchin friar, under the title "A Mirror of Virtue Displayed in the Life and the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ." By retaining the substantial part of the old edition, with some changes however, to accommodate modern taste, this book of considerations is placed before the public with the wish of the author "that it may prove useful and profitable to all who desire to lead a virtuous life and follow our Lord."

These meditations are intended not only for religious communities, but also for pious Christians in the world, who are accustomed to devote a short time daily to mental prayer. Such moments of recollection become, to those who have tasted their sweetness, welcome rests in the wearisome journey of life; cases, as it were, in the parched desert that refresh the soul of the pilgrim, enabling him to renew his vigor and buoyancy of spirit and finally to reach the goal.

An appendix of meditations for the festivals of various saints, together with an alphabetical index, appears in the second volume. Attractive binding and clear type enhance the value of this useful and practical set of meditation books.

From the pen of the Rev. Thomas E. Cox has just gone forth a series of Lenten Lectures, published in book form on the marks and attributes of the true Church, entitled THE PILLAR AND GROUND OF THE TRUTH. These marks or notes constitute, as it were, the very foundation of our belief, since they are the mediums through which not only the Catholics themselves, but to the whole world, the prerogatives of the Church of Christ are made manifest. The author treats, first, of the existence; then follow the four namely, the Unity, Holiness, marks. Catholicity and Apostolicity, terminating with the infallibility and indefectibility of the Catholic Church. The language employed in these discourses is clear, full of force and to the point. The exposition of the Catholic dogma shows the author's intimate knowledge of and deep penetration of truths of the Sacred Scriptures, the Fathers and traditions. The principal biblical truths from Holy Writ are collected in a distinct corollary at the head of each lecture, thus embodying the gist of the speaker's thoughts. This veritable treasure ought to be found not only in the homes of Catholics, but also in the hands of those who are groping in darkness, attracted by the light shining in the true fold of Christ.

For the excellent workmanship displayed in the printing and binding, the publishers, J. S. Hyland & Company, Chicago, are to be commended.

That souls initiated into the sublime mystery of the death of the Son of Man on Calvary's heights might gain courage calmly to face their last hour, was the motive that governed Father Charles Perraud's publication of Meditations on the SEVEN WORDS OF OUR LORD ON THE CROSS. Nothing could be more important to a Christian than the study of the two sciences that go hand in hand through lifesuffering and death. In no school could he more efficaciously acquire a knowledge of these sciences than at the foot of the Cross. In dedicating this little work "to the memory of the souls who await me before God," the pious author scarcely realized that he stood on the threshold of eternity. But his death was in unison

with the lessons laid down in these meditations. Murmuring the words of the Son of God, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit," the soul of Father Perraud was ushered into the presence of his Maker.

These earnest meditations cannot fail to appeal to the hearts of the faithful. May the writer's wish be realized, that at least one soul may acquire the science of dying as becomes a Catholic Christian.

Benziger Brothers, New York, are the publishers of this valuable spiritual treatise. We accord it a hearty welcome.

McMaster's Primary History of the United States, by John Bach McMaster, McMaster's Primary History of the United States, by John Bach McMaster, is published by the American Book Company, New York. The book is intended as a foundation study of American history, and is a concise narrative of events that cluster about our country's infancy.

As Professor McMaster cites none of the authorities consulted in this compilation, exception has been taken to some of his statements concerning the characteristics and origin of the early settlers of Pennsylvania.

The numerous illustrations are traditionally authentic and clearly portray primitive scenes and costumes—interesting at all times to the young student.

Important places described in the text are clearly indicated on excellent maps.

The publishers have produced this little volume in their usual excellent style.

Five short stories by W. D. Howells have been published in one volume by Harper Brothers, New York, entitled A PAIR OF PATIENT LOVERS, which forms the first of the "Portrait Collection of Short Stories." That the author possesses a remarkable power of penetration is evident from his faithful delineation of human nature. Each of the forthcoming volumes will contain the portrait of the author, in colors. The judicious selection and publication of the works of eminent writers will be cordially welcomed by the reading public. In the printing and binding may be recognized the characteristic good taste proverbial of the publishers.

CALENDAR FOR SEPTEMBER.

st Sunday of the Month.—S.

1a, Virgin and Martyr (third cen
'hree plenary indulgences for Ro
(1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar;

(2) C. C.; Procession; visit;

(3) C. C.; assist at Exposition of

sed Sacrament in Church of Ro
fraternity: prayers. Communion sed Sacrament in Church of Ro-fraternity; prayers. Communion Rosarians at 7 A. M. Plenary ce for members of the Third Or-C.; visit; recite prayer, "O God, or and Guide of all the faithful," "Our Father." Meeting of S. Sodality at 2 P. M. Enrolling of nbers in the Rosary Confraterni-ary, Sermon and Benediction at

hours' devotion at the Church of

Holy Rosary, Antioch.

Stephen, King of Hungary and r, A. D. 1038. (Obedience to the .) Meeting of Rosarian Reading 8 P. M.

S.) Meeting of Rosarian Reading 8 P. M.

Juala, O. P., Bishop, A. D. 1244.

irit of Charity.)

Ive day of S. Augustine. (Votive the Rosary.)

Catherine of Raconigi, O. P.,

I. D. 1547. (Love of Sufferings.)

ary of the deceased Benemal Friends of the Dominican tolemn Mass of Requiem will be o'clock at S. Dominic's. Plenary to for Tertiaries, Rosarians and of the Holy Name Sodality: sist at offices; prayers.

Bertrand of Garrigua, O. P.,

D. 1250. (Love for the Souls of rted.)

rted.)

rted.)
ose of Viterbo, O. S. F., Virgin,
159. (Love of Contemplation.)
16ass of the Rosary.) Eleventh
in honor of the Most Holy

ND SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—The of our Blessed Lady. Plenary se for members of the Holy infraternity: C. C.; procession; Mass for Holy Name Sodality at Meeting at 3 P. M. Meeting of iaries at 2 P. M. Procession of ne, Sermon and Benediction at

feast two Plenary Indulgences lans and Tertiaries: (1) C. C.; try Altar; prayers (this indulg-be gained at any time from first vigil, 7th, till sunset on feast); visit any church; prayers. A dulgence may also be gained by of the Living Rosary and on one en at will during the octave, a

Plenary Indulgence may be gained by Rosarians: C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers.

sarians: C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers.

9—B. Peter Sanz, Bishop, and his companion Bishop and Priests, Dominican Martyrs (Fo-kien, China, A. D. 1748.)
(Zeal for Faith.) Meeting of Young Men's Holy Name Society at 8 P. M.

10—S. Nicholas of Tolentino, O. S. A., Bishop, A. D. 1306. (A Happy Death.)

11—B. Maria Bartolomea Bagnesi, O. P., Virgin, A. D. 1577. (Desire of Suffering.)
(Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

12—B. William, O. P., Priest, and his companions, Martyrs of Avignon, A. D.
1242. (Singular Fortitude.) Mass for the Building Association at 9 A. M.

13—S. Ferdinand, King of Castile and Leon, Confessor, A. D. 1252. (Love of Prayer.) (Benediction.)

14—Exaltation of the Holy Cross, A. D.
629. Plenary Indulgence for Tertiaries and Rosarians: C. C.; visit Rosary church; prayers. (Benediction.) Twelfth Saturday in honor of the Most Holy Rosary.

15—Third Sunday of the Month—Most Holy Name of our Blessed Lady. Plenary Indulgence for members of Living Rosary: C. C.; visit; prayers. Meeting of Women Tertiaries at 3 P. M.
Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

P. M.

16—B. Imelda Lambertini, O. P., Virgin,
A. D. 1333. (Patroness of First Communicants.) (Love of the Blessed Sacrament.) Nineteenth anniversary of the consecration of the Most Reverend P. W. Riordan, D. D., Archbishop of San Francisco

17—The Stigmata of S. Francis Assissi,

17—The Stigmata of S. Francis Assissa, A. D. 1224.

18—Fast day. SS. Cornelius, Pope, and Cyprian, Bishop, Martyrs, A. D. 258. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

19—SS. Januarius, Bishop of Benevento,

19—SS. Januarius, Bishop of Benevento, and his companions, Martyrs, A. D. 305. (Joy in the Faith.)
20—Fast day. B. Francis Possadas, O. P., Priest, A. D. 1713. (Perseverance in the Midst of Persecutions.)
21—Fast day. S. Matthew, Apostle. (Benediction.) Thirteenth Saturday in honor of the Most Holy Rosary.
22—Of the Feria. Sermon, Rosary and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.
23—S. Thecla, Virgin and Protomartyr of Women. Meeting of the Young Men's Holy Name Society at 8 P. M.
24—Our Lady of Mercy. Plenary Indulgence for members of Living Rosary. (Benediction.)
25—S. Thomas of Villanova, O. S. A.,

25-S. Thomas of Villanova, O. S. A.,

Bishop, A. D. 1610.

Rosary.)

26—B. Dalmatius Moner, O. P., Priest,

(Love of Observance.)

P. Priest,

26—B. Dalmatius Moner, O. P., Priest, A. D. 1341. (Love of Observance.) 27—B. James of Salomonio, O. P., Priest, A. D. 1314. (Confidence in Prayer.) Commencement of Novena in honor of the Most Holy Rosary. 28—S. Joseph of Cupertino, O. S. F., Priest. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.) Fourteenth Saturday in honor of the Most Holy Rosary.

Friest. (votive mass of the Rosary.)
Fourteenth Saturday in honor of the Most Holy Rosary.

29—LAST SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—S. Michael, Archangel. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit; prayers; (2) C. C.; assist at procession; visit; prayers. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite the third part of the Rosary three times a week: C. C.; visiting church; prayers. Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M. 30—S. Jerome, Priest and Doctor of the Church, A. D. 420.

The Patron Saints for the Living Rosary of this month are: The Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Cornelius, P. M.; S. Wenceslas, M.; S. Ida, W.; S. Firmismus, B.; S. Rosalia, V. The Five Sorrowful Mysteries—S. Maurice, M.; S. Cosmas, M.; S. Thecla, V. M.; S. Michael, Archangel; S.

Regina, V. M. The Five Glorious Mysteries—S. Matthew, Evang.; S. Editha, V.; S. Jerome, C. D.; S. Justina, V. M.; S. Justina, B.

SPECIAL.—The celebration of Great Rosary Sunday, October 6, will be characterized by the usual solemnity which has ever been identified with the ceremonial in S. Dominic's on that occasion. We now remind our readers merely in the spirit of preparation. Our October num-

spirit of preparation. Our October number will contain details.

A Plenary Indulgence may be gained once a month on any day chosen at will by the members of the Holy Name Sodality who make a daily quarter of an hour's meditation. Conditions: C. C.; prayers. A Plenary Indulgence may be gained on all Saturdays and Sundays by Tertiaries: C. C.; visit a Dominican church; prayers.

The members of the Angelic Warfare

The members of the Angelic Warfare may gain two Plenary Indulgences each month on days selected at will. For the month on days selected at will. For the lirst the conditions are: (1) Daily recitation of the prayer "My Dear Jesus"; (2) C. C. on day determined; (3) prayers. For the second: (1) The daily recitation of the prayer, "Chosen Lily of Innocence"; 2 and 3 as above.

I.et us say boldly with S. Bernard that we have need of a mediator with the Mediator

Himself, and that it is the divine Mary

who is the most capable of fuling that charitable office. It is by her that Jesus Christ came, and it is by her we must go to Him. If we fear to go directly to Jesus Christ our God, whether because of His infinite greatness, or because of our vile-

ness, or because of our sins, let us boldly implore the aid and intercession of Mary our Mother. She is good, she is tendershe has nothing in her austere or repulsive, nothing too sublime and too brillian In seeing her we see our pure nature She is not the sun, who, by the vivacity ohis rays, blinds us because of our weakness; but she is fair and gentle as the moon, which receives the light of the sum and tempers it to render it more suitable to our capacity. She is so charitable that she repels none of those who ask her intercession, no matter how great sinner they have been; for, as the saints say

was the world that any one has confidently and perseveringly had recourse to our Blessed Lady and yet has been re-

The power of the Rosary in inspiring those who pray with confidence as to the issue of their appeals is equally effective in moving the heart of the Virgin in comin moving the heart of the Virgin in compassion for us. It is clear that it must be exceedingly grateful to her to see and hear us whilst we solemnly weave into a crown sincere petitions and beautiful words of praise. In thus praying together we wish God the glory which is His due; we are anxious that His pleasure and His will should alone be fulfilled; we extol His goodness and munificence colling Him we are anxious that His pleasure and His will should alone be fulfilled; we extol His goodness and munificence, calling Him Father. This is a source of exquisite joy to Mary, and in our devotion she really "magnifies the Lord." And in truth we address God in a prayer worthy of Him when we recite the Lord's prayer. More over, to the requests we make in this prayer, so just and fitting in themselves, and so conformable to Christian faith, hope and charity, a certain charm most agreeable to the Virgin adds a special weight. For with our voice appears to be united that of the Son Jesus, Who gave us a formula of prayer in fixed terms, and commanded that it should be employed. "Thus, therefore, shall you pray" (Matt. vi:9). Let us not doubt, then, that she will discharge towards us her office, full of eager love, when with a ready disposition we carry out this injunction by reciting the Rosary. Gracefully receiving this chaplet, she will grant us in return a rich reward of favors.

—Leo XIII.

pelled -B. Louis Mary Grignon de Montfort, O. P HE HEW YORK

AFTOR, LENEY AND THOUSE



OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY.
(After the Painting by Murillo).

DOMINICANA

VOL. II.

OCTOBER, 1901.

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No. 10

QUEEN OF THE ROSARY.

J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

October waits, wrapped in her gleams of light,

In leafy robes of red and shining gold, Like some high-priest with saintly face es : and old,

To taste her first day-dream, rosy and bright.

Lone-faced September e'en has taken flight,

And now October swings her censer. Hold!

A million of glad voices gay unfold

Their hymns of love to heaven's Queen of Might,

While I, a sinner, kneel at Faith's pure shrine,

With beads in hand, and sing lest I forget.

The praises of Dominic, Bernadette, Whose souls were linked by sweetest Rosary thine,

Mother-Queen! while Hope-gleams

linger yet,
Come to thy child! Oh, still this heart of mine!

OUR ADVOCATE.

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

Bound by the chain of our Lady's beads
That link us to her by its bond of
prayer,
We haste to her with our daily needs,
Our daily crosses and burdening cares.

Over toil-worn fingers the blessed chain

glides,

Hach bead with a pleading for mercy
fraught;

A pleading whose trust in her love abides,
And the marvels for mortals that she
has wrought.

And io! as a fountain of healing grace
The baim of her pity upon us flows,
Till the heart, no longer a desert place,
Blossoms with charity's fadeless rose.

And the souls detained in that prison dread

Where the flerce fire purges away each stain,

Feeling dew of Heaven upon them shed, Hail a near surcease of their bitter pain.

Then let our Aves sweetly rise,

Fervent and oft to our Queen who pleads

With her Son, our Saviour, who ne'er denies

A boon, when His Mother intercedes.

Pray, pray for our brother toilers here, And oh! remember our loved who wait, That freed from their prison tortures drear

They may joy Golden Gate. joyously enter Heaven's

ALFRED THE GREAT.

Widespread interest has been manifested in the preparations made for a fitting observance of the one thousandth anniversary of the closing of an exemplary life—the noble death of Alfred, the Well-Beloved, Alfred the Good.

With Alfred the Great, English history began. His wise legislation has left imperishable traces upon his native land; his majestic influence extends even to our own day. Every detail of the career of this Christian prince is a living illustration of his simple, religious nature.

Alfred was born at Wantage in 849. At the age of four years we behold him in Rome, attended by a royal retinue, anointed by the Pope, and adopted as his spiritual son. Queen Osberga, the pious mother of Alfred, devoted her energies to the cultivation of virtue in her young son. Her death occurred when the prince was but six years old. Her bereaved consort, King Ethelwulf, made a pilgrimage to Rome in honor of her memory, taking his youngest son, Alfred, with him.

Of an observing and thoughtful disposition, the young prince gleaned practical notions of life during his stay at the elegant court of Charles the Bold, the grandson of Charlemagne. To his youthful eyes were unfolded the beauties of foreign countries; he lent a willing ear to the narratives of brilliant warrior-nobles and eminent scholars. Throughout the year of his father's sumptuous pageant from basilica to basilica in the Eternal City, Alfred imbibed the lessons of wisdom inspired by the ruins of ancient glory, the grandeur of the wondrous palaces and the hallowed atmosphere of martyrs' shrines--the magnificent monuments of a living faith.

Although a lover of learning, Alfred passed the first twelve years of his life in practising outdoor sports with the young nobles of the court. When he learned to read and write is uncertain. He often lamented that he could not find teachers in his early youth. At the age

of twenty Alfred married a Princess of Mercia, and three years later ascended the tottering throne of his ancestors. The ominous wings of the Danish raven at that moment fluttered triumphantly over the oppressed Saxons. They had almost lost courage. Alfred rallied his forces and after nine pitched battles compelled the pagan to conclude terms of peace.

The enemy, however, broke all compacts, and with reinforcements from the overcame the much-harassed ocean Saxons. Airred, with a band of noble followers, fled to the forest of Selwood. where he wandered from cave to cave bemoaning the disgrace of his defeat. The helplessness of his condition forced upon him the knowledge "that there is one Lord alone, Master of all things and all men, before whom every knee bends, who holds in his hand the heart of kings, and who sometimes makes His happy servants feel the lash of adversity; to teach them when they suffer not to despair of the Divine mercy, and to be without pride when they prosper."

The incident of the burning loaves, which occurred while the King was a fugitive in a poor herdsman's hut, illustrates his traditional geniality. The busy wife of the herdsman was accustomed to call upon the disguised King for the performance of little services about the house. Upon one occasion sheleft some thin cakes upon the hearth and confided them to his care. Alfred, while mending his bow and arrows, was so absorbed in thought that he entirely forgot the burning loaves. He was roused from his meditation, however, by the voice of the irate woman exclaiming:

"'Ca'sn thee mind the ke-aks, man, an doossen zee 'em burn?
I'm bound thee's eat 'em fast enough azon az 'tis the turn!"

The King laughed good-naturedly and assisted the cowherd's wife to finish her task.

roaming aimlessly for months, was discovered by some nobleto gathered about him a trusted followers. With renewed conn God, Alfred prepared to strugnst the red-handed enemy of his

Disguised as a minstrel he went very camp of the invader with a determine their strength in nume decided to attack them in May, e desperate Saxons gathered in bearing Alfred's standard—the dragon—which they unfurled in the astonished enemy. Although t of the Danes was broken for a the Saxon's victory, some years fred was interrupted in the eduand material improvement of his by the war-cry of the notorious lastings, who, although advanced was passionately fond of the f war."

eteran fighter, after several years gle against so energetic an adas Alfred, finally departed from lish coast.

ed from the presence of the crew, Alfred had leisure to peri execute his plans for the dehis kingdom against future in more formidable task, however, him in the elevation of a stolid rom the depths of ignorance and usion of warring elements that long rent the kingdom. This iccomplished by the propagation tianity. He fully realized that n may dispense with God's laws punity.

compiled a code of laws founded Decalogue, which he submitted wise men" before adopting them. We were enforced in the spirit of stice necessitated by the vandal-the times. Though simple and a temper, the King was sternly in the execution of justice, se occasion he "had twenty-four langed for corruption in the judgmat." Some writers claim for the honor of having introduced by jury into his kingdom.

oundation of the University of

Oxford, and of many other institutions of learning, the building of churches, cathedrals, convents, the liberation of serfs within his dominions, all bear tribute to the moral grandeur of the life of this unique ruler.

Amid the cares of state and in unceasing bodily pain, this great king consecrated some time to religious exercises. He often rose at daylight and went to pray in the churches. That he might better distribute the hours of prayer and work. he contrived a time-piece, which consisted of six candles, made of equal length, each with twelve divisions, or rings. These candles, lighted in succession, burned a night and a day. The accuracy of this sort of time-piece was largely dependent, however, upon the state of the wind; but the ingenious king invented a lantern to protect the flame from the currents of air. This lantern was constructed of wood and white ox-horn. Skillful planing rendered the ox-horn as transparent as glass.

Eminently religious, Alfred was also a prodigy of industry in a literary way. His attention was devoted chiefly to the translation into English of religious, historical and philosophical works calculated to instruct his uncultured subjects in the vernacular. He strongly opposed the introduction of foreign words, and has left us the models of pure Anglo-Saxon. English, as a synthetic tongue, had reached its highest perfection in his time.

Some of Alfred's Proverbs, compiled in the reign of Henry II, consequently in the broken dialect of the transition period, are scintillations of wisdom. Like the diamond, their brilliancy is not dimmed by a new setting. These thoughts command our honor of the man and the Christian; they typify the nobility of the king. In the words of Alfred:

The right nobility is in the mind; not in the flesh.

Power is never good unless he be good that has it; and that is the good of the man, not of the power.

Learn, therefore, wisdom; and when you have learned it do not neglect it. I tell you, then, without any doubt, that by

it you may come to power, though you should not desire the power.

In addressing his son, he says:

"My dear son, sit thou now beside me, and I will deliver thee true instructions. My son, I feel that my hour is now coming. My countenance is wan. My days are almost done. We must now part. I shall go into another world, and thou shalt be left alone with all my wealth. I pray for thee (for thou art my dear child); strive to be a father and a lord to thy people; be thou the children's father and the widow's friend; comfort thou the poor and shelter the weak; and with all thy might right that which is wrong. And, son, govern thyself by law; and then shall the Lord love thee, and God, above all things, shall be thy reward. Call thou upon Him to advise thee in all thy needs, and so He shall help thee the better to compass that which thou wishest."

Greatness and goodness may justly be

accorded to Alfred. His fame rests upon the stability of truth. His life was a precept to posterity. What other ruler has retained so virtuous a character? A warrior, statesman, legislator, Christian scholar and reputable author, a prince devoid of desire of selfish emolument, whose years of early manhood were devoted to his country's defense, who accepted adversity with Christian resignation, who bore his triumphs with steadfast simplicity—the heroic helmsman who guided a weather-beaten bark, tossed by angry waves and manned by a turbulent crew.

Alfred's merits, established in his own day, have outlived his century. They have stood the test of generations of transmission without loss of honor. An approving posterity for one thousand years has applauded England's peerless king.

MY ROSARY.

MARGARET OLSEN.

Since morn I had been with Happiness, And blest the evening seemed; And then I lay down—two mysteries said, And fell asleep, and dreamed.

It was in the dead of winters' night, T'was clear and cold but mild; And there at the crib in Bethlehem. I gazed on the Infant Child!

I walked by his side for hours and hours; We talked of flowers and trees. T'was thus that in dream'l finished them— The joyful mysteries. And then I see thorns spread on a path And angry soldiers jeer; Beyond for the sins of man He dies! His last few words I hear.

The beautiful lips that spoke to me In words so soft, so true Now part, and they cry, "Father, forgive, They know not what they do."

And then there is no one near—alone I see his agony.

And then all at once I realize That Christ had died for me!

Then lo! there is light, a glorious light! I dream, 'tis Easter morn;
And Jesus looks down and smiles from Heaven,
And I awake—'tis dawn!

AN OCTOBER LEAF.

MARY ALLEGRA GALLAGHER.

Stay Morn Angel, mounting homeward, Bid her wings to quiet fold;

In the niche of yonder mountain She has left her sandal gold,

THE STORY OF A CALIFORNIA INDIAN.

KATHARINE WALLACE.

II.—Antonio, Jack and Pedro.

shrill whistle pierces the air back from the hills. Hi! Hi! iro! Whoo! Oo! O!-and a ggy dog comes racing down the lances and leaps, now here, now jumps on Antonio's shoulder ks about his feet; then he il with the most knowing kind in his intelligent eyes. Pedro's st spoke. There he stood, looktonio, almost saying: "What's x? What do you want with urrah! Hurrah," cried out the e of Antonio; "we're going a th Jack Hart. Look sharp there. The dog did not wait for another dashed off like a flash. Who hat Pedro did not understand? did, for when Antonio got up to where he kept his bait and fishthere stood the dog vigorous.y is tail and saying, as well as a say it, "I am ready." Antonio 1 merry, guileless fashion at the he poor creature almost shook if in his efforts to express his As the boy and dog walk up the ath leading to the house, they ir Aunt Mary had a fine lunch so dainty and nice in a little Pedro ran before, then behind, l and round, barking as merrily be. The basket is placed in the z's mouth and he carries it with , and prances off with his head he air, as became a dog on such ant mission. Aunt Mary stands orch looking at them, with her olesome face melting into a mile. "I have some proth," said his little pail for Gran'ma Hart. r, Antonio, she has been ill, and go a little out of your way to o her." "All right!" chirped up t boy. "You never forget anyitie. I am so glad to bring it to Gran'ma Hart. The last time I brought her some she said there was nothing tasted so good as your broth." Aunt Mary laughs cheerily at this. So off they gaily start on their fishing trip. Antonio, with his fishing rod slung over his shoulder, whistling as only a happy boy can whistle. Pedro skipped along with a racing air and seemed to realize that he was an important factor in the expedition. Antonio talked to his dog as if he could talk, too; he talked of the rabbits with their self-betraying tails that scudded in and out of the brush-and there were armies of them; of the squirrels that frisked and frolicked in the trees; of the merry birds of bright and beautiful plumage that sailed above their heads. "Hi! there, Pedro! what are you about?" cried Antonio. Pedro forgot he had the lunch basket in his mouth and started after a rabbit, as if the speed of a rabbit was the most important thing in life. Over went the basket and out fell the glass jar filled with the nice fresh tea of Aunt Mary's own making, but, thanks to the careful way things were fixed, the jar and the goodies were safely replaced and no harm done. Pedro returned with a kind of hang-dog look; he knew he had made a mistake, but, like the wise dog that he was, he took up his basket again and soberly started off, without even a bark, his head stiff and erect just like a patrolman, looking neither right nor left but straight ahead. There is no little boy or girl but will say that Pedro was right this time. Just then there was heard a boy's whistle, sounding like the echo of some happy thought, and then came a wild hurrah! from Jack Hart, who had come up the road to meet them. "Hello! Antonio," shouted the lusty voice of Jack. Pedro, like the friendly dog that he was, made another break when he saw Jack, and was about to make a dash of welcome at him, but oh! the wisdom of that same dog; he stopped just in time to save the lunch basket. This made Antonio remember Gran'ma Hart's broth in the little pail, poor old gran'ma sitting alone in the open door. "Ah!" said she, in the wheeziest kind of a voice, "it is so good of your auntie to remember an old woman like me. She is always thinking of others and doing for others. She surely lives that 'golden rule' that has been talked so much about and preached about, but very seldom lived. Do not fail to stop here, Antonio, on your way back from your fishing, as I have some flowers to send up to Our Lady's shrine. You know to-morrow is one of her feast days, and I want the flowers to deck her altar." "I won't forget, gran'ma," said the happy boy; "we will stop and bring you some of our big fish." So off go the merry boys, after giving old gran'ma a cheery good-bye. There was the sun shining and the birds singing as the sun only shines and the birds only sing when boys are off on a frolic. It took the jolly boys but a short time to get to the water. Such fun and sport as they had! Pedro was indeed no small part of the fun. When he jumped into the water there was a fresh burst of merriment from the boys, when he jumps out there is another peal of merry laughter; then he runs off to play with the Mother Carey chickens that live in crowds along the beach; he frisked and played with the fish that lay on the shore to dry, and was the very jolliest dog in the world. The louder the boys laughed and shouted, the more Pedro leaped and jumped and barked. Never were there happier companions and never was more fun squeezed into a shorter space of time. "Come, Pedro, and hustle there; we are going home." "Oh, no," sang out Jack. "We won't go home until morning." At this the dog redoubles his barking and his gambols. And, like the high-minded dog that he was, he galloped after them joyfully. Jolly dogs are a good deal like happy boys, they love to make a noise and romp and tear around. Off they go, so bravely on their way home. This was a fishing trip that the boys would never forget. Presently we hear two lusty young voices singing an old melody as they and the dog trot merrily along.

Song—The sky is blue, the waters, too.

La-loo-la-loo.

Here's to you—and my dog, too,

La-loo-la-loo.

CHAPTER IV.—PEDRO IS SHOT.

The blue waters of the Pacific Ocean lic peaceful and tranquil and the setting sun is throwing a radiance of glorious beauty all over nature, as the boys and Pedro start home from their fishing. As they pass over the railroad beyond the bluff they saw men in the brush shooting rabbits, which was nothing unusual. Pedro started off in his merry fashion to see the sport. Soon there was the sharp report of a rifle. Just at that instant Antonio Cavai was frightened nearly out of his senses by the loud bark of Pedro. Then came the shrill cry of a wounded animal, and, whether by accident or what, poor Pedro was shot in the leg, and a bad shot it was, too. When Antonio saw what was done he upbraided the man for his cruelty. The boys never forgot the brutal reply of the man, who called the dog an old cur and other ugly names. He was a white man talking to a little Indian boy, who might have taught the man many a useful lesson. It is strange to detect the savage in civilised man and to observe the hold of some savage traits on men who are boastful of their superiority. The poor dog could not stir, and lay moaning helplessly. The two little boys could not help crying bitterly; the men had gone off and left them alone in what was almost a wilderness; no house within sight and no way of getting home. "I would not let you suffer... Pedro, if I could help it," said Antonio, with a great sob in his throat, "be a good dog and we will get you home as soon as we can." Pedro feebly wagged his tail when he saw his little friends standing over him. "I never thought," said Jack Hart, "that I could feel so bad about a dog. Oh, oh! whatever will we do?" They tied up the wounded leg, from which the blood was freely flowing, with their handkerchiefs, and tried as best they could to relieve the poor dog, who was suffering great pain. The two boys were distracted and grew quite helpless in their sorrow. They were so far from home and no way

help, and Pedro could not even)h, my," said Antonio, "what o? What shall we do? It will ark night. Poor Pedro, he will Oh, Jack, I know he will die. e only home Aunt Mary would I know she would." The kind i the suffering dog's head, but of ever getting him home alive. said Jack, with a great chokno one in the whole world can lp us, let us pray to our Blessed Granma says she always helps no one else will." "Oh, yes," nio, "why did I not think of If? You say the prayer, An-I I will join you." The two loys knelt and prayed with an is they never before felt. There I woods and in the silence of the lay they raised their eyes to clasping their little hands, they oud to the Queen of Heaven. other Mary, we don't know logs go to Heaven or not. We happier if we were sure they did. thee help poor Pedro. Let him re will be so thankful. Show us io, dear, dear Mother. Pedro ys such a good dog. Amen, The boys had just arisen from es when the thought came to hat by going over to the wagon night hail some stray ranchman y home from town, and so take I themselves back home. There nuch time to spare before dark, n had begun to set and looked eat ball of fire falling into the rs of the Pacific. Antonio ran e wagon road, but to his sorrow as in sight. Coming back to the ir where Pedro lay moaning, he led by seeing a man lying in the h disheveled hair and a face the pallor of death. The man lifferent look from the many hat Antonio had seen on their Los Angeles to San Diego. If tramp he was not an ordinary Antonio approached, the man t to him in a voice weak and ve me a drink, little boy; for the od give me a drink. I am dying,

I fear. The frightened child glanced at the man in quick surprise. "Give me a drink," again cries the man, "for God's sake." It took but a few moments for the kind-hearted boy to run to the lunch basket and take out the jar of tea. which had not been opened by the boys. tea was quickly swallowed by the thirsty man. "Dear child," said he, "that drink was life to me. I have lain here I know not how long, dying for a drink, not able to stand on my feet. I heard your prayer, my boy, you are a kind and pitiful lad. O God, help me! I am drifting, I know not whither. Have you seen my horse. boys? He took fright at the cars and threw me violently to the ground. Have you seen the horse?" "No," said the boys, we have been watching our poor dog, but we will find your horse by and by. "Let me raise your head," said the thoughtful Indian boy, and taking off his jacket, Antonio placed it comfortably under the man's head. "It is too bad you are so far from Aunt Mary's ranch. She is so good and kind, she would help you I know. Oh, dear, if we were only there Pedro would be all right, too." What was the boys' delight when they heard the rumbling sound of horses and a wagon, and there to be sure was Fred Fisher, their neighbor, coming down the road with his team of two horses. He gladly stopped to give them a lift. When Antonio told of the sick man in the brush, Fred, who was a kind-hearted man, would not leave the stranger sick and alone by the wayside. After some persuasion the sick man was induced to take a seat in the wagon. After getting Pedro comfortable on the wagon floor they started for home. It was not long before Aunt Mary's cheerful little home came into view. She had been anxiously watching for them, as Pedro's accident had delayed them some hours behind time. When Aunt Mary's kind, motherly eyes rested on the stranger she saw that he was a very sick man, for his face looked like death. She would not hear of his passing her house with no place to shelter him He was brought in to a clean, comfortable bed, and was almost helpless with pain. Whispering to Aunt Mary, he said, "Good woman, you may regret this; I am a stranger and perchance an enemy of yours." "Hush," said Aunt Mary, "do you not remember the Saviour's words 'Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, you have done it unto me.' You are needy, that is your passport to my house. God sent you here."

(To be continued.)

Thus in Mary an exceedingly great help towards Christian unity has been divinely given. And although this assistance may not be merited by any one form of prayer, nevertheless, we believe that for obtaining it there is none better or more salutary than the Rosary. We have already observed that by no means its least advantage is that it offers the Christian a short and easy means of nourishing his faith and guarding it from ignorance and the danger of error; a fact which is clearly attested by the very origin of the Rosary. For indeed, it is plain how closely related to Mary is the faith which is exercised in this fashion, either by the oft repeated vocal prayer, or, more especially, by the meditation of the mysteries. For often as we, in the guise of suppliants before her, properly recite the sacred chaplet, so often do we recall the admirable work of our salvation, contemplating as present facts the sequence of events and their fulfilment, by which she became at once the Mother of God and our Mother. The greatness of this double dignity, the fruits of this double ministry, appear drawn in lines of living light to anyone who religiously considers Mary as associated with her Son in the triple mysteries of joy, sorrow and glory. As a natural result the mind is inflamed with a feeling of grateful love towards her, and disdaining the perishable things of earth, endeavors with strong resolve to prove itself worthy of so great a Mother and of these, her benefits. But since she, this best of all mothers, cannot avoid being most favorably impressed and moved to mercy by this frequent and faithful remembrance of these mysteries, we therefore have declared that it would be most opportune to plead with her by means of the Rosary the cause of our separated brethren. This is a matter which properly belongs to her office of spiritual

motherhood. For Mary has not and could not bring forth those who are Christ's unless in one faith and in one love, for is Christ divided? (First Cor. i:13.) we all should live together the life of Christ, so that in one and the same body we may bring forth fruit to God. (Rom. vii:4.) The Mother who has been blessed by God with a perpetual fecundity of holy offspring, must needs to a certain degree beget again for Christ as many as have been torn from that unity by the sad calamity of events. This is evidently what she herself vehemently wishes to accomplish; and if we give to her the woven garlands of the prayer most acceptable to her, she will in return for them obtain in abundance the of the quickening spirit. Would to God that good souls may not refuse to second the wishes of their merciful Mother; and, consulting the interests of their own salvation, may they listen to her most alluring invitation: "My little children of whom I am in labor again, until Christ be formed in you" (Gal. iv:19.) -Our Holy

We remind our readers of the great Rosary Sunday indulgences, which may be gained in Confraternity churches from the hour of first vespers (about 2 P. M.) Saturday, October 5, till sunset on the feast itself, October 6. A plenary indulgence may be gained at each and every visit made to the altar of our Lady of the Rosary during these hours. This indulgence is not limited to Dominican churches or to Rosarians, but may be gained by any of the faithful in any church where the Confraternity is established and in the chapels and oratories of religious by those who are living in such communi-ties and whose names are regularly inscribed in the Confraternity. Consult the calendar for particulars.

Futher Leo XIII.

S. LOUIS BERTRAND, PRIEST.

(A. D. 1526-1581.)

Bertrand was one of the many its waich Catholic Spain gave the the sixteenth century. He was Valencia, of holy parents, who good position in life and near he family of S. Vincent Ferrer. ery day of his birth, January 1, 3, he received the Sacrament of ion at the same font in which t had been baptized a century lf previously. Before he was rs old he began daily to recite of Our Lady, and at an early age ed permission to visit and nurse n the hospitals. To conceal his communions from the knowledge he was accustomed to receive in churches. When still quite a led secretly from his home, inspend his life as a poor pilgrim, as overtaken and brought back. w conceived an ardent idea to

Order of S. Dominic, but his ho could not bear to part with ed many obstacles in the way of ing out his vocation, and it was he was nearly nineteen that he ed in the white habit he had so ted. He made his solemn vows th day of August, A. D. 1545, and later was raised to the priestore he had attained the age of o. The fervor which he felt in is first mass never relaxed durhole life; he was always distinor his intense devotion to the Sacrament, and he became one ny Saints who were instrumental hands in restoring the ancient f frequent communion.

ars after his ordination he was Master of Novices. In acceptlost, the rule he made for himlaithfully carried out was to be in every duty and a living exthose under his charge of all the hich he desired to form in them. ipline was, indeed, somewhat severe; but his novices were well aware that their holy master chastised his own body with penance tenfold harder than any which he imposed upon them. He was full of sympathy for them in all their trials and temptations, and trained so great a number in the religious life that his holy Franciscan friend, B. Nicholas Factor, used to compare him to B. John of Saxony, who is said to have clothed more than a thousand novices with his own hand.

S. Louis had the consolation of assisting his father in his last hours. During the eight years which followed he prayed and suffered incessantly for the release of that beloved soul from purgatory, and at length was comforted by beholding it in glory. The Community of Valencia having been compelled to disperse for a time on account of the ravages of the plague, S. Louis became superior of the small convent of S. Anne at Albayda, where he distinguished himself by his great charity to the poor and his bold denunciation of This public scandals from the pulpit. apostolic liberty of speech nearly cost him his life, for a gentleman of high rank was so incensed by one of his sermons, which he believed to be pointed at his own flagrant wickedness, as to attempt to shoot him; but the Saint quietly made the sign of the Cross and the gun levelled against him was miraculously changed into a crucifix. In the year 1562, S. Louis, whose daily prayer at the elevation in the mass "Grant, O Lord, that I may die for was: Thee, who didn't deign to die for me," sail for South America, where he labored as a missionary amongst the Indians for seven years, earning for himself the title of the Apostole of New Granada. He preached on the Isthmus of Panama and in the northwestern part of South America, even penetrating alone among the savage tribes of the Caribs, who inhabited some of the West Indian Islands, and who had hitherto been regarded as irreclaimable. They listened, however, to the voice of the Saint, and great numbers were convected. One of the idolatrous priests, enraged at S. Louis' success, administered to him virulent poison, which nearly caused his death and from the effects of which he continued to suffer until the end of his life. God favored him with a gift of tongue in a double way. Sometimes, speaking in his native Castilian, he was understood by his hearers as if he had been using their language; at other times he employed languages of which he himself was naturally ignorant. His preaching was also confirmed by miracles.

In the year 1569, S. Louis, distressed by the cruelties practiced on the Indians by their Spanish conquerors, returned to Spanish conquerors, returned to Spanish, where, after governing for three years the Convent of S. Onuphrius and discharging for a time his old office of novice-master, he was elected Prior of his own convent in Valencia. As Superior, he gave his community a wonderful example

of every religious virtue, always doing more himself than he required of others.

S. Louis Bertrand united to a tender love for his Divine Master an eminent degree of the gift of holy fear; not that servile fear which springs from self-love, but a reverential fear lest his own sinfulness should render him unworthy of the eternal possession of God. He was also distinguished for his great love of the Rosary, and he often made use of his Rosary and the intercession of our Lady to veil the miraculous powers with which God had endowed him. Thus it was by the application of his Rosary that he raised a girl to life in South America.

His last illness was long and painful. At length, on October 9, A. D. 1587, his blessed soul was released from the prison of the body, his passage out of this world being marked by many prodigies. He was beatified by Paul V, A. D. 1671. At the beginning of the present century his holy body was still incorrupt.

It is the confident opinion animating pious minds that Mary will be the happy bond of union, firmly and gently forming into one brotherhood all those who love Christ, whoever or wherever they arc. making them obedient to the Roman Pontiff, His Vicar on earth, as a common father. At which thought the mind of its own accord flies back through the history of the Church to the noblest examples of pristine unity, dwelling with most pleasure upon the memories of the great council of Ephesus. For there indeed, the complete agreement in faith and the equal communion in sacred things which at that time bound together the East and West, seem to have attained remarkable strength and to have shone . forth with peculiar glory; since, when the fathers lawfully sanctioned the dogma that the Holy Virgin is the Mother of God, the announcement of that fact going forth from a city transported with religicus joy, filled the entire Christian world with a like remarkable exultation. By as many motives as the confidence of obtaining the desired benefits through the powerful and most kind Virgin, is sustained and developed by so many stimuli, as it were, should that zeal be excited which we urge Catholics to exercise in praying to her for them. Let them consider how noble this is, how fruitful for themselves; how acceptable and agreeable it certainly will be to the same Virgin. For possessing, as they do, unity of faith, they thus declare both the high appreciation in which they hold this benefit and their desire to guard the same more sacredly. Better evidence of their fraternal goodwill towards their separated brethren they cannot give than by strauously assisting them to regain that, greatest of all, benefits. This fraternal affection, truly Christian, flourishing throughout the history of the Church, has always been accustomed to look for its chief strength from the Mother of God. the best patroness of peace and unity. S. Germanus of Constantinople invoked her in these words: "Remember the Christians who are thy servants; recommended the prayers of all; aid the hope of all; do thou solidify faith, do thou join the Churches into one." In the same strain is the earnest entreaty of the Greeks her: "O most pure one, to whom it here: "O most pure one, to whom it here: "O most pure one, to whom it here wor faith the may grant peace to the wor faith the may grant peace to the wor faith the may grant peace to the wor faith the churches and we shall all magnify thee."

—Our Holy Father Leo XIII.

ENGLAND.

CANTO FIRST.

I

True English history done in happy rhyme!
Great Scot! how far and wide it would be read!
And what a crown the poet of our time,
With such a theme, might fashion for his head!
High soaring 'bove all bards alive or dead,
He'd win the grateful world; nor know their woes
Whose noblest rhyming hardly earned them bread!
Yet such is not my aim; what I propose
Just now is merely tentative, and so—here goes!

П

Between the muddy Elbe and Eyder lay
A narrow, dirty strip, called "Engle land,"
Indent with reedy cove and shallow bay—
Your cradle, England! e'en that slimy rand!
Without renown save as a prowling band
Of shiftless thieves who hung upon the rear
Of mighty Rome's domain, you n'er would stand
To face the foe; but skulked in swamp and weir—
The thorough English coward that we find you here!

Ш

Jute, Angle, Saxon, Norman—'tis the same
Cursed mongrel brood, whose villainous career
Betrays your Scandinavian birth of shame—
By pagans, even, scorned both far and near!
What shore so'er beheld your prows appear
Saw raised the symbols of your brutal creed
'Mid deeds unnameable in human ear,
And in blaspheming ribald, heard you plead
The worship of the gods by murder, lust and greed!

IV.

Thor, Woden, Frigga—these were your foul gods;
And are to-day, despite the hypocrisy—
At which approvingly the devil nods—
That names you Christian! Damned apostasy

DOMINICANA

Enthroned within you reigns; and heresy,
More numerous than your frogs in Engle land,
So spots you o'er with moral leprosy
That, by the righteous Christian world's demand,
Apart you wander, excommunicate and banned!

V.

What time the imperial might of pagan Rome
Was tottering neath the shock of Gothic hordes,
And summoned her most distant armies home
To guard her 'leaguered heart with Roman swords,
You sneaked from out your rotten fens and fords
And swarmed on Britain's unprotected strand;
Where, led on by your Scandinavian "lords,"
No pity stayed your devastating hand,
Nor e'er like horrors fell before to any land!

VI.

While Britons fought Rome's battles on the Seine And Picts o'er British border poured anew, Hengist and Horsa—bloody villains twain—
Led to her shores your murderous Saxon crew!
Deeply did Britons learn the day to rue
On which, in their distress, they called for aid
On rascals who nor faith nor honor knew;
But Britons' trust with treachery repaid,
And on their isle the filthy name of England laid!

VII.

But not without a taste of Britons' steel
Was gained your "conquest!" In the fierce dispute
On many a battlefield was seen to reel
The Anglo-Saxon-Scandinavian brute!
Remember Arthur! theme of Cymric lute!
Who made the foul invader bite the dust,
And long held back the pest that doth pollute
Fair Britain since with beasts whose only trust
Did ever lay in murder, lying, theft and lust!

VIII

Remember, too, the famous victory
Where Christian Britons, led by Saint Germain,
Avenged in Saxon blood your treachery,
Amid their "Alleluia" war refrain!

Long did that Christian battle-cry remain In ears of Saxons who survived the fray! Its sound was all-sufficient to restrain Your vile marauding pranks for many a day, And force your armies, English-like, to run away!

IX.

For, Britons, full a century before Your curséd advent, bore the Christian name— Far famed for holy life and classic lore; While you were object of the wide world's shame! To see them Christian did the more inflame Your hate idolatrous against Christ's fold-Whose truth could ne'er the beast within you tame-Till o'er the holy isle, like hell-flames, rolled Your Saxon demons, gorged with sacrilege untold!

But while you ran from Britons in your fright, You bravely massacred poor monks at prayer !--- 2 To slay the helpless e'er was your delight, And bayonet unarmed Boers "amusement rare!",3 Nor did the Briton chieftains better fare Whom at your council gathered to confer-Of English perfidy all unaware, Nor fouler deed doth history aver-You basely slew in one fell, general massacre!

Your "conquest" for a century and more, Is so befouled with murder, rape and flame, That generous hearts are seized, the wide world o'er,

⁽¹⁾ The Anglo Saxons were assisted into Britain on the accepted compact that they were to aid the Britons against the inreads of the Picts. On the occasion alluded to they were caught fighting on the side of the Picts against the Britons, who reuted the combined forces with fearful slaughter.—Ven. Bede, I, I7 apud. Lingard History of England, Vol. I, C. I. This is an early illustration of the English practice of "running with the hare and hunting with the hounds"

(2) Ediffrid, the Anglo-Saxon, in a battle near Chester against the hospitable Briton King Cadvan, seeing on the summit of a neighboring hill, the Monks of Bangor praying for the success of the Britons, ordered a detachment of his army to put them to the sword. The number of the Monks vision on the hill is admitted to have been 1,200. Ven Bede, II, 2.

(3) The slaying of the Boers in the South African War, who had surrendered, was styled by an English officer, in a letter home to England, as "rare pig-sticking":

(4) By mutual agreement three hundred deputies from each nation—Briton and Saxon—were to meet unarmed in council; during the conference each Saxon singled out his victim; at the proper moment Hengist exclaimed: "Draw your dazgers." The massacre of the unarmed Britons began; and soon the ground was covered with the dead bodies of two hundred and innery-nine Britons." Nen. C 35, 44-7.

Lingard, on no authorify but his own, affects to treat this, as, in general, most narratives infavorable to England, as a fabulous, dubions, exaggerated, over-colored, etc., etc., and in this he but follows his avowed principle that it was all important to "so treat English history as to get the Protestants of England to read it." See Memoir of Dr. Lingard prefixed to vol. I of his History of England, page 39.

With lasting hatred of your ruffian name!

By treachery and vandal deeds of shame

Were Britons of their land and freedom shorn,

While their defrauders impudently claim

The name of Briton!—last disgrace o'er borne

By hapless race in deepest slavery doomed to mourn!

XII.

Brave Britons once enslaved or in exile
Your mongrel cutthroats turned to tear and rend
Each other; and long kept fair Britain's isle
One scene of blood and flame from end to end!
Each robber chief, his booty to defend
Or add to it from out his neighbor's share
In "Heptarchy" of rascals did contend
To leave a stolen kingdom to the care
Of next of kin—most usually a bastard heir!

XIII.

In genuine Anglo-Saxon lust of gold
You sold your sons and daughters o'er the sea—
Was such a crime of other race e'er told?—
To have them auctioned off in slavery!
Fair children whom the good Pope Gregory,
Astounded, saw exposed in Roman marts,
And said "Non 'Angli,' sed et angeli,"
Amended since by her your English arts
Destroyed, "You've angels faces, but God knows your hearts!"

XIV.

Bad "angels" did you prove, as Gregory found
And his successors since! The Papacy
Long gave its wisest and its best to pound
Into your race some Christian decency!
Your convert kings "surpassed in perfidy
The vilest pagans," said the good Charlemagne;
And, from the sixth to sixteenth century,
Your record men will mostly search in vain
For nobler mark than that which signed the brow of Cain!

⁽⁵⁾ Queen Katherine; Shakespeare, Hen. VIII., ActIII., Scene 1

AN ESTIMATION OF CHARACTER.

MERWIN-MARIE SNELL, PH. D.

PRESIDENT OF ALBERTUS MAGNUS UNIVERSITY, WICHITA, KANSAS.

essay which purports to be on the of "character," but which uses id in the narrower sense of noble r, and treats of it for the most though it were the exclusive apof genius and heroism. Ralph Imerson has written these words: ter is the moral order seen

the medium of an individual In the sense which the context em, they might be paraphrased: ter is the moral order enforced is of the magnetism of a domirsonality." But taken in themhey embody the larger truth that ir, in the broad sense of the Cenictionary's fifth definition ("the the inherited and acquired ethical hich give to a person his moral ality"), should be estimated acto the degree in which it reflects al order of the universe.

estimation of character is someduty, but it is a delicate task at id when indulged in indiscrimilegenerates into the sin of rash it. "Judge not that ye be not for with what judgment ye judge il be judged," are our Blessed with words. But other passages of rit confirm the dictum of reason lat under certain circumstances it sary to form a judgment as to the l character of others. Parents rdians must choose for their chilsociates whose influence will not

in the selection of one's own the question of their character by no means be an indifferent one; the case of would-be teachers and s, the Church is bidden to judge their fruits.

neither possible nor desirable to acquainted with any one without ; even unconsciously, some sort of nate of him.

n this perfectly legitimate weighur neighbor's merits and demerits, very false standards are commonly used, even by Catholics. There are few who altogether escape the contagion of that hideous heresy of many names which puts Almighty God out of His own creation, and refuses to recognize that any powers higher than our own have aught to do with the practical affairs of human life. One of the results of this incredible perversion of thought is the removal of religious duties, in the popular mind, from the sphere of morals. We are in the habit of saying, "So and so is an atheist (or an agnostic, or a materialist, or an infidel), but he is a perfectly moral man." Whole sects have arisen which make this ex: lusively humanistic morality the cornerstone of their system. Such is notably the case with the Freemasons and the Ethical Culturists.

But all attempts to build up a theory of morals on any other foundation than the attributes and law of Almighty God have proved signal failures. Herbert Spencer's "Data of Ethics" resolve themselves on careful analysis into "ethicless datı"; and the same fate has befallen all similar monuments of impiety. No Godless system of ethics can explain or justify the "categorical imperative"—the sense of moral obligation—which is the very essence of morality. To attempt to explain why certain acts are considered right and certain others are considered wrong, without proving that man is under any intrinsic obligation, enforced by adequate penalties, to do the right and shun the wrong, is like building a house upon a quicksand or playing the Moor of Venice with Othello's role omitted.

So far as character fails to be a reflection of the moral order of the universe it is imperfect and evil. The moral order rests on two great principles which, in the form of the two cardinal commandments, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," and "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," are, and will

remain to all eternity, the Jachin and Booz of the moral law.

To be a thoroughly just man one must have the Kingdom of God abide in him and at the same time must himself abide in the Kingdom of God. These two requirements are one and inseparable. All the powers of the soul and mind and body must be perfectly subjected to the will, and the will must be perfectly subjected to the Eternal. The absolute domination of the will in the life of the indivdual is an essential condition of justice and of sanctity, but it is an equally essential condition of perfect malignancy and injustice.

He who is a perfect master of himself may be a great saint, or, on the other hand, he may have the perversity of a demon incarnate. The moral character of such a man depends upon the principles by which his will is actuated. The very worst and most dangerous of mortals are those who by long training have obtained perfect self-control, and who use for selfish ends the prodigious power thus obtained.

But to be in the Kingdom of God, to realize the ideal of justice, to conform the will and life to the moral order, two things are necessary. One must stand, firstly, in a proper relation to the Center and Source of that order and of all order and all existence, namely, God himself; secondly, in a proper relation to all other members of that order, and to all the whole created universe.

As man was destined from the beginning to a supernatural union with God through Jesus Christ, such a union is the only normal relation in which a responsible human being can stand to the Center of the moral order. This relation depends primarily upon the Divine grace and mercy; it is the gift of God. normal and ordinary channels of this gift are the sacraments. In baptism it is bestowed, by Holy Communion it is perfected, by penance it is restored when lost, by confirmation and extreme unction it is secured against the foes which threaten to tear it away; while matrimony and orders provide for its perpetuation from generation and its diffusion from soul to soul.

In the estimation of character, therefore, the first question is: In what relation does this man stand to the Center of the moral order, the Source all life, and law and being? If he is not in a state of grace, or disposed to that state, the first principle of morality is lacking in him, and he is immoral in his heart's core.

The inner state of the soul in relation to its Creator is beyond the power of human discernment. The law of charity requires us to put the most favorable possible construction upon the words and conduct of our fellows; and therefore we ought always to hope that the Divine life exists in our neighbor's soul wherever the slightest excuse for such a hope can be found.

But wherever a judgment is necessary for our own guidance or that of others, we must rely upon such exterior tokens of the inner state as we may have knowledge of. A person who does not pretend to be a "practical Catholic," who does not frequent the sacraments, who shows no love for the Word of God, written in spiritual books or proclaimed in the Catholic pulpit, and, still more, one who makes light of the authority of the Church, or neglects attendance at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, at least on the Lord's Day and other holidays of obligation, must be considered as a profoundly immoral man.

Morality exists for the sake of religion, and not religion for the sake of morality, as the shallow unbelievers of modern times imagine. "Why should I deny myself," the would-be offender might ask them, "purely for the sake of the happiness of my fellow-men?" If they prove to their own satisfaction that his life would be happier for so doing, he asks "Why should I follow your again: opinion rather than my own, and by what right do you demand that I should sacrifice my own present pleasure for my supposed future happiness in this life? I might die to-morrow, and this may be the last delight that I can ever taste." If they assure him that his fellow-creatures. individually or collectively, will punish him if he offends against them, he retorts: "That is their lookout. If I think can conceal my act or escape sequences, or if I judge that the e is worth the penalty, or the of the penalty, why should I not please?"

in the last resort it is necessary al to the authority of the Creator. e rewards and punishments of the er death, or else abandon all pref morality. Without God and imty there can remain nothing but ncy as the rule of human conduct. if sin is sin only because it is an against God, there is no escaping he conclusion that direct offenses Him are more immoral than inones. Heaven is obtained only 1 Union with God; and it is prehe refusal or neglect to participate union which is punished by the emendous of all penalties, a penich is the essence of Hell: eternal ion from the Source of all Beati-

obligation to be just toward God n as widely recognized, in all ages, obligation to be just toward our men; and, as we have seen, it is ore clearly demonstrated by right

tho rebels against the State is a but how much more he who reainst the Supreme Ruler of the ie! He who steals his employer's dishonest; how much more is he als from God the hours of sacrifice yer that He has reserved to Him-Ie who robs a man of his goods is but what then is he who spends own purposes the tithes and firstthat belong to God! He who illin earthly benefactor is an ingrate coundrel; how much more he who such a return to Him from whom received all that he has or can ncluding existence itself and the r he breathes?

be who make morality consist exy in dealing in justice and mercy ir fellow-men, leave out of conion the very worst class of against one's neighbor. He who is the rich is a dishonest man; but f him who defrauds the poor by lding that part of the tithes and the superfluity of riches which, according to the law of God, is their rightful duc? He who robs me of my money is a thief; and how much more he who robs me of my faith? He who deprives me of my temporal goods is a robber; but how much more he who deprives me of my eternai goods, the treasures of supernatural merit laid up in Heaven? He who refuses to honor and obey his earthly parents is impious and accursed; how much more he who refuses adoration and obedience to the Father of the Universe and the earthly representative of His paternity in the spiritual order? He who commits carnal adultery is a wicked man; but how much more wicked is he, who commits spiritual adultery by gadding after the false gods set up by heresy and worldliness? He who kills a body is a murderer; but how much greater a murderer is he who kills a soul by separating it from God? He who mutilates a dead body awakens our horror and disgust; how much he who adds to the deformity of a dead soul by still further corrupting it with mortal sins?

A valuable index to character is furnished by the manners. Manners are not distinct from morals, but only their lesser part. The minor elements of conduct which come under the head of manners are often even a better test of character than the more important ones of which commonplace "morality" takes cognizance. A person may be careful to avoid great breaches of the moral law, either as regards the Almighty or his fellow-creatures, because he fears the consequences in this world or the next, and yet in his manners betray unconsciously his lack of love to God and man.

The lesser morals, like the greater, have two great divisions, a Godward and a manward. In both fields the manners are symbolical and indicative of states of mind of a distinctly moral or immoral character. He who does not make a genufication before the tabernacle and does not lift his hat or make the sign of the cross when he passes a church where the Blessed Sacrament is reserved betrays indifference to the Eucharistic Presence of the God Incarnate; he who habitually neglects to salute the priests and religious

whom he passes on the street, even if en- acter is the degree of intention and effort tire strangers, betrays a lack of regard to our Divine Lord in Ilis ministry and His chosen spouses; he who shows no respect to the crucifix and other sacred images and pictures, or to relics, betrays his lack of reverence to Jesus Christ in His symbols and His saints: he who treats a beggar rudely, or refuses him alms that might easily be given, manifests His disregard for Jesus Christ in the person of His poor.

Similarly, a lack of hospitality and politeness towards all with whom one comes in contact shows a deficiency in the love of one's fellow-men; neglect to remove one's hat or rise in the presence of a superior shows a lack of respect for authority, or greatness, or age, or womanhood, as the case may be; neglect to return a salutation as graciously as it was given indicates a churlish disposition, and lack of attentiveness and consideration under all circumstances reveals a selfish state of mind.

But what! some one will exclaim: "Must we then consider every one who is not a practical and edifying Catholic as a person of bad character? Are there not thousands, nay millions, of our fellowmen who are ignorant, through no fault of their own, of their duty towards God?"

It is true that multitudes who are guilty of the terrible crimes of heresy, schism, Judaism, paganism and other forms of unbelief are so actually but not formally; that is to say, they are not aware of the heinousness of their offense, and if they were would be prompt to reprehend and abandon it. But it is equally true that there are multitudes who offend against the Second Table of the law with a similar innocence of evil intention.

Charity requires us to attribute all forms of immorality, wherever possible, to ignorance rather than to malice, and to guiltless ignorance rather than to culpable. A heretic may be a person of good character in the same subjective sense in which a thief or a murderer can, although heresy in itself is worse than thett or murder, since it is a more open and flagrant form of rebellion against God. The test of subjective good charmanifested to ascertain and perform one's duty. The Protestant, Jew, pagan or atheist who seems to be endeavoring to serve God and his neighbor according to his lights gives evidence of far better character than the Catholic who absents himself from Mass on Sunday or neglects to receive, at least once a year during the prescribed season, the sacraments of penance and the Eucharist.

At the same time, it must be remembered that the better a man or woman is in most respects, the more dangerous his influence becomes if in other respects he is an habitual offender, even innocently. against the law of God. A person who appears wholly bad is not likely to be able to exercise any evil influence over a faithful Christian; but he who abounds in apparent virtues will often have little difficulty in persuading the unwary that his very vices are virtues, too, especially if these vices are of the more subtle kind, such as unbelief, pride or disobedience to lawful authority.

The virtues of unbelievers, misbelievers and worldlings are the most successful devices of the powers of darkness. They are often real virtues, in the natural order. Luther and Calvin fell into grievous error when they asserted that the very virtues of those who are not in Christ are sins and the handiwork of Satan. But the more completely any one is estranged from God and wedded to self and sin in his heart of hearts, the more easy it frequently is to conform to, or even excel, the prevailing moral standards of external conduct; for the maleficent powers, instead of tempting him to sin in such respects, seek rather to encourage him in his course. They make the virtues of such men a means of confirming them and others in error, unbelief or worldliness and attracting many unstable souls to an equally ungodly life.

When Satan possesses a man already, he needs give him no further attention. To tempt him would be worse than useless. When, on the contrary, his prey has escaped from his clutches, he gathers all his forces for the recapture. Hence it is that many good Christians give much disedification by their frequent relapses evous sin or by a host of petty but e faults. When the evil spirits the citadel of the soul they do e how much God may seem to its outer parts, knowing that in they will possess it entirely. But e citadel is God's, by a perseverntion and the indwelling of grace, ault it again and again, delighted er it becomes theirs by mortal for a single moment. If the as-· unavailing, they proceed to ocery point of vantage in the surg city. They fly the infernal I from every corner of the battleand heap up vast accumulations erfections and venial sins, by of which to scale the inner walls e unguarded moment and once ar down from them the banner of

it is that, judged by the world's I. which is that of Satan and his nany sincere and practical Cathe morally inferior not only to rotestants, Jews and pagans, but atheists themselves. But judged Divine standard, which is that of ason, the man, woman or child eives the sacraments frequently od dispositions, listens with dothe word of God, and faithfully rs to fulfil the commandments of hrist, is far more moral, even he may frequently succumb to on, than any person who is into his Godward duties, however ry his life may seem to be in other It is a general principle, well ed in theology, that he whose intention is more perfect, even it falls far short of realization, is to him who fully attains a less

rect conformity to the Catholic will be more clearly seen when it more deeply on the truth with restarted out: that morality, or r, is nothing less than "the reof the moral order in the indife." Morality does not consist in ity to a set of arbitrary or isoecepts. It is a moral order—the tent of the moral order of the

universe. The moral order is a unity, an organic whole. Its object is the glory of God; its principle is the love of God. From the love of God flows the desire for Heaven, which is the eternal possession of Him and the fullest realization of His glory, and for all things which can assist in attaining to that supreme Beatitude, . including God's holy law, and that love expresses itself naturally in prayer and praise and adoration and sacrifice. God being incarnate in Jesus Christ for the express purpose of uniting us to Himself, the love of God implies an altogether special devotion to the mysteries of the Incarnation and the Redemption. As the Catholic Church is the perpetuation of the Incarnation-God incarnate in society, as our Lord Himself was God incarnate in an individual humanity—the love of God involves an equal love of the Church; and as it is by the sacraments that Jesus Christ unites men to God through Himself, the love of God causes its possessor to set a high value upon the sacraments and make use of them as often as he is permitted, especially of the Holy Eucharist in which the God Incarnate literally gives Himself to those who love Him. The love of God implies the love of all that represents Him; especially of the holy angels who work the mysteries of His will throughout the universe, His saints of every degree, their relics and images and symbols, those who participate in the ministration of His Eternal Priesthood, and the holy virgins and widows consecrated to His special service. It also implies the love of all those who love Him, all members of His Mystical Body, however unworthy, all those who by baptism have received the seal of the Divine adoption, even though separated, by their misfortune or their fault, from that Mystical Body, all those for whom He shed His Most Precious Blood, that is to say, all members of the human race; and, finally, all His creatures without exception, that is, everything that exists in the whole universe. The love of those whom God has created and redeemed inspires a desire for their happiness, and this desire conspires with the love of God's law and of the moral order, for His sake and its own beauty's sake, to bring

about a perfect fulfilment of all the duties, of justice, as well as all the ministrations of charity, towards all mankind.

Such is the moral order as manifested in character. Take away its vital and organic principle, the love of God, or its substantial framework, faith in the truths of Revelation, and the order disappears—there remain only isolated virtues, or virtues bound together by some principle which is different and therefore immoral, being a lived untruth.

Even if we accept the principle laid down by some of the extreme naturalists that morality is harmony with our environment, we shall be driven to the same conclusion. For, in the largest and completest sense of all, Almighty God forms by far the chiefest and most important part of our environment. For "in Him we live and move and have our being"; "From Him, by Him and in Him are all things." He is nearer to us than our own bodies are, as near as our very sculs themselves. He abides in us, as in all things, by His presence, essence and power; and, if we are living Christians, by a still higher and truly personal indwelling.

These great truths should lead us to be very lenient in our judgment of any one who gives evidence of a sincere endeavor to serve God faithfully in His Holy Church; and should enable us to shun the fatal delusion that those unbelievers, separatists or indifferent Christians who seem to be just and kind, even in an unusual degree, towards their fellow-men, are really examples of a higher order of morality than the average practical

Catholic possesses. They should also make us careful not to judge people's character by their surface faults which happen to make them personally disagreable to us. If your Catholic neighbor is irritable, rude, easily offended or disregardful of your rights, remember his special temptations to such minor offences may result from his inner faithfulness to God, which provokes the spirits of darkness to spare no pains to effect his ruin through venial sin.

We must not conclude without adverting to the universal rule of judgment prescribed by the Gospel, "Let each esteem others better than himself." Paul, governed by this principle, called himself "the chief of sinners." This was not hypocrisy or cant, as evil-disposed critics have insinuated. The Christian. when confronted by the vilest criminal, is bound to say to himself, "If I had had so many temptations, so few graces, so little instruction and such an evil bringing up as this person has doubtless had, I would surely have been far worse than he." For charity "thinketh no evil"; and while we know, in great measure, our own sins. our own neglected opportunities, our own resisted graces, we can never have any adequate knowledge of those of our neighbor.

If this spirit rule in our hearts, as it has done in the hearts of all the saints, it will preserve us from self-glory and soften and sweeten, on the personal side all those estimates of character, however severe, which we may be obliged to make from time to time by the duties or circumstances of our state of life.

THE SINNER'S ADVOCATE.

HENRY COYLE.

When sorrow fills my breast.
And hopeless seems my lot,
When conscience cannot rest,
And comfort I have not—
Mother of God, then suffer me
To turn to thee.

When I have wandered far,
A sinner and astray.
May thy love, like a star,
Shine out a clear, bright ray—
A beacon o'er life's stormy sea
To pilot me.

Pray thou Christ's love may turn
To His poor wayward child;
Nor let His anger burn
Though sin my heart beguiled—
That He who died on Calvary
May pardon me!

EDITORIAL.

month of our Lady offers to is rich favors and blessings. gives to them an opportunity and solemnly professing their the Queen of the Holy thers and mothers, now is of benediction in the name y Family, and around the , for who so poor as not to ast our Lady's picture with ower, be the setting never so ring your little ones and ask, night, in the saying of the pecial blessing of Jesus, Mary Remember also the devotions ish church, where at Mass or ion of the Blessed Sacrament, th the public recitation of the will learn again the lesson to Jesus through Mary, and own of true devotion to her is d increased love for Him. To old we appeal, and in our ther's name we urge all our make this October a time of persevering prayer. Bearing e oft-repeated entreaty of our r, be earnest in your daily nt recitations of the Beads. of the Rosary, try to increase er of those who call Mary

ons of President McKinley's ath have been frequently emor the encouragement of the people, since the terrible crime assination was perpetrated by wretched tool. On one feature dwell briefly. A cultured entleman, a man of large mind arger heart, a citizen exempliest traditions of our national ry station of honor and power e was summoned, William Mcame as a statesman and as is, perhaps, enhanced by the ' his gentleness, his goodness. ss, his unfailing courtesy, his Christian charity, his exemplary and beautiful devotion to his wife. The purity and piety and tenderness which ever attached to his name, which lent to his private life so gracious a charm that he was beloved of all, stand out conspicuous as a solemn lesson to all the men of cur country, and as a more solemn protest to many of them, because of their unbecoming and un-Christian ways.

The strong manhood and the tender womanhood of the United States, bending low in bitter grief and humiliation over the coffin of the martyred President, can take comfort in the example of his admirable life, and we pray that the lesson may not be forgotten.

We have said martyred President, and assuredly the word is appropriate. Mr. McKinley's life was taken as a sacrifice to the demon of anarchy. He died bearing witness to the right of authority, to law and order, and to true liberty, and in his death license found a passing triumph.

When Lincoln was assassinated, the madness of war and the despair of secession struck him down. Garfield fell, a victim to that abomination of American political life—the spoils system. President McKinley received the blow that was intended for that power which comes from Heaven, and in striking at him, anarchy blasphemed the Divine authority and protested against the Providence of God.

The dying words of the late President his Christian forgiveness of the wretch who so treacherously shot him, the spirit of resignation and submission to the will of God, manifested as the final shadows fell, should be reverently remembered. Linked with his life and treasured as a heritage to the American youth, the noble word of so model a life will continue to be spoken and heard, let us hope, for all the years that are to come. In praying for the dead President and for his afflicted wife, we should also ask God's blessing on our beloved country and

on the administration and life of the new executive President Roosevelt.

Among the last words of President Mc-Kinley, spoken after the fatal shot had been fired, the press has recorded several expressions that are beautifully indicative of the Christian spirit, of a tenderness that belongs to the true gentleman, of a charity that was as ready and as many sided as his resourceful and evergracious tact. Exquisitely molded must have been the mind and heart of the man whose dying charges were for the stricken wife of his faithful love, for the wretch who killed him, for the people who were so near to him-charges crowned by a holy resignation to the divine will singularly edifying:

"My wife: be careful about her; don't let her know."

"Let no one hurt him."

"I am sorry to have been a cause of trouble to the Exposition."

"Good-bye all, good-bye. It is God's way. His will be done, not ours."

Sentiments such as these, expressed in so dark an hour, should be held in reverent light before the eyes of our growing American youth.

It is not without beautiful significance that the Church dedicates, in a devotional way, the month of October to the honor of the angels as well as to the honor of Though pretheir glorious Queen. eminently the month of the Rosary, Octoper loses none of its peculiar characteristics as the month of the Angels. The celebration of the feast of the Guardian Angels on the second of October fittingly opens this month to the devout commemoration, during its succeeding days, of those blessed spirits who have charge over us by God's commana, and who ever watch, in loving solicitude, for all our needs. Loyal subjects to our gracious Lady, they rejoice to do her bidding; they find honor in fulfilling her between their commands. Standing earthly care and their Heavenly Queen, their love for us is ever prompt to convey to us the favors bestowed by our Blessed Mother. Hailing her in oftrepeated greetings of her precious Are

Maria during these October days we honefully count on special help through angel hands. Lovingly we dwell on the dream of Jacob, and again we behold the vision of a mystic ladder reaching down from Heaven's court to our poor earth, a sacred pledge of divine love, a bond of union with Jesus through Mary. Its meaning is clear to us in our Rosary chain, and as our multiplied "Hail Marys" are gathered up by waiting spirits, the trooping angels. coming and going, make known in special blessings that ministers of grace are active in our behalf as messengers of our Queen. We counsel Rosarians to cultivate a personal tender devotion for their Guardian Angels. No day should pass without holy and familiar intercourse, in earnest prayer and loving thanksgiving, with those bright and glorious spirits whom Divine Mercy places by our side, who will, when necessary, "go before us and keep us in the way," bringing us finally to the haven prepared for us by God. Assuredly we should heed them, obediently hearing their voice.

The second Eucharistic Congress will be held in St. Louis during this month. While this convention will be a gathering of the clergy, it is not without interest for the devout laity, who love the Blessed Sacrament, and who desire the spread of devotion to our Lord ever dwelling with us, in His tabernacle home. This movement will eventually extend to the laity, and therefore, we now ask our readers to pray that God will bless the Eucharistic Congress, and make its labors most fruitful.

As a special feature of the work of this Congress, the new century will be sacredly inaugurated with solemn homage to the Blessed Sacrament.

It would be a comforting sign for our country's future welfare, if serious thought and reflection were given to the real causes which have produced anarchists. Mere pulpit or journalistic denunciation of these monsters will avail naught. Among those who most vehemently denounce them are some who blindly stand for a measure of the influences that beget an-

The logical sequence of events, stible outcome of principles d for hundreds of years, in deauthority divinely constituted, on of the right of private judg-epudiation of the necessity of r morality, and of heart traincharacter building as essentials education, we must recognize id growth of impiety and inth scorning God and His Christ, ing on earth those who are inh a share of Divine authority ir fellow men.

punishment, even capital, is no for misguided men who are t on discharging "a duty," and me the opportunity for notoria sensational press gives them, rospect of becoming "martyrs" tholy cause. Beginning with the that publicity which such agerly crave, we would say that a should be made of anarchists. ngs and their doings, save in or records official, and to an vate. We would thus eliminate of corruption for unthinking wing effected such a desirable respect to our newspapers, the ork, a return to sound principles y and true patriotism in educabe accomplished, with strong iring this grievous evil in the

erstanding of the eternal prinaw and order, of obedience and of true liberty. of morality and which the Catholic Church has gly stood, since her foundation. at need of our country. The ! these as an inalienable portion ining of our youth, with the intellectual culture which, of itcomplete education, is imperaanded. The refusal of this reaquirement will probably cont as certainly as history repeats l sadder, but not less logical es await development in the the future, and in due time they ssly bear their bitter fruit.

As a mark of respect to the memory of the dead President, the golden jubilee celebration of our Dominican Sisters was postponed. The programme of exercises was dated for September 17, 18 and 19, the last-named the day of Mr. McKinley's burial in Canton.

Good friend, now reading these lines, how much do you spend annually for reading? We mean in money and time. What is the proportion you give to the Catholic press as it represents truth and morality? What do you give to the daily record of a world's vanities and crimes? And what is the result? Think and question your manner of doing.

In the organization of the American-Irish Historical Society of California, we recognize the energetic and scholarly zeal of Father D. O. Crowley, and we congratulate him upon this latest evidence of his love of letters. The object of the newly instituted society is to preserve the records of the work done by men and women of Irish blood and extraction in building up the prosperity of California. Assuredly, a praiseworthy undertaking, in the development of which we wish Father Crowley and his associates deserved success. The Editor of Dominicana acknowledges, with grateful appreciation, the compliment of election to honorary membership.

The departure of the Religious Orders from France had begun when our French correspondent wrote to us in early September. The Dominicans have decided to test the law, and will therefore resist, in a legal manner, the insidious persecution which has begun. Meantime Protestant England will receive many of the exiles, of whom their native land is not worthy. The outlook is not dark, for out of this sorrow it may please God to bring the overthrow of the infidel French government. We regret to notice in the September Catholic World an insinuation as to parish life and work, to be benefited, as that magazine contends, by the expulsion of the regulars. Such a sentiment is worthy of condemned Americanism, and

its expression sounds like the dying hiss of a scotched snake.

We trust that the unseemly quarrel of mutual denunciation, and even billings-gate, now in progress among the journals "yellow" and otherwise hued, will lead to one salutary conclusion: that our Catholic parents will redouble their vigilance in excluding from their homes messengers of scandal and purveyors of filth which make daily war on religion, piety, morality and decency, in the name of "news," and for the sake of "a free press." The danger is real, even threateningly serious.

The German Catholic Congress which recently closed its sessions at Osnabruck made a prominent feature of its discussions and resolutions the vital work of the Catholic press, as this is one of the most powerful weapons in the hands of the Church for the defence of faith and the protection of morals. The zeal of the Catholics of Germany is an admirable example to the faithful of other lands, from whatever point we view their conduct and manner of expressing their devotion and loyalty. Not the least of their achievements is the maintenance of vigorous and representative Catholic publications.

The General Convention of the Episcopalians will be the leading event in the non-Catholic world during this month, and San Francisco will be the scene of action.

A recent number of *The Churchman* discusses, by way of correspondence, episcopal, ministerial and lay, the impending divorce question. We venture the prediction that the convention will not have the courage of such convictions as are shared by a few of the leaders. In other words, the Episcopalian Church will not dare antagonize the practice of so many of its ministers in matters of divorce, despite the canon already formulated but so often repudiated.

The discussion of the appointment of a Protestant Archbishop, and the proposal of enforced retirement of prelates, on an age limit, are likely to provoke controversy and recrimination, to the disedification of the devout, the ridicule of those who are amused at men "playing" church. and, perhaps, to such enlightenment of many who really wish the truth, that their heart longings may be satisfied in the rest and peacefulness of God's own Church. This is the happy outlook, athwart whose pleasant prospect, however, lies the shadow, like a bar sinister, of ritualism—the farce which persists in the deception of the unwary, in insistence on empty forms, and in giving to hungry souls husks instead of bread.

The German Evangelical Synod of North America assembled in general session at St. Louis, adopted a resolution on September 20 whereby the legislatures of the different States are asked to grant to clergymen of all Protestant denominations the right to enter public schools for certain periods during each week, to instruct the children in Christian doctrine and principles, so that they may grow to a full realization of their duty to their fellow men and to the government.

Comment, from a Catholic viewpoint, is needless, beyond a word of satisfaction that light is breaking.

The proposed change in the name of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America is likely to lead to lively if not logical discussions in the convention. Of course historic facts will be zealously ignored by the devout but misguided gentlemen who would substitute the word Catholic for Protestant. Nevertheless, the baleful shadow of Henry the Eighth will hang heavy over the meeting, and respect for his unquestionable headship, if not for his person and his virtues (?) will withhold the seemingly consistent conservatives from yielding to the inconsistent ritualists.

The "pig sticking" sport of the brutal English lancers has been exalted by the "good bagging" of the infamous Kitchener, whose expressions as to the capture or slaughter of the Boers entitle him to a place of honor (?) among murderers. Despite his proclamations, in defiance of

tional law, despite the inhumanity ling houses, and maltreating woid children, killing them in ways never contemplated, the Boers are daunted, they are still an example age and patriotism unrivalled in old's history.

vet, while the world-wide empire of ull persists in its efforts to crush little republics, no word of cheer the sorely-tried Boers from the nent of "the land of the free and ne of the brave." It is sad beyond ver of words to say.

mbered friends will be saddened nnouncement of the death of Eliza tarr, the talented artist and gentle ur, whose works are so generally ated in the United States and sought for abroad.

tically resigned to her increasing I weakness during the past few Miss Starr continued her literary Imost up to the moment of her Of the fruitful character of Miss artistic work during a quarter of ry, effective results may be dis-

undly religious and truly cultured outh, Eliza Allen Starr, after bea member of the Catholic Church, sively and perseveringly conto seek in the regions of the highh, that which centuries of sacred e offered for the world's instrucd spiritual delight.

nly have artistic productions been ed by this eminently gifted mind, sympathetic interpretation of the is awakened an admirable activity nulated earnest effort in all those we been brought into contact with nusiastic personality—or who haven her high and holy thoughts.

electure field Miss Starr peculiarly d by her magnetic charm of manby the loftiness of her thems. ors have been honorably recogn several occasions by special that pre-eminently distinguish

1any years Miss Starr was a Ter-

tiary of the Order of S. Dominic and a devoted child of our Lady. Death interrupted her efforts to complete a series of ort papers on the "Fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary." so nobly expressive of tender love for Mary. We greatly regret the enforced suspension of the publication of the completed series, though we hold for our readers an installment for November.

In recording our sense of deep personal loss and in praying eternal peace for a beautiful and noble soul, we promise to the friends of DOMINICANA a becoming sketch of our honored and revered friend in an early issue of our magazine.

The American Federation of Catholic Societies of the United States is the title under which the organized work for which Bishop McFaul of Trenton has striven so earnestly, begins its mission, and we wish it Godspeed.

On August 28 and 29 the preliminary convention was held at Long Branch, N. J. The results of the discussions and resolutions are encouraging. In the words of the Federation's Constitution, "the objects of the Federation are the cementing of the bonds of fraternal union among the Catholic laity and Catholic societies of the United States, the fostering of Catholic interests and works of religion, piety, education and charity; the study of conditions in our social life, the dissemination of the truth, and the encouragement of the spread of Catholic literature, and the circulation of the Catholic press."

This is an admirable programme, the development of which we shall watch with sympathy and earnest good will. Copies of the report of the proceedings of the preliminary convention may be obtained by addressing the Secretary of the Federation, 1305 Arch street, Philadelphia.

MAGAZINES.

The September number of the International Monthly publishes an article by Professor Joyce, of Harvard, which will be read with interest by the former students, friends and admirers of the late

Professor Joseph Le Conte, of the University of California.

It is an appreciative tribute to the memory of his teacher by a former student, who is himself at present a prominent figure in educational circles.

The two papers dealing with Chinaone, "The Basis of Chinese Society," by Professor F. W. Williams, of Yale, and the other, "Diplomatic Life in Peking," by Elizabeth von Heyking-will con:mand interest, mainly on account of the prominence which China and the Chinese gained during the recent "international visitation" to the Celestial Empire. Professor Williams sums up his argument in these words: "No faithful student of Chinese life can escape the conviction that, despite grave faults and evident deterioration, there is sturdy material here for the erection of a really great civilization, and sufficient potential energy to preserve it to a distant future." The very best argument for the support of the Christian missions in China is the study of the Chinese people."

The cause of the great success of the Catholic missionaries, on the one hand, and the failure of the missionaries of the various sects, on the other, may be traced to this fact: that the Catholic missionary makes a thorough study of the people among whom he is sent—their life, characteristics, etc.—while, for want of proper training, the Protestant missionary fails to grasp this essential knowledge, and consequently fails to achieve success in his work among the heathen.

Mr. Edmund Gosse's paper on "The Historic Place of Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy," the novelists, is an entertaining estimate of those two popular writers of fiction.

The International Monthly is maintaining its position as a first-class magazine of contemporary thought.

In the September number of *The North American Review*, the Chinese Consul-General at San Francisco, Ho Yow, discusses in an adroit manner the all-important question of "Chinese Exclusion: A Benefit or a Harm." He argues from the standpoint that his countrymen, not

being skilled mechanics, they do not consequently enter into competition with Americans in any department wherein skilled labor is employed. While his arguments may make some impression on the minds of his Eastern readers, they will not be accepted by residents of the Pacific slope, who are directly interested in maintaining for a longer term the barriers of exclusion.

Professor Buckley discusses entertainingly "The Phantom Fortress of Christian Science." He demonstrates clearly the ludicrousness of the claims of Mrs. Dr. Eddy and her followers.

There are several other instructive papers in the same number, dealing with important questions, among which may be mentioned Professor Goldwin's study of the "Political Situation in England."

When we cast a glance about us. we cannot but notice the terrible inroads that tuberculosis is making among the people of any given district. Knowing and feeling this, we are the more inclined to receive and consider with due care any well-founded scheme whereby this fell disease may be partially, if not wholly, eradicated.

Not many decades have passed since the etiology of tuberculosis was discovered by the medical fraternity. It is now a well-established fact that the real cause and spread of the disease is a parasite. Consequently the address of Professor Robert Koch, which appears in the September issue of the Popular Science Monthly, may be read and studied with much profit by all persons. The author is the Director of the Institute for Infectious Diseases in Berlin, and enjoys a world-wide reputation as a bacteriologist.

The learned doctor discusses at length the nature of this dread disease, the experiments made to check its spread and the many satisfactory results obtained from these experiments. Towards the close of his paper the doctor makes this assertion, "Great importance used to be attached to the hereditary transmission of tuberculosis. Now, however, it has been demonstrated by thorough investigation that, though hereditary tuberculosis

solutely non-existent, it is neverextremely rare, and we are at considering our practical s to leave this form of origination out of account." The article ith an appeal that the greatest exercised in the treatment of afflicted with tuberculosis, esthose in the first stages.

is a very agreeable contribution essor Headman, describing the Biological Station in It is situated at Naples, and reelebrated its first quarter century ence. This institution enjoys an onal reputation.

articles of general interest are: scovery of the Law of Gravitad a sketch of "Henry Cavendish," ntric but withal eminent profesemistry.

The Outlook, September 21, we excerpt that is felicitous. Speakresident Roosevelt, then recently from the Spanish war, Mr. Jacob the distinguished writer on matal, records the following incident

are from that day's trip through and will ever abide on my mind. a was about to pull out from the in Greenport when the public-nildren came swarming down to idy." He leaned out from the form, grasping as many of the ids as he could, while the train id their best to keep the track for best in the justing sheering d their best to keep the track Vay back in the jostling, cheering made out the slim figure of a ckled little girl in a worn garruggling eagerly but hopelessly ear him. The stronger children er farther back, and her mournwas nearly the last in the throng capacita cany her. Coing down the osevelt saw her. Going down the n as the train started, he made a sh, clearing a path through the ide to the little girl, and, taking , gave it the heartiest shake of sprinted for the departing car sprinted for the departing car ht it. The last I saw of Green-the poor little giri holding tight her hero had shaken, with her ne sunbeam of joy. just how she felt, for I have had

llowing concerning the Cardinal

experience.

Archbishop of Baltimore is delightful,

One of the things I remember with a easure which the years have no power pleasure to dim is my meeting with Cardinal Gib-bons some years ago. They had asked me to come to Baltimore to speak for the Fresh Air Fund, and, to my great delight. I found that the Cardinal was to preside. I found that the Cardinal was to preside. I had always admired him at a distance, but during the fifteen minutes' talk we had before the lecture he won my heart entirely. He asked me to forgive him if he had to go away before I finished my speech, for he had had a very exhausting service the day before, "and I am an old man on the sunny side of sixty," he man, on the sunny side of sixty,' added as if in apology.

"On the shady side, you mean," amended Presbyterian clergyman, who was one the committee. The Cardinal shook

his head, smiling.
"No, doctor! The sunny side-heaven."

The meeting was of a kind to inspire even the dullest speaker. When I finished my plea for the children, there sat the my plea for the children, there sat the Cardinal yet behind me, though it was an hour past his bedtime. He came forward and gave me his blessing then and there. I was never so much touched and moved. Even my mother, stanch old Lutheran that she is, was satisfied when I told her of it, though, in the nature of things, the idea of her son consorting in that way with principalities and powers in the enemy's camp must have been a shock to her.

From a recent number of The Independent we take, with acknowledgments to the author, Emily Tolman, and to the editor, a pretty bit entitled:

THE HERMIT THRUSH.

In the deep, solemn wood at dawn I hear A voice, serene and pure, now far, now near,

Singing sweetly, singing slowly, Holy! oh—holy, holy! Again at evening dusk, now near, now far-

Oh, tell me, art thou voice of bird or

star?
Sounding sweetly, sounding slowly, Holy! oh—holy, holy!

The Forum for September comes to us laden with many papers of secular interest. The article entitled "England, Portugal and the South African Republics," by Lieutenant-General D. B

Poortergael, will be read with more than ordinary care, as the writer lays bare in a concise manner the attempt made by England to humiliate Portugal and to force her to become the ally of England in her un-Christian war now being carried on against the South African Republics.

Mr. Edmond Wood essays to answer the question, "Can Cubans Govern Cuba?" and, after discussing the main points involved, he sums up as follows: "Independent government by the Cubans will have the following results: The revenues will decrease and the expenses will increase: projected improvements, absolutely necessary for the development of the country, will languish; school will be neglected; sanitary measures will not be intelligently prosecuted, and the country will retrograde." But these are merely gratuitous assertions, and hence may be accepted for what they are worth. time of trial must come, and then we will be in a position to decide whether or no the Cubans are capable of self-government. Other articles of interest are: "The Southern Problem" and "A Model Factory Town." The closing paper is a scholarly consideration of "The Essay as Mood and Form.

From The Catholic News, New York, we learn that the various branches of the Holy Name Society of Brooklyn made on Sunday, September 22, another public demonstration and rally in honor of the Holy Name of Jesus, in protest against blasphemous practices and in reverent atonement for such sins. About twenty thousand men took part in the parades. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, preceded by prayers and sermons, was afterwards given in the fifteen different churches in which the men gathered after breaking ranks. Assuredly a spectacle worthy of the ages of faith! Why cannot San Francisco show forth the same earnest spirit of Catholic devotion? We believe that the men would respond if duly called.

The October Century Magazine discusses

in an article entitled "A Grave Crisis in American History," the famous Electoral Commission of 1876-7. This is a page of United States history which Americans must read with deep regret.

The October number of Scribner's Magazine contains the first installment of a series of papers by President Roosevelt on his Colorado hunting trip. The present article gives promise of interest and in struction in a new field.

In memory of President McKinley wo select, from the multitude of poetic contributions that have appeared, the following beautiful sonnet by Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, which appeared in The New Century, of which he is the editor:

WILLIAM M'KINLEY.

Unsceptered, yet more potent than all

kings,
He lies, fast-guarded by his people's

And love and faith; the bitter grief we know

Unto our souls his goodness closer brings His spirit lives; to Heaven on hope's swift wings

His people's prayer arose—he might not

go
Out from among us:—vain?—Ah, no!
is life is with us.—for all glorious things.

God of the nation! (for they lie who say Our nation knows not God.) turn not ____ Thy face

From us who, stricken, bend upon Thy

sod:
O Christ, in our gloomed land, show us
Thy way,
Answer our unspent prayers with Thy
sweet grace,
Make bloom white Peace's lily from

From The Atlantic Monthly for August we take a fine poem by Mr. Thomas Walsh, entitled An ASTRA.

Love, you are late, while the roseleaves fall In showers against the moonlit garden

wall.
My firm hand shuts the gate. The nightingale
Has worn himself with pleading;
The fountains' silvered tears are interceding,

But what is their avail?

u are late. i the postern wide ly morning-glories twined; in-

ed to bird for mate. of bees and flowers: ed hands unclaimed I marked hour w my youth undone.

ening star
ig of the moon!
so soon, my soul! ah, not too

ieir soft grace afar! ecrate. y white path there, the withered roses from my

nı are late-too late!

l Shadwell in The Irish World strong note, with which we are sympathy, in the following

REBEL OF THE VELDT.

d bridle and girth and crupper and bit; e top of a little horse, and strong and fit.
1d bearded face, old hat of felt, kills at a thousand yards, ight crammed cartridge belt.

CHORUS.

t by turning out your toes, beat the foe in a fight, rning to march like a marion-

eeping your buttons bright. 't the way that your crook your

ou shut your eye to shoot; king cover at every chance and rock and root.

t know how to dress, doesn't know how to drill; let the smartest troops in the 1a ight till they had their fill. venly, awkward chap; lubberly farmer man. y on the veldt from dawn till n. ot till they broke and ran.

CHORUS.

i't the way you keep the touch vay that you wheel about, i't by pulling your waist belt in,

And hy padding your tunic out; And it isn't by cocking your forage cap,
Or by glueing a glass in your eye,
But it's knowing the way to shoot like
h——1,

And its learning the way to die.

They have gathered his kith and kin, In a prison beyond the sea; But they can't imprison a daring soul That lives in a bosom free.

They have shattered the calcine walls Which sheltered his child and wife But they can't extinguish the flame they've lit,

Till it dies with his dying eye.

CHORUS.

For it's never the heat of a burning home For it's never the heat of a burning home
That has softened a foeman's heart,
And it's never the reek of a lyddite shell
That has riven his ranks apart;
And it isn't money, it isn't men,
When the guns' loud song begins;
But it's feeling your foot on your native soil,
And it's being right that wins.

воокв.

TALES OF THE CLOISTER is the fourth volume of Harper & Brothers' "Portrait Collection of Short Stories." The book, in printing and binding, is type of dainty workmanship. Twelve illustrations by A. I. Keller are consistent developments of the text.

The authoress, Elizabeth G. Jordan, whose autographic portrait forms an interesting frontispiece, in ten short stories endeavors to depict some phases of the lives of the inmates of American convents.

Through the powerful lens of sentimentality May Iverson, a girl of sixteen, observes the daily ordinary routine of the sisterhood. She discerns beneath a rigid exterior a childish craving for human sympathy, a passive resignation to imaginary trials. The valiant woman of the Cloister, poetic in her exalted sacrifice, is rarely delineated, as she is but too often . sketched to please the fancy of the lovers of fiction.

IN SEARCH OF MADEMOISELLE, published by Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia, is a vigorously written romance. George Gibbs, the author, foreibly hurries the

reader through the sea and land fights in the deadly struggle of the Spanish and French Colonists in the new world. The aggressive Spaniard, as testified by Senor de Basan, finally loses, through terrible slaughter, his hold upon the disputed territory, also his power over the beautiful Mademoiselle Diane de la Notte, a French Huegenot, of noble family. Mademoiselle in the world the "One Woman." for a young Englishman, who had served her in her distress, bestows upon him her hand in marriage. Had Mademoiselle done so when she first claimed the Englishman's protection we should not have had so wonderful a story of English persistency, Spanish intrigue and French heroism.

The illustrations are graphic portrayals of the artistic conceptions of the author.

THE WOMAN WHO TRUSTED, by Will N. Harben, is published by The Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia. The story relates the adventures of an aspiring young author, his financial difficulties and love entanglements; also his romantic deliverance from self-compromise, mainly due to the patient sweetness of his only love—"The Woman Who Trusted."

The book is artistic in details of work-manship.

QUINCY ADAMS SAWYER, by Charles Felton Pidgin, has been received from The C. M. Clark Publishing Company, Boston.

This is a most animated story of New England home life. We meet the hero, Quincy Adams Sawyer, at the three-mile post, advancing towards Mason's Corner. He is the "observed of all observers"; even the sheep seem to be struck by the appearance of the natty young man in his trim rig. "The village gossips wondered who he was, what he was, what he came for, and how long he intended to stay."

The author skillfully elucidates the foregoing points to the satisfaction of all interested in young Adams. He is an imperturbable young Bostonian, a scientific athlete, upon his own business bent, and in "staying" powers proves equal to any permanent settler. Adams exemplifies

the triumph of genial culture and the influence of gentlemanly courtesy.

Mr. Pedgin excels in his life-like portrayal of individual traits. Each character introduced effectively entertains whether his roll be serious or comic.

The romance of Quincy Adams Sawyer culminates in a lucky matrimonial venture in the remarkable town of Fernborough.

The publishers have made the volume attractive in printing and binding.

A map giving a view of the village of Mason's Corner, now Fernborough, is appended.

Whoever wishes to while away a pleasant hour may read Under the Berkeley Oaks, a clever little book, containing ten short stories, written by the students of The University of California.

Prettily dressed in blue and gold, the college colors, this volume is dedicated to the President of the University, Benjamin Ide Wheeler, and to his wife, Amy Webb Wheeler.

The stories are to the student "manner" born. They were originally written, as one of the associate editors of the University magazine humbly acknowledges, to give a moment's pleasure, and then, like Northern Lights, depart in one soft flush forever.

The principal reason for publishing the stories in their present form, is, as we are told in the preface, to secure a fund for the erection of a fountain on the Campus of the University grounds.

This fountain is to be dedicated to Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, who has contributed so generously to the University.

We congratulate the students on the appearance of their first book, and we hope that they will receive encouragement sufficient to induce them to give us a second volume.

A. M. Robertson, our energetic San Francisco publisher, presents this work in becoming style.

THE INHABITANTS OF THE PHILIPPINES by Frederick H. Sawyer, the firm of Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, brings out in elegant form, Printing, maps and

ns are excellent. Mr. Sawyer's etailed and comprehensive. He a spirit of fair play, though lly he states matters vaguely, as refers (page 64) to the revelalots, made in the confessional. iony to the virtuous lives of the gratifying. During the many as in the Islands I had frequent o avail myself of the hospitality ests on my journeys. This was nong the Augustinians, the Doand the Recollets. I declare one of those many occasions did ness anything scandalous or inin their convents, and I arrived ırs and without notice."

tes the bigoted accusations of riters who have slandered the d endeavors to present matters light.

g of the "cursing" habit among Mr. Sawyer suggests, painfully that "under American guidance ple. I think the Tagals quite developing a startling vocabuwear-words, and, in course of lling their instructirs in proth a touch of their old style to tle local color."

ter, Mr. Sawyer's volume is a nd interesting compilation.

s a KINDERGARTEN? The aniven in the forcible climax of ansen. The kindergarten is:

playground of the child; home of the mother; battle-field of man; anchor-ground of patriotism."

ommon acceptation of the term, arten is "a children's garden." he term implies in its applicaessential in the development of happy child—consequently a zen—is set forth by Mr. Hanhis experimental knowledge of y of training the child's mind he agency of outdoor exercises nts and flowers. Consideration bject should convince parents thropists not only of the feasilr. Hansen's plans, but also re-

mind them of the vital necessity of preserving for us real children. We look in vain for the bright, cheerful child among the throngs of weazened little automatons that are daily fashioned as mechanical geniuses under a false system of infant training.

Here are a few of Mr. Hansen's "Hips from a Wayside Brier":

The smile of a child is a gleam from Heaven.

A kindergartner—a Sister of Mercy of the holiest order.

Discrimination in what to surround our children is worth volumes of teaching in later life.

The eye of a child is the mouth through which the brain food enters. It is for you to determine what pictures may pass its absorbing vision.

This little volume is not only an elucidation of practical plans for the development of the best in the child, but also a botanical consideration of plants and their characteristic charms.

D. P. Elder and Morgan Shepard, San Francisco, are the publishers of this aesthetic little volume. The plates are clearly illustrative of the subject treated in the text.

THE CATHOLIC GIRL IN THE WORLD, by Whyte Avis, is one of a series of attractive discourses to young women. In his preface to this valuable work Rev. Dom Gilbert Higgins, C. R. L., says:

"The first part of this volume concerns Catholic girls in general. It sets before them the rousing example of the 'valiant woman,' the 'strong woman,' who flourished and was happy before the neuropathic microbe was discovered, and life made unendurable by its amusements. In lines of sweet reasonableness and delicacy the reader is shown the beauty and worth of the common, every-day household duties. Happy the home where they are discharged in the spirit which the author transfers from the Holy Land and Nazareth into her brightly written, hopeinspiring pages!"

Reflection upon the fact that woman's influence for good or evil affects the family, society, the State, the Church—yea,

even the eternal welfare of countless souls—should stimulate effort to perfect the physical, moral and spiritual character of each member of the sex whose strength lies in her weakness.

The gifted author deserves a tribute of gratitude from those who have been benefited by her wise and practical counsel.

Burns & Oates, London, whose American agents are Benziger Brothers, New York, are the publishers of this helpful work

JEANNE D'ARC, the Story of Her Life and Death, by Agnes Sadlier, is just published by D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New 10rk.

The story of the sublime achievements of the wondrous Maid of Orleans, who, at the early age of seventeen, commanded the national army of France, has been told by friend and foe throughout the past four centuries. History has no more glorious figure. While many have been fascinated by her martial triumphs, few have understood the sublime motives underlying the brief public career of Joan of Arc. In the present volume the authoress eloquently depicts the character of the gentle maid—the incarnation of nobleness, stately in body, beautiful in soul, whose virtues shone brightest in the agony of her treacherous betrayal by her countrymen into the hands of the craven English.

In spite of the blasphemous attempts of modern scientists to undermine the spiritual structure upon which her fame has rested, her devoted children will continue their veneration with the solemn benediction of the Church.

The voluntary sacrifice and extraordinary virtues of the Maid of Orleans are becoming universally known; they have made her the model alike "for the woman of the world and for the virgin of the cloister; for the priest and for the soldier; for the happy and for the suffering; for the great and for the lowly."

The present Life of Jeanne d'Arc should be in every home library.

The Tribulations of a Princess, by the author of "The Martyrdom of an $Em_{\rm S}$

press," is published in a superior style of printing and binding by Harper and Brothers, New York.

The "tribulations of the royal neroine begin with her birth—she was a disappointment—in the matter of sex, and failed to receive the welcome intended for the eldest son and heir. A constant source of annoyance to her ambitious mother, the child was given the name, and training of a boy until her tenth year. She was the constant companion of her loving father in all out door sports, who fostered her love for heroic ideals. Shortly after the birth of her little brother, the Princess is informed that she is a girl. That henceforth, she must act as a girl, dress like a girl, in fact, assume the responsibilities of girlhood.

These responsibilities come thick and fast. Disappointed in love at fourteen married to a roue at fifteen (lacking three months), the Princess entered upon a career devoid of domestic felicity.

During six years of married life, the Princess, an accomplished equestrian. mounts her horse, and canters off from the presence of her husband whenever he proves obnoxious; she is finally relieved by his death.

A philanthropic undertaking brings her to Russia. The incidents connected with the journey give us glimpses of Court intrigue and official corruption.

During the entire recital of her woes, the Princess expresses so much sympathy for herself that the reader is inclined to extend a little pity towards her less virtuous but sorely tempted spouse whom she disdainfully ignores and to whom she proves anything but a "ministering angel."

The result of her second marriage to a man after her own heart may develop "tribulations" similar to the first.

Anting-Anting Stories and Other Strange Tales of the Filipinos, by Sargent Kaymes, are published in one volume by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston In eleven short tales the author entertains the reader with accounts of native traits, particularly their manifestation of

in in their daily practices."
Our Lady of Pilar" opens with between a young American a daughter of one of the oldest the American department, ors of American methods of ie or explaining away the reh of the natives.

ory singular! What do you by are doing?" asks the young

I don't know. The American requal to grappling with the what the natives are doing out of the time. They seem to be or are they having a thanks-

know. All women, too!"
int American officer, however,
id out" what the native women
g, and returns to his comth the information that the
"praying before a shrine" of
Both of these young people
at "It's interesting, very!"

teresting, doubtless, to the of intelligence would be some rning the bibliography of the ; the introduction of printing earlier than it was introduced ca) into the islands.

Americans are satisfied with ions. Although the "Anting-ries" may have some foundat, they can but serve to amuse -ranting novel reader.

courtesy of his Honor, the an Francisco, we have received the DIRECTORY OF THE CHARIBENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS OF ISCO, a very useful and inompilation, with an appendix ws of California relating to and benevolence. Edited under on of Mayor Phelan, and pubnunicipal authority, the Direccial and reliable. In the next Little Sisters of the Poor will sted. Their establishment in as subsequent to the prepara-Directory.

The Neale Company, Washington, D. C., have brought out in excellent style the AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF COLONEL RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON, and we are very pleased to write our word of hearty commendation of this most agreeable and instructive volume.

Written in the Colonel's own happy style, there is a flavor of quaintness blending with a homelike familiarity, which pervades the book, and arouses a sense of lively personal interest in the reader.

Colonel Johnston was a convert, a fervent Catholic and a devout member of the Third Order of S. Dominic. We regret that his autobiography closes before the time of his admission to the Church. A few extracts from the book will illustrate the Colonel's method and manner:

"Our parents punished our oft offendings with switches pulled from the peach tree. But afterwards we were not subjected to everlasting talkings about it. Instead, a reasonably healthy flagellation satisfied every demand, and we began with renewed love and confidence upon a new career."

Recalling a distinguished Baptist preacher of Georgia, Colonel Johnston naively says, "he was uncommonly succinct, sometimes almost eloquent in delivery of his views, and (what in those days was as delightful as rare) he used to stop when he was through with what he had to say."

Colonel Johnston tells, in so simple a manner that it is very touching, of his prayers, when a child, that his dead mother might be restored to life, and for his lessons at school.

In his vacation, the "one whom I wished most to see was my mother, in whose lap I used to lay my head as she fondled my hair, a practice continued through our joint lives until her death, when I was twenty."

A LITTLE TOUR IN FRANCE, by Henry James, illustrated by Joseph Pennell, and published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, is a book we should call delightful and deserving praise because of the

beauty of its workmanship. Its title is not only suggestive, it is descriptive, at least sufficiently for the purpose of a reviewer who would prefer his readers to enjoy the little tour with the gifted author himself. We regret, however, that Mr. James occasionally slips, using expressions that may offend Catholic sensitiveness. His desire to be witty or playful is at fault; we do not judge him guilty of conscious inconsiderateness. It is difficult for some non-Catholics to approach Catholic topics, especially those of saints and relics, in a fully intelligent spirit.

In THE PUPPET CROWN, by Harold McGrath, the Bowen-Merrill Comapny of Indianapolis present to readers of fiction an interesting volume, the plot of which is well sustained and well environed by intrigues and stirring incidents.

The scene of the story is one of the small Alpine principalities. Royalties are conspicuous, but an American is the chief attraction by reason of his experiences and adventures.

Altogether. THE PUPPET CROWN is a novel among the best of its kind. The publishers have done their part in a creditable manner.

APHORISMS AND REFLECTIONS: CONDUCT, CULTURE AND RELIGION, is the latest work from the pen of the scholarly Bishop of Peoria, the Right Reverend J. L. Spalding, D. D.

We find the motive of the Bishop's book in the happily chosen quotations on the title page, Cicero's "aphorisms are aids to a blessed life," and Berkeley's "whatever the world may opine, he who hath not much meditated upon God, the human mind and the summum bonum, may possibly make a thriving earthworm, but will most indubitably make a blundering patriot and a sorry statesman."

To these we add the Bishop's own words in his introduction: "The point of view in these aphorisms and reflections is that of religion and culture, the general idea being that each one fashions and bears his world with him, and that unless he himself becomes wise, strong and

loving, no change in his circumstances can make him rich or free or happy."

We consider it a pleasant duty to commend to our readers this delightful little book, wise and witty and sparkling from cover to cover. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, present the volume in simple but elegant form.

JOHN GILDART is an exceedingly pathetic story, told in alternate blank verse and lyric rhyme, wherein is pictured the cruel conflict between the martial devotedness of a brave volunteer, ignorant of military rule, and the stern, inexorable discipline of war.

For the sake of the story these verses are well worth perusal, although we think that the moral suggested is neither true nor good—namely, condoning the fault of a soldier for temporarily deserting his post of duty as standard bearer, on the very eve of a serious engagement, in order to visit and comfort his wife, reported to be alone and destitute.

The blank verse metre chosen by the author is not sustained in its rhythm. but is surprisingly arbitrary. The lyrical pieces interspersed are tender and musical. We hardly dare call the production "An Heroic Poem," though its author, Mrs. M. E. Henry Ruffin, so entitles it. Even if "heroic," why not "a" and not "an"?

The publishers are William H. Young & Co. of New York, who have done their part becomingly.

We have received from the press of the Fathers of the Holy Ghost, Detroit, Mich., the first volume of the Spiritual Letters of the Venerable Paul Libermans, translated into English by Father Gruen-cuwald of the same Order.

The general excellence of the letters contained in this volume may be gathered from these words used by the Holy See in a decree issued May 27, 1885: "Seldom has the examination of the writings of those proposed for beatification led to such a favorable result."

In an introduction of fifty-five pages, which could have been called a sketch of his life, we have before us an example of

erful workings of Divine grace, t was so humbly and generously to by the Venerable Liber-

of severely orthodox Jewish raised and educated in the of the Talmud, it would seem thing conspired to implant in a thorough aversion for all that itian. It was during the time of the position as secretary of a collaborate that he commenced to imbibe a knowledge of those lich heretofore, without knowledged despised.

twenty-two years of age at the his conversion and baptism. ng to become a priest, he at nenced his preparatory studies, pursuing these he was stricken psy. On account of this afflicordination did not take place year 1841, having at that time is thirty-seventh year. During he was waiting calmly and for the manifestation of God's s behalf, he penned the letters in this volume.

edly these excellent spiritual ill receive a hearty welcome seminarians, to whom they are r directed.

all persons, religious and securead this volume with much profit accruing to their souls. Ok is neatly and substantially d reflects credit on the pub-

er & Co., St. Louis, are the public an admirable collection of the Spanish language. This the pocket manual, entitled DES. CORAZON DE JESUS, contains for mental prayer, devotions Rosary, visits to the Blessedt, hymns, also devotions for and Holy Communion.

anies of Loretto, the Holy Name is well as several other prayers in both Latin and Spanish. Hent little book has reached its ion. It will supply the increasing demand for prayer books in the Spanish tongue.

THE SPIRIT OF THE DOMINICAN ORDER. ILLUSTRATED FROM THE LIVES OF ITS SAINTS, by Mother Drane, has been brought out in a well printed and substantially bound volume by Benziger Brothers, New York. With great pleasure we commend to our readers this delightful book, whose title is clearly expressive of its purpose and scope.

B. Herder, St. Louis, deserves well of Catholic readers. His latest addition to ascetic literature is a neatly bound and clearly printed edition of the Venerable Louis Blosius' Oratory of the Faithful Soul, sold at a very low price.

The Abbey Press, New York, has issued a handsomely bound and beautifully printed book, which must prove a welcome addition to the literature of the Boer war, because of its historic value, pleasing and sincere style and noble purpose. The title of this work, John Bull's Crime, is somewhat startling. Has not John Bull committed more than one crime? Indeed he has, yet for baseness, treachery and hypocrisy his assault on the two Boer republics is undoubtedly his latest if not his greatest crime.

Webster Davis, the author of the volume under consideration, was First Assistant Secretary of the Interior when he visited the seat of the South African war and saw for himself the real state of affairs. On his return to the United States he gave up his lucrative position with all hope of political preferment, and even renounced his party affiliations that he might be free to express his burning thoughts and awaken sympathy for a down-trodden, liberty-loving Christian people. He wrote the book, as he tells us, "To present the true conditions and real facts as I saw them in the land of the Boers, in the hope that it may be the means of doing some good in some way for the cause of liberty, justice and equality of rights." Altogether he makes a really eloquent appeal. Urged by truth,

he speaks without prejudice, and because he saw and heard such things as should melt hearts of stone and enkindle the fire of indigantion in breasts the coldest and most indifferent. Let us hope that Mr. Davis has not written or pleaded in vain. And let due credit be given to the Abbey Publishing Company for their share in the good work.

THE AUTOCRATS, by Charles K. Lush, narrates the workings of a modern "trust" in its endeavors to perpetrate a "gigantic steal" in a city of the West. The deception, bribery—and in cases where bribery fails, the coercion—employed to further the ends of the "company" are described in a captivating style.

The power of money, its seductive influence in breaking through the so-called honor of men—shallow, indeed, it is and weak, for it often yields when the proper price is offered; the corruption of political life; the subserviency of the press to magnates, are all portrayed in a brisk and pleasing manner.

The feature of the book is the character of the young man. Hugh Bannerton, A gentleman, with all the requisites, his word of honor and manly probity do much to thwart the machinations and schemes of the autocrats.

The love tale, necessary in the novel of to-day, is interesting. The side-lights are attractive, and in the case of Miss Dolly Devine, the stenographer, winsome but pathetic. The mysticism surrounding the old man, Dr. Dusseldorp, and the strong womanly personality of Mrs. Warrington give an increased zest to the reading of the story.

The publishers, Doubleday, Page & Co. of New York, have issued the book in good style, having printed it from clear type, on excellent paper and bound it in durable red cloth.

In The Quarterly Review for April, 1904, appeared a strong character study of Queen Victoria. We are pleased to see this article—The Character of Queen Victoria—reprinted in book form. The

name of the author is as yet unknown, a fact which naturally excites the curiosity of the public. This is the first attempt that has been made to portray the life of the Queen from one's personal knowledge of her. The publishers, Leonard Scott & Co., New York, have made a neat little volume which, no doubt, will have a wide circulation.

Near the Niagara Falls is an Indian reservation belonging to a small tribe who call themselves the Tuscaroras. These Indians boast of being the only descendants of the Omahgahrahs, a tribe who lived hundreds of years ago. They were a peaceful people who were supposed to be much beloved by the Great Spirit, and rarely participated in the sanguinary feuds of their warlike neighbors-the Hurons, the Iroquois, the Onandagas and other surrounding tribes. An interesting legend is told of them by Mr. Paul Carus, in his little book THE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER. It was customary for the Omahgahrahs to sacrifice annually in the thundering waters of the Niagara the fairest and purest virgin of the tribe.

They held as sacred the superstition that so long as the maidens showed an eagerness to be esteemed worthy of this awe-inspiring distinction, the name of the Omahgahrahs would be respected and honored, but when a virgin could no longer be found who would "unhesitatingly, voluntarily and gladly" accept the great honor of dying in this manner, the tribe would lose the regard of the gods as well as the nations among which they lived.

When the missionaries came to this country and heard of the superstitions of the Indians, they burned with a desire to preach the Gospel to them. Mr. Carus draws a beautiful pen picture of the saintly Father Hennepin visiting the Indians in their wigwams and preaching to them the word of God.

The book is prettily illustrated by E. Biederman, and the publishers, the Open Court Company, Chicago, may be complimented for their excellent work.

CALENDAR FOR OCTOBER.

T—Recitation of the Rosary, of the Blessed Sacrament and every evening during
S. Dominic's. Special I S. Dominic's. ebrated each week morning at

owing indulgences have been perpetuity by our Holy Father, available during the month of

y indulgence for all who, on of our Lady of the Rosary, or within the octave, receive the s, recite a third part of the ring the day, visit any church and there pray for the intense Sovereign Pontiff. y indulgence for all who, after of the feast of the Most Holy

her publicly in some church or scite a third part of the Rosary or ten days, and who on any e days receive the Sacraments, church and there pray for the f the Sovereign Pontiff.

gence of seven years and seven ach day of the month during aithful, either publicly in some privately, recite a third part of

tace and Companions, Martyrs. ngels Guardian. (Votive Mass

ary.)
in Massias, O. P., Lay Brother,
i. (Love of the Poor and

Holy Father S. Francis of under of the Franciscan Order, A marvel of humility and a apostolic poverty and sim-enediction.)

ymond of Capua, O. P., Priest, Devotion to our Blessed (Devotion to our enediction.)

SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—OUR HE ROSARY—Three plenary inor Rosarians: (1) C. C.: visit ar; prayers; (2) C. C.; assist on; prayers; (3) C. C.; assist on of the Blessed Sacrament;

t Rosary indulgence for each isit till sunset.

on Mass for Rosarians at 7 on Mass for Rosarians at a lary indulgence for members ird Order: Recite prayer, "O astor and Guide of all the r the "Our Father." Plenary members of the Living or this, GREAT ROSARY SUN-

DAY, the special ceremonies will begin in S. Dominic's with the blessing and distribution of roses immediately before the solemn High Mass at 11 A. M. A special musical programme has been arranged by the organist of S. Dominic's.

Presented at the solemn High Mass.

Preacher at the solemn High Mass, Father Leo Heagen.

Meeting of S. Thomas' Sodality at . M. Blessing of Beads and enrolling in the Rosary Confraternity after the last Mass, from 3 to 5 P. M., and after Bene-diction in the evening.

At the evening service, 7:30 P. M., Father John Jones will be the preacher.
7—B. Matthew Carrerii, O. P., Priest,

7—B. Matthew Carrerii, O. P., Priest, A. D. 1470. (Strict Observance.) Meeting of Rosarian Reading Circle at 8 P. M. 8—B. Alphonse, O. P., Priest, and his Companions, the Martyrs of Japan, A. D. 1643. (Fortitude.)

9—S. Denis, Bishop of Paris, and his Companions, Martyrs, A. D. 272. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

Mass of the Rosary.)

10—S. Louis Betrand, O. P., Priest and Apostle of New Granada, A. D. 1581. (Devotion to the Queen of the Rosary.) A true son of S. Dominic, in whom the sevenfold gifts of the Holy Ghost shone forth in a singular manner.

11—Octave day of S. Francis of Assissi.
12—B. James of Uln, O. P., Lay Brother, A. D. 1491. (Love of Holy Obedience.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

(Votive Mass of the Hosary.)

13—SECOND SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—
Octave day of our Lady of the Rosary.
Plenary indulgence for members of the
Holy Name Confraternity: C. C.; procession; prayers. Mass for Holy Name
Sodality at 7 A. M. Meeting at 3 P. M.
Meeting of Men Tertiaries at 2 P. M.
Procession of Holy Name, Sermon and
Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

14—B. Magdalen Pannatieri, O. P., Virgin, A. D. 1503. (Suffering for Christ.) Meeting of the Young Men's Holy Name Society at 8 P. M.
15—S. Theresa, Virgin, and restorer of the Order of Mount Carmel, A. D. 1583. (Obedience to Confessors.)

16—B. Sadoc, O. P., Priest, and Forty-Eight Companions, Dominican Martyrs of

Sandomir, A. D. 1260. (Confessing the Faith.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.) 17—S. Norbert, Bishop, Founder of the Premonstratensian Order, A. D. 1134.

Mass for the Building Association at 9
A. M. (Benediction.)

. M. (Benediction.)
18—S. Luke, Evangelist.
19—S. Angela, Virgin, and Founder of

Ursulines. the (Votive Mass of the

Rosary.)
20—Third Sunday of the Month--THE 20—THIRD SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—THE MATERNITY OF OUR BLESSED LADY—Plenary indulgence for members of the Living Rosary: C. C.; visit; prayers. Meeting of Women Tertiaries at 3 P. M. Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P M.

P M.

21—S. Ursula and Companions, Virgins and Martyrs (fifth century.) (The Spirit of Sacrifice.) Anniversary of the death of the Reverend Father Thomas Augustine Dyson, O. P.

22—B. Peter of Tiferno, O. P., Priest, A. D. 1445. (Confidence in God.)

23—B. Bartholomew, O. P., Bishop, A. D. 1271. (Thirst After Souls.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.) Beginning of Novena for All Saints.

24—S. Raphael, Archangel. (Benediction.)

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tion.)
25—B. Diana, O. P., and Companions,
Cecilia and Amata, Virgins, thirteenth
century. (Love of Holy Poverty.)
The annual festival in aid of the
church fund takes place this evening in
the Pavillon, Antioch, exercises to commence at 8 o'clock.
26—B. Damien Furchiore, O. P. Pricet

26—B. Damian Furchiero, O. P., Priest, A. D. 1484. (Toiling for Christ.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

27—Last Sunday of the Month—Plenary indulgence for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit; prayers; (2) C. C.; assist at Procession; visit; prayers. Plenary indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite the third part of the Rosary three times a week: C. C.; visiting church; prayers. Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

P. .. 28-28—SS. Simon and Jude, Apostles. Meeting of the Young Men's Holy Name Society at 8 P. M.
29—B. Benvenuta Bojani, O. P., Virgin.
A. D. 1292. (Love of Contemplation.)
30—Commemoration of the saints whose relics are preserved.

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30—Commemoration of the saints whose relics are preserved in our churches. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.) 31—B. John Dominic, O. P., Bishop and Cardinal, A. D. 1420. (Spirit of Disinterestedness.) (Transferred from June 10.)

estedness.) (Transferred from June 10.)
The Patron Saints for the Living
Rosary during this month are: The Five
Joyful Mysteries—S. Francis of Assissi,
C.: S. Callixtus, P. M.; S. Theresa, V.; S.
Louis Bertrand C.; S. Edward the Confessor. The Five Sorrowful Mysteries—
S. Simon, Ap.; S. Edwin, King, M.; S.
Bridget of Sweden, W.; S. Ursula, V. M.;
S. Colman, M. The Five Glorious Mysteries—S. Denis, B. M.; S. Hedwige, W.;
S. Bruno, C.; S. Raphael, Archangel; S.
Luke, Evangelist.

The saints have said admirable things of Mary, the Holy City of God; and they themselves avow they have never been more eloquent and more content than when they have spoken of her. Yet after all they have said, they cry out that the height of her merits which she has raised up to the throne of the Divinity cannot be fully seen: that the breadth of her charity, which is broader than the earth, is in truth immeasurable; that the grandeur of her power, which she exercises even over God Himself, is incomprehensible; and finally, that the depth of her humility and of her virtues and graces is an abyss which can never be sounded.

O height incomprehensible! O breadth unspeakable! O grandeur immeasurable!

O abysss impenetrable! Every day, from one end of the earth to the other, in the highest heights of the heavens and in the profoundest depths of the abysses, everything preaches, everything publishes, the

admirable Mary! The nine choirs of angels, men of all ages, sexes and conqtions and religions, good and bad, nay even the devils themselves, willingly or unwillingly, are compelled by the force of truth to call her Blessed.

S. Bonaventure tells us that all the angels in Heaven cry out incessantly to her, "Holy, holy, holy Mary, Mother of God and Virgin," and that they offer to her millions and millions of times a day the angelical salutation, Ave Maria: prostrating themselves before her, and begging of her in her graciousness to honor them with some of her commands. S. Michael, as S. Augustine says, although the prince of all the Heavenly court, is the most zealous in honoring her and causing her to be honored, while he waits always in expectation that he may have the honor to go at her bidding to render service to some one of her servants-Blessed Louis Mary Grignon de Montfort,

A CONTRACTOR OF THE PARTY OF TH

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ELIZA ALLEN STARR
TERTIARY OF THE ORDER OF S. DOMINIC.
(See Editorial.)

DOMINICANA

NOVEMBER, 1901.

No. 11

THE ROSARY IN ART.

THE CORONATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

nd a great sign appeared in heaven, oman clothed with the sun, and the n under her feet, and on her head a 'n of twelve stars."

II.

ius, while there is no distinct celeion of this event in the Liturgy of the rch, no office setting forth its sigance, the Coronation of the Blessed in has been declared by no less an ority than that of the Beloved Disi himself, the Apostle Saint John, in Apocalypse or Revelation of things present or to come. Well has the e been assigned to Saint John as his bol among the four Evangelists; for, an eagle he soars in the blaze of the nor is he blinded by the radiance of ven itself. With the eye of the spirit sierces the veil between mundane and nal things; while. with the holy boldof the true prophet, he opens his rd by these words: "The Revelation esus Christ, which God gave to Him nake known to His servants * * * ling by His angel to His servant n, who hath testified to the word of

Il this comes to our Apostle on the of Patmos, to which he had been ished after coming forth victorious n the cauldron of boiling oil into ch he had been thrown by the comid of Diocletian; then, at the age of e than ninety years, to be condemned benal labor. But no penal labors, no imand of any emperor, no whip of the

task-master, could close Heaven to the eye of Saint John, and the New Testament closes with a narration of wonders, of splendors, which the brush of the painter, the skill of the mosaic worker can never delineate nor express; the pen of the son of Zebedee, the fisherman of Galilee, unrivalled in the hands of a mortal. Set in the midst of these visions is our Mystery, declared, promulgated, put before the meditative eye of the generations to come, drawing all hearts, weaning them from the delusive pageants of time, placing before the imagination of the weakest daughter of Eve a consummation of joys such as it has never entered into her heart to conceive, and this upon the authority of the Disciple most dearly beloved by our Lord, to whom He made known the inmost secrets of His adorable Heart, as well as the trans-cendent glory of His Humanity in its Transfiguration on Mount Tabor.

Assured by all this that we are following no "cunningly devised fable," we join those chosen spirits who have sought to embody their highest conceptions of Mary by delineating her receiving, before the whole court of Heaven, that crown by which she is to be eternally distinguished even among the shining ranks of the seven angelic choirs as Queen of Angels, as she is Queen of Martyrs, of Virgins and of all Saints, titles which the Church gives to Mary, and in these last years by the decree of the Sovereign Pontiff Leo

XIII. declared Queen of the Most Holy Rosary. Under such incentives, with what a glow of devotion shall we not honor Mary while reciting the last decade of our beloved Rosary, which includes in its fifteen Mysteries the Incarnation, with its humiliations; the Passion, with its ignominies, its anguish, its blood shedding, and finally the Paschal triumph, not only of the Redeemer, but of all whom He has redeemed.

In very many instances this Coronation takes the place of the actual Assumption above the representation of the death of the Blessed Virgin or the sight of her empty tomb, around which stand the Apostles, as in the lovely picture by Raphael in the Vatican Gallery, in which the roses and above all the lilies are painted so exquisitely as to seem almost to emit their perfumes.

Nothing could have been more happy than the choice of this subject by the mosaic workers for the apses of the grand basilicas in the middle ages. That in Santa Maria in Trastivere, the oldest church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin in Rome, dates to between the years 1130 and 1143, and represents the Virgin Mother in a robe gorgeous with Byzantine embroidery, seated on the same throne as her Divine Son. Our Lord wears His and He has already placed a crown on the head of His Mother, while his right arm embraces her. His left hand holds a book on His knee, on which is inscribed, Veni Electa Mea (Come, my chosen one, and I will place thee on my throne), while the Virgin holds a tablet on which are the words from the Canticles: "His right hand shall be under my head and His left hand shall embrace me." The throne itself is of the richest workmanship in its decorations, but the drapery of our Lord's figure is unadorned and majestic in its arrangement. Above is seen the hand of the Eternal Father in the act of blessing this cherished daughter in the hour of her triumph.

The mosaic in the apse of Santa Maria Maggiore dates to the very last decade of the thirteenth century, and is one of the most magnificent mosaics of that or of any other age, a masterpiece by Jacopo Turvita, the Franciscan, who worked under his habit with cowl and cord. This magnificent decoration stands scenes in the life of the Blessed Virgin and of our Lord: the Annunciation,, Nativity, Adoration of the Magi and Presentation in the Temple, the large middle space being occupied by the death of the Blessed Virgin and is of wonderful beauty, all these making the pridella for the large design. In the center of the apse above is a circle of starred azure, within which are seated, on a throne, our Lord and His Mother, upon whose head He is in the act of placing a crown richly gemmed, wearing Himself the cruciform nimbus jeweled. The figures may be termed colossal; the action of our Lord benign but majestic, that of the Blessed Virgin meekly grateful, as she raises her hands with a gesture of sweet surprise. As in the mosaic of Santa Maria in Trastivere, our Lord holds a book on which is inscribed: "Veni Electa Mea, et ponam te thronum meum." Under the feet of each is a footstool, and below the footstool of our Lord stands the sun, under that of our Lady the moon. The deep blue of the background within the circle is set with stars, while on each side, on the lower edge of the circle is a crowd of winged angels, cherubim, seraphim, in beauteous tints, adoring while they sing the praises of Him who has chosen His cwn Mother for their Queen. The curve of the arch is filled with a vine on a gold background, and among its branches, twining in exquisite arabesques, are birds of bright plumage, especially the peacock, found in the catacombs as the symbol of immortality; pretty song birds, a rabbit nibbling grapes in a basket, even a mother bird feeding her nestlings, and, conspicuously, a pelican, the symbol of the Holy Eucharist. A mystical shore, from which joyfully spring the angels we have described, gives a footing for the saints chosen to be introduced as contemplating this honor given to Mary in the courts of Heaven. On the right hand Saint Peter, Saint Paul and, a little smaller, Saint Francis of Assisi; on the left hand, Saint John Baptist, Saint John Evangelist and, still a little smaller, Saint

Anthony of Padua. Kneeling just outside the angels, very small, is on one side the Pontiff, Nicholas IV., and on the other, Cardinal Colonna, under whose united auspices this magnificent work was executed, both, like the artist, Turrita, being Franciscans. This shore edges a mystical Jordan, on which disport aquatic animals with tiny fishermen; the whole a wonder of color and of a solemnly magnificent action performed in the sight of Heaven and of earth.

So charming a subject, in accordance with the popular taste which lays hold so readily upon what is beyond this mortal ken, could not be left to the mosaic workers. Giotto made the Coronation of the Blessed Virgin the subject of a small altar-piece in Santa Cruz, Florence, in which Christ and the Virgin Mother are seated together on a throne as He places the jeweled crown on her head with both hands. Mrs. Jameson describes her as "bending forward, with her hands crossed in her lap, and the softest expression in her beautiful face, as if she as meekly resigned herself to this honor as heretofore to the angelic salutation which pronounced her Blessed, and angels kneel before the throne with censers and offerings." In another by Giotto, "our Lord, wearing a gemmed coronet, is seated on a throne, the Virgin kneels before Him with her hands joined, and twenty angels with musical instruments attend upon them."

But the German school was not slow to give magnificent expression to a devotion so rich in accessories. Hans Munling shows us the Blessed Virgin crowned by the Holy Trinity, kneeling before a semicircular throne on which are seated the Father and the Son, and between them, with outspread wings, the Dove of the Holy Spirit. The Virgin is attired in a simple blue drapery, her hands folded meekly on her bosom with a majesty of humility that is very impressive, as if rising to the grandeur of the event. The Father, a venerable figure, wears the triple tiara and holds the sceptre; our Lord, with an expression as if He remembered the sufferings of His mother as well as of Himself, holds in His left hand v cross, and the Father and the Son hold,

between them, a crown which they are about to place on the head of the Blessed Virgin. Their throne of gold is encircled with gems and over it is a glory of seraphic spirits of a glowing red. The lower part of the picture and the sides are filled with a vast assemblage of saints, martyrs, confessors, especially those most in favor in Flanders and Burgundy.

Albert Durer's coronation is conceived in the most exalted spirit, while giving all the details leading to it. In the foreground is the empty tomb surrounded by the apostles eagerly following her in her flight to heaven, where she is seen above the clouds of earth half-kneeling, as if sustained by the ambient atmosphere of heaven. On a double rainbow sits the Father and the Son, both crowned, holding above her head the crown they have prepared for her and over which hovers the Dove of the Holy Ghost; the whole of this upper scene raying forth light and cherubs passing near it with extended wings.

We have spoken of a coronation by Raphael in the gallery of the Vatican, but a more significant conception of this mystery by him exists in a cartoon prepared for the high altar of the Sistine Chapel. In this, our Lord is seated within a niche, wearing His own cruciform nimbus. In the same niche is His Mother, seated, her veiled head meekly bowed, over which He holds the crown which marks her as Queen of Angels and Saints. Above the niche, from which angels draw back the curtains, is seen the Eternal Father, His right hand held up in benediction, in His left the world crowned with a cross, and between Him and the Lernal Son and His Virgin Mother hovers the Dove of the Holy Spirit. In the foreground, on one side, we see Saint John Baptist, as the precursor, pointing to our Lord; on the other, Saint Jerome with his lion, while two winged cherubs stand immediately in front, reading from scroll.

Filippo Lippi's coronation is one of great beauty in its details, of magnificence in its arrangement. Three drop-arches serve to divide the multitude in attendance into significant groups, and on the two

spandrils of these arches is given, in small circles, the Annunciation; on one side the angel, on the other the Virgin of Nazareth. Within the middle arch is a magnificent Gothic throne, giving the effect of a deep niche, in which the Lord is seated, crowned, and holding, with both hands, a crown over the head of the Virgin Mother kneeling before Him. A thin white veil covers her tresses, the mantle enveloping her entire figure, but the hands, joined in adoring humility, rest on the knee of her Son with all a motner's fondness. The sweetness of this action cannot be put into words. On either side of the throne, outside the elaborately carved arms, is an angel bearing up the embroidered scroll, of which we long to read the lettering, which falls like a silken scarf among the classic garlands and wreaths which give a festive air to every unfilled space, and held at the ends by two grand angels, true angels, although without wings, each bearing a tall stalk of lilies in the right hand as an offering to the holy ones above, while each of the two architectural wings of the high dais on which stands the throne blossoms out in a gigantic stalk of lilies rising to the height of the arches, thus serving still further to accentuate the groups.

Immediately in front of the raised dais are gathered saintly bishops, saintly mothers with their children; holy Job, crowned by reason of his patience; Saint John the Baptist, with his reed cross, his tunic of camel's hair under his mantle, pointing, as the precursor, to his Lord, and the beautiful ascetic face speaking of the fast of the desert. Beside him kneels a figure which must have been painted from the life, so individualized is it, and on the opposite side a Saint Bernard, his ardent gaze fixed on the group above. Near him is an archbishop, which, we believe, is Saint Antoninus, so beloved by the Florentines. Rising, back and above, there are choirs of lovely boys, crowned with roses, lilles in their hands; one, bearing his stalk as a martyr bears his palm, and on his face a look of rapture worthy of a scraph; all singing their canticles of praise with a devotion which takes our souls our desires, on the wings of their songs; while still above them are ranks of little girls, crowned with roses, carrying lilies. Not angels, not martyrs, are these little boys and girls, but the baptised infants taken from earth to follow the Lamb whithersoever He goes! The jubilance of this scene must have been born of many a festive holyday in Florence, of many a procession in honor of Mary's Assumption and glad coronation. But the artist who gave to our Mystery the ardor of his inmost devotion, the subtlest charm of his genius, was Fra Angelico. What the infancy of Jesus and the maternity of Mary, in all their graclous, most winning suggestions, were to Raphael, that was to the Dominican of Fiesole of San Marco, the coronation of the Blessed Virgin. To him it typifies the glories of heaven; the rewards promised to the meek and lowly and pure of heart in that world to which his thought and imagination turned as naturally as flowers turn to the sun, as the magnet to the pole star. His feet, indeed, trod this earth with his brethren, but his most familiar walk was with the angels, and events which had transpired in Paradise ages and ages ago made the history conned by him and ever present to his imagination. We have never seen any enumeration of the Angelical's coronation, but we are never surprised when one comes to us which we have never seen, of which we have never read a description. Some of these give simply the two figures, our Lord crowning His Mother; but the ineffable grace is there and the glory rays from the two figures as if a circle had been struck around this scene in heaven, while we can imagine all that the circle points out. We have one, reproduced in an Arundel chromo, which has hung high, as a coronation should, over our fireplace, to which turns, naturally, the eye of every one on first entering the room, and which has been our vision of heaven for years.

Under the arch which outlines the top of the picture, on a bank of luminous clouds, sits our Lord, benignity itself, clad in pure white drapery, like the white woolen habit of a Dominican; on his head the cruciform nimbus brightly touched in

with gold and cinnabar. Opposite him on the same bench of clouds, sits His own Mother, truly His Mother, as He is, truly, her Son. She, too, is clad in white, soft as wool; her white mantle drawn over her head, which inclines toward Him with the lowliest humility, the most tender affectionateness; her hands crossed on her bosom precisely as she crossed them in the Annunciation which he painted on the walls of San Marco. The two hands of the Blessed Christ are stretched forth to set on her bowed head the crown which can alone express, typify, His love and veneration for her who, conceived, brought Him forth without detriment to her virginity, nourished Him from her virginal breast; carried Him in her arms close to her heart into Egypt; made His dear home in Nazareth; was the consolation of His three years ministry, followed Him to Calvary, kissed His wounds at His entombment. Where—who—what is the Son who would not crown such a mother with His love, His veneration, His eternal gratitude: and what less could He do who holds the worlds which He created in the hollow of His hand, who is the Lord of Heaven as He is of earth? This is the "reason for being" of all Fra Angelico's coronations.

This scene so full of filial and maternal beauty, taken in its human sense, of supernatural charm in the supernatural order, is enclosed by a circle of prismatic colors, melting into the heavenly atmosphere as softly as any rainbow which spans the raining sky after a summer shower. Just below, but still kneeling on clouds, are seen, in a semicircle, six saints; to the extreme left, Saint Thomas of Aquin; opposite him, one whom we have never seen satisfactorily named, in a brown habit, with Saint Peter, martyr, coming still nearer to the eye; opposite him, Saint Benedict, and directly in front, facing each other like brothers, kneel Saint Dominic and Saint Francis, all transported by the contemplation of this mystery of love.

The eye of the merest chance visitor to the gallery of the Louvre, Paris, must take note of that coronation of the Blessed Virgin by our Angelico, which may be called its pearl.

On a throne enclosed, like a niche, within spiral columns, sits the God-man in the perfection of His beauty, with nimbus and crown, in raiment white and soft as wool; the eyes bent, with a singular loveliness, on the half-closed lids upon the virginal figure kneeling before Him. Her white wool mantle is edged with golden embroidery and falls in one sweep of drapery over the upper steps of the throne; the hands are crossed on her bosom as when she heard the angel's salutation; a thin white veil falls softly over the head, which rises, instinctively, as it were, to meet the crown which her Son is placed upon it; and the face! none but the hand of the Angelical friar of San Marco ever limned a face so absolutely virginal; no other imagination ever held one so immaculate in its purity of line, of contour, of expression.

This is our central group. Standing at each side on the steps of the throne are groups of angels, several blowing long trumpets, two pointed upward as if announcing, to the highest heavens, the joyful tidings, others calling on all the faithful to rejoice with Mary. But the lovellest angels bear musical instruments. touching their strings or holding them under their cheeks with a caressing fondness and looking with a loving admiration on Our Lady, now their beloved Queen; charming figures, vested like deacons, into whose inmost being has passed the beatitude of Heaven. Touching, mingling with these angelic groups, are the saints of the Old Law; the crowned head of David, psalmist, is among the choristers; then the martyrs of the New Law. Saint John Baptist, the youthful deacons Saint Stephen and Saint Lawrence, with his gridiron; Saint Peter, Martyr, and to the right-hand corner of the foreground the virgin martyrs; Saint Catherine with her wheel, Saint Agnes with her lamb, Saint Ursula with her arrow, and directly in front Saint Mary Magdalene in an ecstacy, the alabaster box of precious ointment in her hand. Mitred bishops, tonsured monks with their halos, speaking to each other of this glorious mystery, among them Saint Thomas of Aquin with his "Summa." Higher still to the side we see Saint Augustine, in cope and mitre, his pen in his hand, the head grand, the eye burning with devout enthusiasm. At his side, beautiful Saint Deminic; on his forehead, the star which shone on it at his baptism; his cope sown with stars; in one hand a lily, in the other his book of rules, and his face lifted as if singing his favorite hymn to the Blessed Virgin: "O gloriosa Virginum."

Virgin: "O gloriosa Virginum."

And highest of all, Adam, close to the trumpeters. Not only has the entire picture been reproduced in many ways, but the individual heads have been exquisitely lithographed, of the size of the original, and also engraved.

Still there must have been an ideal in the mind of the Angelical which this serene beatitude did not attempt to express; for we find in the Gallery of the Uffize, Florence, one of such resplendent beauty that it seems impossible to describe it. An arch; within the arch, on a bank of clouds, sits our Redeemer, crowned with his own nimbus; in one hand the round world, but the other has already set on the head of His Mother a crown of beauty. On His face the expression is one of joy, and her eyes look directly into His, as, with hands still crossed on her bosom, she receives this token of His filial love: while from them, as from a center, rays a glory that fills the arch, and in which stand at the sides and even below saints and angels, a multitude not to be counted: so far as man's skill could give, it is the

Beatific Vision rendered to the eye. To name these saints, each with the well known symbols, would be impossible; but there, kneeling in the midst of the glory, in the foreground, Saint Mary Magdalene, in her hand the vase of precious spikenard, looking forth from the picture as if telling us the story; while directly below the feet of our Lord, bathed in the radiance, kneels an angel, with long brightly tinted wings, the organ stops in his hands. All these form a semicircle of holy souls, from all ranks, to close, as it were, in a full circle above, whose ravishing groups of angels in festively tinted robes, on a line with the throne of clouds, weave, interweave in a dance of joy such as never was seen until painted by our Angelical. Some of these angels blow their long, slender trumpets as accompaniments to cithern and lyre, others touch hands like flowers in a wreath, but all is gladness, an exultation ineffable. Every face wears the glow of eternal happiness, and a movement like the notes in a symphony stirs through this multitude—a chorus of praise in which we instinctively join.

Linger, Christian soul, in the effulgence of our Mystery. Give yourself up, for one brief moment, to the contemplation of the blessedness reserved for you by Him who first created, then redeemed you; and believe that, as these joyful, these sorrowful mysteries of our Rosary are caught up by these five glorious mysteries, so the joyful and sorrowful mysteries of this mortal life are to find their fruition in the eternal beatitude of Heaven.

THANKSGIVING JOY.

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

The valleys shine, alive with singing rills!

Creation's music rises up to Thee,

O Lord of clemency! Afar we see Her incense-smoke upon the purple hills; The autumn plains rejoice, for harvest fills

Each murmuring mouth of poor humanity.

Brave Earth, thy great thanksgiving melody

Wakes Heav'n itself to correspondent thrills!

Nay, as our bliss on this green orb below. Doth gladden Him, the great Creative One:

And as the heavenly circles round Him whorled

Rejoice to feel the Father-heart aglow; So, Dove of Joy, show us His Only Son Love-crowned, at last, by a repentant world.

THE EXALTATION OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

SARAH C. BURNETT.

"Children of a past century." This is the title which we must now acknowledge; that is, all of us who had attained any decree of advancement in age or experience when the dawn of the present year broke. The best days of our lives may be before us, we may yet make a wonderful page in the history of the times, but all of our education, all of the powers which make us what we are, were gained in the "by-gone years" not yet eleven months behind us.

And now the question arises-in the course of the two, three or four decades which we may yet reasonably expect to see, how are we to deal with the younglings just coming on to take the places which we must sooner or later vacate? Are we to do by them as we ourselves once heartily hated to be done by? We remember but too well those unwelcome comparisons, and those unfavorable comments on the manners of the times in which it has pleased an all-wise Providence to place us. Even as children, how our indignation would be excited by Aunt Jane's looking reprovingly over her glasses, and informing us that "when she was young, little girls wouldn't have been allowed to do that!"

(We found, later, by judiciously questioning Aunt Somebody Else, that these youthful paragons had frequently perpetrated appalling misdeeds without the ceremony of asking permission. But it was some years before we became worldlywise enough to pursue this policy of investigation. In the meantime we made up our minds that the children of the last generation were a tiresome race of young prigs, whose extinction was a decided benefit to humanity.)

Later in life the evil became more pronounced. We had suffered enough from the unwilling contemplation of the virtues of other days, but that was one of the appropriate punishments of naughtiness. Now the same infliction was to be undergone when we were trying our best to be good. We had joined the Ladies' Charitable Organization and the Orphans' Friends. We had spent most of our leisure time in the humiliating and wearying occupation of "soliciting." had climbed up to three-pair flats-every step bringing into plainer view the suggestive sign "No Peddlers." We had encountered scornful "maids" and fought our way past slipshod Japanese "help." And then, on attending the quarterly meetings of the societies, what reward did we receive? A sermon by some distinguished divine, whose theme was the coldness of modern charity as compared with the whole-hearted generosity of other times! Now, of what benefit was it to us to be told that the good people of the Middle Ages opened their doors to all applicants, asking no questions, and admitted the impoverished stranger into the very bosom of their families? Common sense and experience of the world had shown us the utter incompatibility of such a proceeding with a proper regard for the moral and physical welfare of our own homes. We found no fault with those good souls-no doubt they understood their circumstances quite as well as we understood ours-but why should their example have been held up as a rebuke to us, who were doing the best we could according to our lights?

Much censure has been bestowed on the long-sighted system of "investigation," which has made modern benevolence an affair much more of the head than of the heart. Our only reply would be to point to the experience of some present-day philanthropists who have tried the old-fashioned methods—and lived to heartily wish that they hadn't! Our nine-teenth century charity may have been

cold, soulless, un-Christian—anything you choose to call it—we have grown tired of dodging stones thrown at us from all these quarters. But when it came to the effectual relief of the deserving poor (the object, I believe, of all charitable endeavors), we could modestly point to a very respectable record.

Then as to our religious feelings! How often has not the beautiful expression. "Ages of Faith," been distorted into a reproach to those whose loyalty to God and Holy Church is just as strong and earnest as any in the long history of the world? To be sure, we were not so strictly observant of some of the externals of religious worship, but did our surroundings always permit us to be? We were living at a time and many of us in a country, where the practices of our faith were accompanied by far more difficulty and selfsacrifice than in the days when churches were far more numerous and almost every prominent family could boast of a private chaplain. Moreover, we were a very busy people. Our world had made us so, and God's will had placed us in that world. Perhaps we could not always reverently uncover our heads at the sound of the Angelus. Perhaps the holydays of the Church found us working just as hard as on any other day-harder, perhaps, to make up for the time which we had devoted to the duty of hearing Mass. But, when it came to the observance of the spirit of the Church's precepts-when there was question of the Divine law of the Ten Commandments-let the world's sense of justice decide whether we were or were not as thoroughly Catholic as our more "devout" ancestors.

And then as to woman! Poor woman: Her strenuous efforts to assert her individuality have brought upon her a very large share of the animadversion of those whose hearts live in the past. It is not to my present purpose to enter into a disquisition upon one of the most tangled questions of our times. But I may be permitted to observe that it is not more reasonable to insist that our sex should invariably follow the grooves traced by our ancestors than it would be to expect our fathers and brothers to adorn their per-

sons with the steel-wrought garments of knighthood, or the wigs and knee-breeches affected by George Washington.

But enough of the injustices inflicted on the poor nineteenth century by those worshippers at the shrine of by-gone days. Our trials are over now and our triumph commences. One century is dead; it is now our happy lot to canonize her, to crown her brow with the halo of antiquity and hold her up to the unqualifled, even if unwilling, veneration of the oncoming throng!

But let us pause. Would such a course not be perhaps more satisfactory to our present vanity than conducive to the ultimate good of our cause? Is it not just possible that, like good Aunt Jane, we may remember only the strong points of our tale and overlook the weak? And is there the slightest probability that our auditors will not be sharp enough to detect the chinks in our armor? Would this discovery add to their respect for us or for the object of our veneration?

Then, again, as to the wholesale distribution of advice manufactured in the mills of experience. It sounds like an infallible argument to say, "I dealt with this subject ten years before you were born." But the person addressed may happen to know that the matter in question has assumed an entirely different phase since the felicitous event referred to. Experience is undoubtedly the most capable judge in the tribunal of human wisdom, but her decisions are always subject to revision according to the illogical code of circumstances. And not infrequently circumstances will compel us to set aside the dictates of both wisdom and experience, and bow our necks to the tyrannical yoke of necessity.

Dear friends, might it not be our wisest policy to stand quietly aside and let the twentieth century make her own history? Her children will not love us any the more for our well meant efforts to improve their ways. And are we so very certain to effect an improvement? Let us continue devoutly to worship the memory of the past, but let us not force that worship on those whose allegiance is due to some other divinity. We are not likely

to suffer from more than half of their mistakes, for but few of us will live beyoud the close of the first fifty years. And in the end we may go contentedly down to our graves, leaving the dear old

world to the care of others who, when all has been said, are not likely to achieve a much more brilliant success nor to perpetrate a more thorough failure than we ourselves would have done.

O PIERCED HANDS.

EDITH R. WILSON.

[In one of the side chapels of S. Anne de Beaupre, Quebec, the "Tronc des Pauvres" or alms box, is surmounted by a representation of the "Pierced Hands" soliciting alms.]

O piercéd Hands of Jesus. O pierced Hands of Jesus,
Within Thy bleeding palms,
For love of Thee, who died for me,
I lay to-day an alms.
O sacred Hands so wounded Upon the tree of shame,
I see thee still extended, to bless each
tribute tendered,
In honor of Thy Name.

O loving Hands and dearest, So wide outflung for me, So wide outning for me,
Thy riven veins and scarlet stains
Still sue for charity,
And in each stricken sufferer,
My stricken Lord I see,
Who stands to plead a brother's need
With wounds of Calvary.

O Hands which little children Were not afraid to press; Which held them near without a fear, In warm and close caress: Dear Hands, in benediction,
So often raised of old,
From Heaven above, reach down in love,
To plead with hearts grown cold.

O holiest Hands of Jesus, By Thy most sacred power, The living Bread was hallowed Of that last Pascal hour: O sweetest Hands of Jesus, What can I thee deny, Which on the tree, redeemed me, And plead for me on high?

Within Thy Hands, dear Jesus,
I clasp my own and pray
That more and more, my heavenly store,
May grow from day to day;
And where I place my treasure,
God grant my heart to rest,
By Jesus' Hands, with loving bands,
Close folded to His Breast.

Madonna, whom the griefs which were thine own,

When Simeon's sword transfixed thy tender heart,
Rendered compassionate as still thou

art

Of all the sorrows that the world has known;
Lo, with the wailing winds which sigh and moan,

In these November nights, there seem to start

Sepulchral sobbings from that realm apart,

departed for their faults Where the atone:

Be merciful, Madonna, then, and lend Thy potent intercession to the plea We make for those who beg us to be-

friend Their hapless helplessness and misery.

That their captivity may sooner end
In blessed prayer for us, and praise for thee.

-Rev. William D. Kelly.

ENGLAND.

CANTO SECOND.

"Cast not your pearls to swine," enjoined the Lord! So Briton priests refused point-blank to teach The Anglo-Saxon brute, or aid afford Augustin's monks, whom Gregory sent to preach. Their conduct in this case let him impeach Who could in English faith repose his trust; Who would his hand unto the foul fiend reach; His father's murderers greet without disgust, And meekly see his sister thrall to Saxon lust!

II.

But while the Briton priests refused their aid, Where victims of unpardonable wrong, The Irish missionaries prompt obeyed Rome's mandate, and amidst you labored long. Your English brats to Irish schools did throng, Where, gratis, they had learning fair and true-Religion, letters, poetry and song! In truth, it was from Ireland that you drew The best your Anglo-Saxon numbskulls ever knew !2

Ireland! What memories that sacred name Recalls of magic sky and fairy scene! Of beauty blent with grandeur—past the fame Of artist's picturing or poet's dream! Glassed in thy mirror lakes, clear, bold, serene, Lie imaged mountain brow and gleaming fall; Lordly thy rivers sweep through valleys green To purest sea that clasps thee as love's thrall, While sweetest, smiling heaven overarches all!

⁽¹⁾ The idea of the Briton priests, under the circumstance, preaching the Gospel of Christ to the Saxons, seems to us positively indecent; and if any of the Saxons contemporary of those times seriously expected such service of the Britons, we should consider it merely as an early illustration of English cheek.

(2) Besides the great monastic schools of Ireland, and those founded by the Irish on the continent of Europe, the Irish missionary monks and scholars founded twelve in England—notably Lindisfarne, Glastonbury and Malmsbury—where the best English scholars were educated.

DOMINICANA

IV.

Blest land! long treasured in fond memory's hall
While far my path stern destiny has led!
In dreams I visit thee, and oft recall
The sweetest days that o'er me ever sped!
'Twas of thy generous sons that Byron said:
"There dwells such greatness and nobility
"In Irish hearts, I envy e'en their dead!"
Would every wave that greets thee from the sea
Might tell my heart's deep love, fair Ireland dear, for thee!

V

Whate'er the extent to which the human race
May be affected by environment,
The Irish, cradled in so fair a place,
Showed a refined and spiritual bent.
So facts attest, and 'tis my firm intent
To stand on facts, not theorems of art—
May not the fact of earliest ages spent
In muddy "Engle land" explain in part
The vulgar Anglo-Saxon mind and brutish heart?

VI

Religion, too, doth naturally betray
The moral tone! And here the facts accord
That Ireland's pagan worship did display
A pure and honest search for Nature's Lord!
The brightest symbol that his works afford
To image forth the Great Eternal One
The Irish chose, and reverently adored,
At early morn and when the day was done,
The splendor of the rising and the setting sun!

VII.

Such Patrick found them when on Tara's hill
Disputing; and the riddle of this world
Resolved in proving 'twas the Sovereign Will
That heaven and earth into existence hurled!
That both, by fire, shall as a scroll be curled!
That Christ the Lord, once crucified for sin,
Shall come with standard of the Cross unfurled,
When they who followed Him shall heaven win,
And hell eternal close o'er all who've faithless been!

VIII.

As great Tertullian said, "Man's honest heart ls Christianly inclined!" The Irish heard, And, deeply pierced by true Faith's lightning dart, Allegiance rendered to God's mighty word! Nor ever from the Faith a moment erred; But through both weal and woe-through gain and loss-Despite the apostasies that sad occurred In neighbor nations riched by worldly dross, Clung faithful to the light and love of Christ's dear Cross!

IX.

And when, like mighty oak, great Rome was felled, And Europe into primal chaos hurled, 'Twas Christian Ireland's hand that firm upheld The torch of Truth to light the darkened world! The standard of her faith she far unfurled O'er lying pagan polity and power, As down the roaring maelstrom they were whirled, And, what from ancient learning is the dow'r Of moderns, saved amid the wide world's darkest hour!

X

With message of the Cross, like carrier dove, Fair Ireland swiftly flew to every shore; Subduing Gothic hordes unto Christ's love, And Huns and Vandals bringing to adore! At home her schools of Faith and human lore Were thronged by countless youth from many climes; While poured her missionaries the world o'er, As modern pilgrims vouch who greet their shrines From Alps to Pyrenees—Shammar to Apennines!

lona, Clonmacnois and fair Lismore, Of Christian life the mighty nurseries, For Ireland won alone, the wide world o'er, The title, "Isle of Saints." To rogueries Of modern English scribes and pharisees

⁽³⁾ It is universally conceded by the learned that the Irish monks were chiefly instrumental in the work of regeneration and civilization of Europe during, and long subsequento, the downfall of Rome.

(4) The Irish founded 13 monastic schools in Sectland; 40 in Gaul; 9 in Belgium; 16 is Bavaria; 15 in Switzerland; 6 in Italy, and others in different carts of Germany. Of the Irish Saints commemorated in Europe by their monuments, there are 150 in Germany; 45 in Gaul 30 in Belgium; 13 in Italy; 8 in Norway and Iceland.—Conf. "Ohristian Schools and Schars," chap. ii.

DOMINICANA

Is due the trick that would the name apply To England. In authentic histories "Albion Perfide" the title is whereby England was designated far more truthfully!

XII.

With Ireland rests the chief, deep-damning count 'Gainst England, though the whole world can recall Some dastard English deed to swell the amount Of Anglo-Saxon perfidy towards all! To crush the Irish faith and race enthrall Was England's plan, pursued without abate Through methods that hell's demons might appall! Her fell, set purpose, clear both first and late, To enslave, pervert, impoverish and exterminate!

XIII.

In vain! For when great Patrick meekly laid Life's burden down for recompense divine, As part of his reward he craved and prayed That Ireland safe be kept from Saxon swine!⁵ God heard him; nor hath all the foul combine Of Anglo-Saxon-Norman mongrel band E'er shaken Patrick's work! Beneath the sign Of Christ's protecting Cross he placed that land; And long as stands the Cross shall holy Ireland stand!

true devotion to the Blessed Virgin always been looked uopn as an as-i sign of salvation; but a devotion a bad intention does not protect one the danger of damnation. It is, fore, very important to distinguish levotion which saves from that which lose a soul forever. We have a true lose a soul forever. We have a true tion if we honor Mary as the Mother ir love, of the fear of God, of an enened knowledge, of a wise discern-of the practices agreeable to Him; lastly as the Mother of holy hope, of ifidence as far removed from despair rom presumption. In other words, our devotion to Mary may be true profitable to our souls, it must ani, excite and develop in us these four

virtues: Love, fear, knowledge and confidence.

ridence.

Love of Mary is so closely connected with love of God that one cannot exist without the other. The fear of displeasing Mary is the avoidance of sin, the object of honor to her as well as to God. The knowledge of Mary is the surest means of arriving at a great and profound knowledge of God. Confidence in Mary throws us, obedient and reassured, into the arms of God's mercy. Such are the marks of a good, solid and saving devotion; if it is thus that we honor the Blessed Virgin, we may rest assured that our homage is pleasing to her, and we may count on her powerful protection.

—Rev. J. B. Petitalot, S. M.

⁽⁵⁾ The dying moments of St. Patrick were troubled by alarm for his beloved people on account of the villainies of the Anglo-Saxons in Britain.

THE STORY OF A CALIFORNIA INDIAN.

KATHARINE WALLACE.

CHAPTER V.—THE STRANGER'S FLIGHT.

Aunt Mary with the two boys' help had carefully bandaged and strapped poor Pedro's leg, and after a good deal of care and nursing he was soon sleeping the "sleep of the just." It was not long before he was well. But the poor dog carcied the mark to his grave of man's inhumanity, for his leg was shortened and made him limp and hop, so that he was always quite lame. Like the good dog that he was he tried to forget it, and always seemed happy. It was surprising to see how quickly the dog responded to the care that loving hands had given him. Dear, true, faithful Pedro, how he barked and romped and played, telling in every way that a dog could that he was grateful for what had been done for him. When Antonio tells Aunt Mary of his little prayer to our Lady and how soon it was answered, she clasps the little boy in her loving arms and tells him he is a boy after her own heart. The sick man for many days had been quite a helpless invalid, and in his fever and delirium raved and talked of his past life in a way that indicated the poor man's soul had gone through sad and bitter experiences. There was enough to tell Aunt Mary the sick man's life had been through thorny paths and full of sore troubles, for which reason he seemed anxious to hide his name and identity. With tender consideration Aunt Mary nursed him back to life and hope. He had been able to sit up in the sunshine for several days, and to-day he had returned from what he called a grand survey of the country. He was now quite recovered. Early one morning Aunt Mary hurried to the sick man's room to give him some kind attention. What was her amazement to find the room empty and the stranger gone. On the table lay a letter to her in which he said: "Best and kindest of women, do not think me ungrateful. Sometime you will know why

I left under cover of the night. Your charity and goodness have made a new man of me. 'The bread that you cast on the waters will some day return to you." How strange are the ways of Providence, that through the whimpering of a wounded dog I should be led back to the God of my youth? Thank God, there are such women as you left in this sad old world! Accept the heartfelt gratitude of an unfortunate man." Can you imagine Aunt Mary's sadness and surprise? Thus the stranger passed out of her life; let us hope the impress of Aunt Mary's good, useful life and character were left upon him, and amid the strife and turmoil of the world he would carry this blessing with him. The days and the weeks slipped by, and Aunt Mary's life as usual was full of good deeds and kindness to all who came within the radiance of her happy life. There are many souls like her in every day life of whom the world knows nothing. What lessons they teach us-to be faithful in the homely duties of life, to bear patiently our crosses and to have fervent trust in God's faithful doings with His children. Antonio was such an apt scholar and such a clever lad, with the promise of unusual intelligence, that Aunt Mary had about perfected plans to send him to a college of the Vincentian Fathers in Los Angeles. But Antonio, like the good little boy that he was, seemed unwilling to leave Aunt Mary alone. However, she had decided that the coming September should find him a pupil of the Fathers. Being a just and wise woman, she wished to give the Indian boy a chance to make his mark in the world. She knew that many a white lad could not compete with him now. It was even spoken of that he might be a priest of God. At this the faithful child of Mary was most happy in thinking how he could best serve the God whom he had been taught to love and honor. Just at this time a crisis and fearful experience

o the life of Aunt Mary. She had been a woman of means, and as ed over her broad acres she often 'ell, there is enough and to spare." morning the day was darkened Aunt Mary and this comfortable d seemed to rock and shake under y feet. Strange documents and legal phrases were read to her, er that her title to her land and 10 was illegal and that she was neless and must leave the place d so well. It was some time becould really understand the imt all, but as one by one the workher ranch were leaving her and a and neglected look was settling n her once thriving place, the reality faced her, and now she ok the fact in the face and act acy. It was a hard and bitter trial herself in her old age without a all her own. The grotto with its allowed associations and every the ground were dear to her. It a death-blow to Aunt Mary. She like one dazed; hope died out of It was really pathetic to see the teerful woman drooping like a I flower. She sits at the western bathed in tears, and watching the y beautiful effects of the setting e is plunged in grief and sorrow · suddenly changed prospects. She utterly incapable of action; she got walked around like a woman who ch to do but was doing it all in p. The sun has dropped like a fire into the tranquil waters of in, and darkness settles down on ie and on her life. The hardest rials are those which are never ed in any earthly record, but are every day. Her face looked as if sorrows of the world had been into it. Burying her head in her the sobs and cries as if her very ere breaking.

TER VI.-A TURN IN THE TIDE.

norning of Easter day is dawning the white sandhills. The faintest light shone on the peaks of San which shut in the village of Sahoba. As the light grows strong over the hills we can discern the adobe huts of the Indians. We hear the sounds of awakening day and the sun comes up over the tops of the tall redwoods, lighting up the bunches of the red manzanita berries, which lie near the fields of yellow mustard, beside clumps of brown chaparral. It is a scene to delight the heart and eye of an artist. As the sun comes over the mountains it throws its beams of burnished gold far over the old picturesque town of Capistrano. The birds are in the trees and in the hedges. Their songs well up in a giorious melody. The bells of the old Mission church are sending their chimes of Easter gladness all over the surrounding country. People talk of the Risen Christ and of that long ago time when the dear Christ walked and talked with men, when the touch of His hand brought health to the sick and peace to the sorrowing. Oh, that we of to-day might have lived in that far-away time. The good Franciscan Fathers are doing all in their power to make this a glad Easter; there are flowers everywhere in the old church, such flowers as only Southern California produces. Oh, the riotous blossoming of the lovely flowers everywhere in this land of glorious sun-

"The flowers look upward in every place In this beautiful land of ours, And dear as the smile on an old friend's

face
Is the smile of the bright, bright flowers."

As the old church bells ring out their gladness the people are coming into the church in small groups from all over the hillsides. Aunt Mary and Antonio are slowly toiling over the old Indian trail on the hill. The boy tries to divert her attention by speaking of the beautiful sunshiny day. To the Indian there is a divine message in the colors of the rising sun and a benediction in the notes of the rolling waters. He talks of the day and its meaning to the Catholic heart. She listens in an absent sort of a mood, and seems glad when they reach the door of the little church. The worshippers are not numerous; most of them are halfbreeds, with some whites and Indians. In the nave of the church knelt a curiously mixed congregation. It is, indeed, a motley group that gathers in the little country church, but all are of one mind to honor the Risen Christ. Antonio Cavai always got into a little corner by himself, in order to be more recollected, and there humbly kneeling, with his eyes cast down, he prayed with the most edifying fervor and with a devotion that we do not often see in some of the splendid cathedrals of our great country. When the priest held up the Sacred Host a holy trembling seized Antonio, his lip quivered, his face lighted up; he bows his head in love and adoration. Antonio's tender piety attracted to him the attention and esteem of the few Franciscan Fathers who were left at the old Mission church, for was not Antonio Cavai a living witness of what the Catholic faith and the Fathers had done to uplift the Indian race? Father Franconi in a simple, quiet talk tells the listening, hungry souls of Christ's promises. His earnest words reecho through the arches of the old church. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but Christ's words will never pass away. His promise is for you and for me," said the good padre. "The words of Christ were ever full of hope and promise. 'Be of good cheer' was His counsel to the Apostles. Courage, dear ones, courage! The mists will rise and the dark night will pass. Trust the loving Saviour, trust Him through the darkness and through the mists, up the hard ways, across the hills and in the darkness of the night. There is no sorrow so bitter but the endeavor to heal another's wounds will sweeten it: there are many bitter sorrows, but hidden somewhere is a lasting peace." This came like a personal message to Aunt Mary, as she sat with bowed head and an aching heart, looking for light where all seemed dark. The priest stands on the quaint old altar and gives to the kneeling people his parting blessing, and they separate for their respective homes with the peace of God shining on their happy faces. As Antonio and Aunt Mary emerge from the portals of the old church they are accosted by a strange gentleman, who with hat in hand respectfully addresses Aunt Mary: "Do you not know me, Mrs. O'Donovan? Look at me, dear, kind woman. Do you not remember the sick man you nursed and cared for last summer? I am he." Aunt Mary was indeed surprised and held out her hand in greeting. "You brought me back," said he, "not only to health, but back to the God of my youth and to a life of honesty and integrity and back to the church of my youth. I have come out of my way a good many miles to hear Mass this morning, and here by chance I have met you, though I was on my way to seek you. I have much, my good woman, to say to you and can hardly wait to reach your home. I must talk to you alone. I have a confession to make to you which Antonio's young, innocent ears must not hear. Your kindness, dear woman, and the example of this faithful little Indian boy have made me once more a good Catholic. I was brought up by a careful mother in the Catholic faith, but fell away from the church in my careless manhood." "Well, well," said Aunt Mary, "I never expeted to see you again." "It was only after many delays," said the stranger, "that I have got here at last. It seemed as if the fates were against my ever getting here to look in your good, honest face again." "Ah," sighed Aunt Mary, "I have fallen on sad, sad days since you were last here." They have now reached the door of the once happy little home. The neglected and cheerless look on the once thriving place have not escaped the stranger's keen eyes. As they sit together in the well-remembered little sitting-room, the stranger is greatly affected by all the thoughts that come surging through his brain. "I feel," said he, "like bending my knees to you, for your kind, womanly nature and good Catholic heart have been the cause of my turning from an unscrupulous, scheming man of the world into an honest, decent fellow. Let me tell you, dear Mrs. O'Donovan, the very day you took me into your house I had ridden down on my horse from San Luís Rey to make a survey of land which I with others had purchased, which included your fine ranch

We had intended driving all settlers off the land. You know it does not need much of a legal quibble for land grabbers to get possession here in Southern California. I know," said the stranger, "we cannot balance life with money, but I want to do what is just and right to make up for what you have done for me. You see, Mrs. O'Donovan, how God has taken care of you, not one inch of your land shall be taken from you. Here are your legal papers, all signed and recorded and settled by order of the Court. It has taken me some time to undo the injustice we had attempted, but by buying off the other men I have succeeded in securing your place for you free from all incumbrances." Tears of joy and gratitude fill Aunt Mary's eyes. She cannot speak, she can only offer him her hand, which he reverently kisses. "My leaving so hastily in the night," said the stranger, "seemed ungrateful. But at midnight I remembered that day was an important date, which closed up the matter in the courts; there was no way but to meet the northbound cars at Carlsbad, so I left at once to meet the cars at 3 o'clock in the morning. I was in a perfect frenzy of mind when I found out that the very woman I was going to rob and plunder was treating me like an angel and had saved my life. It seemed a fitting thing for me to hide myself under cover of the night. The remembrance of that little Indian boy's prayer there alone in the woods is something never to be forgotten, and your goodness and tenderness has followed me like a benediction from my dead mother's grave. There is no knowing what might have become of me but for you and An-

Coming forth from this struggle, tonio. I felt like one regenerated, and I, who for years had neglected the duties of my church, went at once to confession as soon as I got to Los Angeles. It would be impossible to tell you of my struggles and of the peace of mind I now have." "My good brother," said Aunt Mary, "you have been ungrateful towards your God in having rejected His love in the sacraments of His church, but surely He has given you great proofs of His mercy and watchful care." "When I think," said the stranger, "of my haughty character, its avarice and greed, it is marvellous what God has done for me." In the silence and hush of the evening the stranger told Aunt Mary the story of his life, which was strange and startling. Antonio was called into the privacy of their conversation and was told the astonishing news that the stranger was a man of wealth and that he had come to do all that money and a grateful heart could do to make happy and contented the lives of those who were instrumental in saving him from death and starvation by the roadside and leading him back to the God of his youth. At first Antonio could not understand it ail, but like a flash he remembered that now all his prayers to our Blessed Mother were answered. The good that he had so fervently prayed for was now dawning upon them.

"Pray, though the gift you ask for May never comfort your fears, May never repay your longings, Yet pray and with hopeful tears; An hour, not that you long for, But Diviner will come some day, Your eyes are too dim to see it, Yet watch, and wait, and pray."

NOVEMBER LEAVES.

MARY ALLEGRA GALLAGHER.

Much like a funeral pyre,
Erected for martyrs of old,
In heaps the wild leaves dying.
Like embers nearly cold.
Or they seem like crowded mem'ries,
Imbued with a spirit gay;
The more we try to keep them,
The more they fire away.

THY WAY IS MY WAY.

MARY ALLEGRA GALLAGHER.

At the fork of the road I'm standing,
Doubting which path to take;
One is blooming with roses,
One of a thorny make.
Which are you forced to travel?
The cruel one, you say;
Then, friend, I am with you ever,
For thy way shall be my way.

BLESSED SIMON BALLACHI, LAY BROTHER.

(1319.)

The family of Ballachi held a distinguished rank in the neighborhood of Rimini in Italy, and two of its members, uncles of Blessed Simon, successively governed that diocese in quality of Bishop. Simon himself had been intended for a military career, and hence was brought up without any knowledge of letters, according to the custom of the times. When he had attained the age of twenty-seven, however, it pleased God to impress him so forcibly with the sense of the vanity of the world and the exclusive importance of Divine things, that he determined to renounce all, saying with the Psalmist: "I have chosen to be an abject in the house of God, rather than to dwell in the tabernacies of sinners." He entered the Dominican Order, making choice, in spite of his noble birth, of the humble position of a lay brother.

It was his special office to take care of the garden; and, whilst he tended the plants and flowers and labored to bring them to perfection, each according to its kind, he was no less assiduous in the cultivation of every virtue, seasoning his toil with holy thoughts and devout ejaculations, and striving to form a spiritual garden for our Lord in his own heart. He took upon himself nearly all the work of the other lay brothers, and every week swept the entire Convent with his own hands. When the hard labor which devolved on him shortened his time for prayer and contemplation, he would make up for the loss by curtailing his sleep and spending many hours of the night in devotional exercises.

In spite of all this fatigue, the austerity of his life was truly admirable. He often fasted during the entire Lent on bread and water, and very frequently passed two whole days without food of any kind. He used to discipline himself with an iron chain, and at the thought of the sins of his past life in the world he redoubled the

severity of his blows. True son of Saint Dominic, he was accustomed in inflict this penance on himself also for the conversion of sinners. This practice was particularly hateful to the evil spirits, and many were the sharp attacks he had to sustain from their malice. They would surround him whilst he prayed, filling his mouth with dust and filth; but their fury never disturbed his serenity. He did but intercede the more earnestly for the salvation of souls, whom, in his humble capacity as lay brother, he could only assist by his prayers and penances. His superiors found themselves obliged to mitigate his austerities, which were weakening him to such a degree as to render him unable to work. So copious was his gift of tears, that at the age of fifty-seven he became perfectly blind and continued so to the end of his life. He bore this affliction with perfect resignation, and his exterior blindness became the means of quickening his interior sight, so that he was almost continually lost in contemplation of heavenly things.

On one occasion, when the devils had been tormenting him, as above described, an angel came and washed his face and mouth with holy water, at the same time comforting him with the assurance that our Lord was ever at hand to help him in his combats. Once when he was suffering from a violent fever, our Holy Father Saint Dominic and Saint Peter Martyr appeared to him and restored him to health, assuring him of their continual intercession in his behalf before the throne of God.

He bore a tender devotion to the beloved discipline, Saint John, and was accustomed often to go and pray before a picture of the Holy Evangelist which hung in a corner of the church; and on these occasions all who were present were conscious of a delicious fragrance which diffused itself from that spot over the whole

building. Saint Catharine, Virgin and Martyr, once cured Blessed Simon of a violent headache by giving him some mysterious food which was exceedingly sweet to the taste. On another occasion the same Saint appeared to him, bringing him a command on the part of our Blessed Lady that the church of a Monastery then being built in Rimini should be dedicated to the Queen of Heaven under the title of Santa Maria dei Servi.

In his old age Blessed Simon became so

weak as to be obliged to reman constantly in a recumbent posture on a small wooden couch, where he was often seen surrounded by a brilliant light, whence a voice would be heard to issue, saying, "Fear not, Simon, for thou hast found grace with God." At length, having devoutly received the Holy Sacraments, he happily departed to a better life, on the 3rd of November, 1319. He was renowned for miracles, both alive and dead, and was beatified by Pius VII.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

SISTER AMADEUS, O. S. F.

Hast ever known a time when life looked drear,
And darkness took its reign upon the

world;

When skies were gray, and heavy clouds hung near,
And into one short hour all pain seemed

hurled:

And then, when it appeared as if one's heart

Would break beneath the burthen and

the strain,
The sunshine-rays would, flash-like, shoot and dart,

And life grew bright and beautiful again?

'Tis often so with hearts that throb and

With latent grief that may not be defined;

And who shall say why they should not partake

Of joys they fain would share, but rarely find;

God only knows the reason; 'tis His will That some by loss and want be sanctifled;

Yet He repays; He sends His sunlight still To lonely lives where much has been denied.

DE PROFUNDIS.

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

"Out of the depths we cry to Thee, O Lord,

Fervently, humbly, o'er and o'er again, escething Thee in mercy to accord Relief to souls that writhe in bitter pain Till the defiling stains of earth's desires Are purified by purgatorial fires.

For with Thee there is mercy, and with

Is the sweet guerdon, sin's redemption, found.

Forgive the sinners, Lord, forgive and free

The suffering souls in Thy dread prison

bound,
List to our prayers, grant them the
crowning grace
To gaze enraptured on Thy Holy Face.

Have pity, Lord! Thy mercies all untold Win us to plead with confidence anew, For the beloved children of Thy fold Who walked the earth with us, fond hearts and true.

Lest on their contrite souls some sinful stain

Barring their entrance into Heaven remain.

Have mercy, Lord! O bid Thy Angels bring

The ransomed host, Thy captives, unto Thee.

Have they not sought to honor Thee, O King

And Lord, whose power is for eternity? Then let that power in mercy be displayed,

And grant the souls of Thy beloved aid.

THE EPISCOPAL CONVENTION AND DIVORCE.

REV. J. R. NEWELL, O. P.

The Protestant Episcopal Convention, lately held in San Francisco, adjourned without accomplishing anything except an exhibition of obstinate adherence to heresy and a demonstration of the incompetency of the sect to guide or rule its "lay" members.

The principal object of the Convention was the revision of its old heretical canon allowing remarriage to the innocent party to a divorce for adultery. The Convention sought to amend this heretical perversion of Christ's teaching, for which the Episcopal sect is responsible, by a canon to prohibit remarriage on any ground whatever! The "laity" in the Convention threw out the proposed amendment by a majority vote of nine out of sixty-six voters.

During the Convention there was a great deal of boo-hooing over the moral condition of Protestant society, on account of the facility and prevalence of divorce, very much resembling the noisy behavior of a mischievous small-boy who, after stealthily removing the brake of the engine on the grade, and realizing his work in the plunge of the train down the incline, should shout and yell for all the powers that be to prevent the destructive and hellish result of his act!

When, against the laws of nature, human society and Revealed Religion, the apostate Anglican Bishops, in Parliament assembled, impudently conceded the right of Henry VIII. to repudiate Queen Catherine and marry Anne Boylen; and when, later, by a heretical interpretation of Christ's teachings, the Protestant Episcopal sect allowed remarriage after divorce, that sect removed the brake of the human engine on the steepest moral grade, and all its late howling and whining will not stay the inevitable social catastrophe!

When the Pharisees, "tempting Him, asked the Lord (Math. xix, 3): "Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife for every cause?" they proposed two very

distinct questions, the one expressly, the other covertly or tacitly. The first was the one expressed, the second was implied whether, on the wife being put away. the marriage was dissolved, and other marriage of the parties could be tracted-which was the real and ultimate motive for their putting away their wives. Jesus answered both these questions as two distinct propositions (verse 9), and proclaimed a twofold adultery: first, by putting away the wife for any cause other than adultery, as an attack on the sanctity of marriage and the just marital rights of the wife; second, adultery for either party marrying again. The text of Mathew xxx, 9, may be confusing to the unlearned, and it was precisely on the ignorance of the masses that the Protestant reformers relied. Mathew, in the chapter and verse cited, has it: "I say to you that whosoever shall put away his wife, e. cept it be for fornication, and shall marry another, commiteth adultery."

Now, Mathew wrote in Hebrew to the Hebrews, and, as elsewhere, employs here an ellipsis, or phrase omitted, contrary to our laws of syntax, though well understood among the Jews. He sought brevity. with the usual consequence of incurring (at least to strangers) obscurity. Take him in parallel cases (Math. v, 19): "He therefore that shall break one of these least commandments, and shall so teach men, shall be called the least in the Kingdom of heaven." Evidently there is here some phrase omitted; there is an ellipsis. understood as a Hebrewism, by those unacquainted with the Hebrew scriptural mannerism; for, surely, both he who breaks and he who teaches in the case are guilty! Mathew, by a well-known Hebrewism, puts and where we should put also he who. Again, in the Hebrew version of Exodus xxi, 17, the reading is: "He that curseth father and mother shall die the death," which the Vulgate justly translates: "He that curseth father or

," for evidently the sin of impiety ; either parent was the point of ion.

notwithstanding his clause about "putting away the wife for adulhe Saviour adds, absolutely: "He tall marry her that is put away teth adultery." (Math. xix, 9.) the, who is more detailed, as written adultery." (Ospel of Christ for the Gentiles, containing the saviety of the savi nents much that is omitted in S. v, and gives our Lord's words witherence to Jewish ways (chap. xvi. Every one that putteth away his nd marrieth another, committeth and he that marrieth her that y, and he that marrieth away committeth adultery. which it results that the "bill of" granted by Moses to the Jews cause of adultery gave no right to

for to any other people, to remarry the life-time of either party. the reformers of the sixteenth undertook to translate the Bible ized on every obscure "hook or in the Scriptures on which to hang eretical novelties. The Church of d ever esteemed marriage as a noly ent giving grace to the married to live together in love, concord elity, but the heretical Reformers d it no more than a civil contract,

among the pagans. Hence their

attempt to corrupt or misinterpret the Sa cred Scriptures relative to its sacramental

cred Scriptures relative to its sacramental character.

S. Paul had said of marriage (Piphes. v, 32): "This is a great sacrament." The Reformers, in their translation, put it: "This is a great secret"—thereby making sure it should not be taken by their dupes for a sacrament.

S. Paul (I Cor. vii, 10) is in harmony with SS. Mathew and Luke on the sacramental and indissoluble character of mar-riage. "To them that are married, not I, riage. "To them that are married, not I, but the Lord commandeth that the wife depart not from her husband, and if she depart, that she remain unmarried." All the Fathers and Doctors of earliest Christianity are unanimously in accord with S. Paul and the Evangelists, and the Catholic Church to-day is in harmony both in teaching and in practice with the doctrine of Christ and the Apostles. "Whoever," says the Council of Trent, "shall affirm that the Church has erred in teaching that marriage cannot be dissolved by adultery, and that neither of the married pertery, and that neither of the married persons, not even the innocent party, can contract another marriage while the other party lives, and that the husband who puts away his adulterous wife and marries another commits adultery" (whoever shall affirm that the Church has erred in teaching this Evangelical and Apostolic doctrine) "let him be anathema"!

Hail Beauteous Church! Who from thy heavenly birth

The ages, 'mid the kingdoms of the earth

Turning to smile of hope the sad world's

The nations rose to freedom and renown, Beneath thy saving truth's unfailing

And brothers stood in Charity's fair

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On Juda's plains hast faithful journeyed

THE CHURCH.

REV. J. R. NEWELL, O. P.

down

frown!

shine:

gown!

oly Church! True herald to the hrist's redeeming message from bove! ashing from thy standard wide unrled read, e... ins, love! irled emblazoned, knowledge, enius, m, clear voice allures to upward ignorance and hate tow'rd planes light e'er than ancient greatness reamed of. boundless range lies free to ason's flight-

Thy reign, the gentle rule of Christ benign! anuel! The reign of light and love divine! up by loyal faith's secure, sus-Emanuel! ining might! Hail Loving Church! Who in the awful hour
Of Roman fall, didst save from out the wreck
Of human lore, whate'er men prize as dow'r
From ancient mind! Upon the heaving deck
Alone thou rods't the storm, where else, nor speck
Of light nor hope 'mid world-wide darkness seen!-

Those jewels bearing which now grace the neck
Of modern age in learning's brilliant sheen—
All hail! The world's true friend! Fond mother! Royal Queen!

SACRED MUSIC.

REV. BERNARDINE MERLIN, O. P.

Eighteen centuries of reverent devotion to S. Cecilia, the sweet patroness of music, have intensified interest in the history of that holy virgin, whose name is familiar to the Christian world. November 22d is set apart by the Church for the solemn veneration of this youthful martyr. Cecilia was born in Rome of noble parents in the third century of the Christian era. Nurtured in the Christian faith from the cradle, Cecilia early gave promise of exalted virtue. She always wore the Gospel concealed near her heart, and fervently besought God each day to preserve her virginity, which she had consecrated to Him.

In her daily life this favored child of God literally developed the virtues symbolized by her name—Cecilia—"the Lily of Heaven," or "A way to blind men." A lily of Heaven, certainly, by her angelic purity and devout contemplation; a way to blind men, by the brightness of her wisdom, the magnanimity of her faith and the exercise of an ardent charity by which she illumined the path of men to the heavenly Jerusalem.

Her heart was filled with divine melody, which burst forth in songs of praise to her Creator. While her whole soul thrilled with sweet ecstasy, celestial spirits were wont to descend to earth and with "their heavenly harps a lower strain begin," filling the air with exquisite harmony. In the language of Heaven—sweet music—Cecilia won souls for paradise. The union of the soul with God she regarded as the only true wisdom-the most sublime music. The "singing" in her heart was accompanied by deeds of heroic self-denial and untiring zeal for the soul of her neighbor.

Surrounded by the luxuries of royalty, Cecilia fasted and prayed. Under her costly robes she constantly wore a hair shirt in order to mortify her delicate body. In her youth she was espoused to a noble Roman, Valerian, who was a

pagan. Cecilia resolved to gain his soul for Christ. Immediately after their marriage she bravely set aside the alluring flattery of an earthly love and implored her husband to allow her to continue her converse with Heaven in a state of virginity.

Her prayer was heard. God's grace touched the heart of Valerian; he acceeded to her wishes, and after receiving instruction in the Christian faith, was baptized by S. Urban. The saintly couple spent their days in instructing poor people and in burying the bodies of the Christians that were martyred in the persecution which then raged. During the reign of Alexander Severus, Valerian, with his brother Tiburtius, were apprehended and suffered martyrdom. Cecilia finished her glorious triumph a few days later, having been beheaded.

The feast of S. Cecilia is annually observed in Rome by solemn ceremonies. On account of her devout practice of singing the divine praises which she joined with instrumental music, she is regarded as patroness of sacred music. Sacred music alone lifts the soul above the earth. Music was the herald of Christ's coming; angel voices announced the glad tidings of peace to men of good will; celestial harmonies fell upon the ear of the risen Saviour; triumphal choirs of celestial voices greeted the conqueror of death as He ascended to the realms of glory; blissful music shall resound throughout eternity.

Sacred music must needs be guarded from the profanation of degenerate sentiment. In spite of the vigilant outlook on the part of the Church, innovations from time to time have lowered the standard of sacred music.

In music, more than in any other art, is it most difficult to formulate absolute rules; for, the art of sound, having its source, not in the imitation of nature, but in the expression of sentiments, can

take on a thousand forms, all lawful in themselves and all acceptable so long as they depart not from the general laws of the beautiful. In religious music, however, a composer does not enjoy unlicensed liberty. The Church, it is true, has blessed and encouraged all the arts, but for religious music she has done more; she has made laws. The wisdom of these laws may be perceived by the consideration of some of their essential points.

It is, above all, a principle which in fact has the force of an axiom for every right-minded man that the music received in the Church has for its sole end the augmentation of devotion in the faithful.

"Vocal praise," says S. Thomas Aquinas, "is necessary that devotion toward God may be excited. And, therefore, whatever may serve for this purpose is most suitably applied to the Divine worship."

The end is to excite love for God: the means are infinitely various. We shall accept them if they are capable of attaining the end for which they were ordained. This essentially religious end excludes from the chant every profane, worldly or theatrical element. "There is certainly no one who would not wish that some distinction should be made between ecclesiastical chant and theatrical music and would not condemn the introduction of profane music in the churches," says S. Benedict.

S. Jerome, with that eloquent force which characterizes him, in his commentary on the words of S. Paul to the Ephesians, "Singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord," exclaims, "Listen, youths, and those to whom the duty of chanting in the church is committed, lest you honor Him with your voice and not with your heart; nor should the throat and jaws be anointed after the manner of tragedians, that theatrical music and singing may be rendered in the church."

There is a third point which is very important, for without it the other two will be devoid of any practical result. The liturgical words must be distinctly

heard. Upon this point Pope Benedict XIV. remarks: "It is especially to be aimed at that the words should be clearly and perfectly understood."

S. Augustine reproached himself with the fault of attending more to the music than to the words: "When it happens that I am moved more by the music than the words, I confess that I am at fault, and then I should prefer not to hear singing."

There should be no transpositions of the text, no useless repetitions, no awkward or unbecoming separations. The unity of the text, set to music, must be preserved at any price and should never be interrupted by those solos, recently condemned again in the rulings of the Sacred Congregation of Rites with the approbation of the Holy Father Leo XIII.

The Church does not condemn the use of musical instruments, especially the organ, which she prefers to all others. "The music of the organ lifts the sorrowful souls of men and instils the joy of the heavenly kingdom, arouses the indolent, refreshes the diligent, awakens the just to love and sinners to compunction," says Cardinal Bonaventure.

On the other hand, she has always clearly shown her antipathy for stringed instruments and instruments of percussion: these instruments distract rather than edify the faithful. What the Church expressly condemns are the reminiscences of the theater, dramatic pieces, dance airs, national songs and popular airs to which unbecoming words have sometimes been set. Finally, the Church forbids selections in the vernacular which would scarcely be admissible in the course of the liturgical offices.

The compositions destined for the Church should be written specially for the Church. Even those adaptations which are apparently the best seldom have the desired result. In this brief enumeration of the wishes of the Church we have only to add that those chants are unworthy of the name of sacred if they have not that grave and pious character which will enable any ordinary man to distinguish them from those pieces which

are total strangers to every religious idea. Should you ask why in ecclesiastical music we restrict that liberty which we accord to painting, sculpture and architecture, the answer is easily given. More than any other art, music is intimately connected with the litur-gical life of the Church. The Church jealously watches over those formulas of prayer with which she addresses the Almighty in the name of her children. It is natural, then, that this solicitude be extended to ecclesiastical chant and should be the object of exhortation, laws and constitutions on the part of those who are the depositaries of the pastoral charge. These fundamentals well established, let us now examine the three general phases under which religious music presents itself. This division corresponds to the names, plain-song, or Gregorian chant, figured or Palestrina chant and modern music.

I have read criticisms on Gregorian chant which aroused my indignation and I have heard praises which made me smile. I am, generally speaking, more ready to give my assent to the critics than to side with the panegyrists. I have heard much plain chant in the old world and in the new-more perhaps in the old world, and I must confess that in the face of often faulty executions, when I heard loud notes and heavy hammerings by rude and uncultured voices, I have asked myself where was the art or where was the beauty in such music. It grieved me when I beheld the lofty and impressive ceremonies of the Church deprived of that attraction which agreeable and tuneful chants accord. I understood the neglect into which the chant of S. Gregory had fallen and how Fetis could write that the Church desired to find some resource against human seductions in the sentiments of the ugly, and that to satisfy this necessity she could find nothing better than the plain chant. But Gregorian chant does not come from the sentiment of the ugly: it proceeds most decidedly from the sentiments of the beautiful, for it is one of the noblest forms of religious art. To appreciate it we must understand it, and this was not always done by those who gave plain chant its highest praises.

For many centuries plain-song had become a dead letter. The time-honored signs had become veritable hieroglyphics, to which he only who held the key might interpret them and give them life. This man has been found. A movement of restoration was set on foot at the Benedictine Monastery of Solesme; and, little by little, spread itself and began to invade new places. Pious invasion! Would that it could spread itself everywhere. If I must make a profession of faith, I declare that this movement has my entire sympathy, less perhaps from historical and archeological conviction than from artistic conviction. With the learned I discuss texts and manuscripts; with the artist I sing, and an instinct superior to all demonstrations gives us the security of having returned to the thought of the old masters. Even if it were otherwise I should not abandon the method of which I speak, but I should take it on my own account, and I do not fear to say that if it did not exist, for love of art, it ought to be invented.

Plain chant has the preference of the Church, and this for certain very evident qualities. It is distinguished from all worldly and profane music; and, if it be well executed, it aids piety and devotion; it never repeats the words; the melodies of which it is composed are clear and simple; it lends itself more readily than any other to popular execution. Let us now enter more closely into the subject and show the superiority of the Gregorian chant by the more recent principles of contemporary art. What is the great revolution introduced by Wagner into modern music? It is the adaptation of operatic music to the stage; it is the substitution of almost continuous declamation for the melodies which distract the attention; it is the unity of the drama, protected by the suppression of the ancient divisions; it is, in a word, scenic truth resought and pursued by those means which nature herself supplies. This revolution is but the return to the manner in which the Church has always understood plain chant. In the lowliest

sanctuary there passes a divine and august scene. The drama enacted on Calvary is renewed on our altars. Jesus Curist sheds His blood for the salvation of men, and the music, written in the ages of faith for this divine action, is so intimately united with the sacrifice that it is impossible to separate them.

Mendelssohn, writing in 1835, said: "Of church music or music of worship properly so called, I know only those old Italian pieces of the Papal chapel, but there the music plays only a secondary role and is as much subordinated to the action as are wax tapers and incense." Mendelssohn spoke only of Palestrina music, but how much more truly do the words apply to plain chant! It is worthy of note that the subordination of music to the liturgical action is especially prescribed by the Church. Benedict XIV., speaking of one of his predecessors, Innocent XI., says: "He desired ordered that Cantors should follow faithfully every law of the choir." How can we refrain from bringing back so wise and just a law whose origin is wholly Christian and which in the evolution of art will rule the music of the future? It has been said, and truly, that to understand the depths of Wagnerian music it must be heard on the stage. I say that to understand and appreciate plain-song it must be heard in the course of the liturgical offices.

Gregorian chant has another quality which is worthy of the attention of artists, for it is incontestibly practical. The rhythm of plain chant is wholly free from rigorous measure. We have no other music of this kind ,and truly it will be a regrettable, an irreparable loss, if we allow a form of melody replete with an art so delicate to fall into oblivion and become no more than a venerable souvenir. More than any other, the free rhythm resembles the spoken word and is true declamation, full of natural reality. It is not one man who has now and then employed free rhythm to give expression to the spontaneous movements of his soul. I am firmly couvinced that this sincerity and freedom of procedure would have a happy influence on music itself if the Gregorian chant were better known and more practised. Let us thank God that the priests and ministers are not obliged to sing according to measure nor to follow the directions of an orchestra leader whose cadenced beats, even though they be regular, will not, I fear, be followed with perfect obedience.

Whatever may be said in regard to internal criticism, I am loath to believe that everything in plain chant is to be admired and imitated. The Church is not a school of music. As a rule, the recitative of which the Gregorian chant is constituted is excellent; at times, it is sublime. Moreover, from the depths of this true and expressive declamation there spring melodies which are true masterpieces and which in their own class bear comparison with all that is best of later ages.

I do not speak of the accompaniment of plain chant. It is subject to special rules and should be undertaken only after serious study. Still less shall I dwell on the execution of plain chant. It is sung by groups-not by isolated notes. It admits no difference in the length of notes. but merely differences in intensity. It must be treated as human speech; it should distinguish the pnases, the periods and the expressions. The syllables should not be cut nor spelled as children are in the habit of doing, but the unity of the melodic sense must be guarded and pauses marked just as we do in good reading and declamation.

Gregorian chant is essentially melodic. Palestrina music is essentially harmonic. The Church does not forbid the introduction of figured music into religious chant; she reproves only the abuse and condemns the excess. The excess has come from the very origin of counterpoint, and this musical character in the conditions under which it appeared had to be condemned as a veritable profanation in holy places.

Parallel to the idea of uniting to the melodies then in use an interval of one-quarter or one-fifth to make harmony—a harmony, by the way, which is absolutely barbarous—there has been sug-

gested another idea, an idea which has had greater consequences. It is to blend several disparate chants and of this medley to form the different parts.

Without speaking of the very primitive art with which these airs have been combined, it must be added that the words were united to melodies that often seriously offended decency. This explains perfectly why those light fantasies were so often condemned by the Holy See and why Pope Marcellus II. took the radical resolution against the incorrigible obstinacy of the musicians, of suppressing entirely figured music in the liturgical offices. Such was the state of affairs when there appeared in history the noble figure of Palestrina—a man who, by his superior genius, by his sense, at once artistic and Christian, saved the future of religious music. Impressed by his admirable compositions, which he submitted to judges rather inclined to severity, the Church restrained the thunders which she was about to launch. More than this, she adopted and made her own an art which, purified from vice in its birth, has presented so powerful a means of developing piety in the hearts of the faithful. Constant in her sympathy as well as in her just suppression of abuses, the Church will not now cease to encourage a kind of music which has become traditional in the Papal chapel. It is the music of the Pope, and if we do not consider ourselves bound to look for religious painting and scu!pture in the Apostolic Palace, we shall certainly find there sacred music; notwithstanding, we shall not endorse all the usages of the Pontifical choir and chanel.

It is very evident that this music "alta Palestrina" is easily distinguished from all other music, especially since purely profane art has found the particular resources of dissonance. Moreover, Palestrinian music subordinates itself to the liturgical action, as Mendelssohn had remarked, and as such it once more satisfies the vows and desires of the Church. It emphasizes the words, and if there are more frequent repetitions than in plainsong—which never repeats—if sometimes it intermingles the words, repetitions and

separations are made with intelligence and the sense of the phrases is never suffered to escape the attention of auditors. I speak of the better works, of those which are most faithfully written according to the laws of the Church. The learned character of this music gives it a strong and powerful structure which excludes every secular idea. The continued consonance communicates to this music, exclusively vocal, a peace, a religious serenity which cannot be found in the same degree in modern compositions.

But there are shadows in the picture. In the works of the old masters we can find long and dull passages, complications turning to dryness, a monotony coming from the almost constant use of the same means; finally, we might discuss the very nature of the motifs which supply the theme to be developed. They are at times too theoretic, in a word, too scholastic. and they seem more to supply an exercise of writing rather than the elements of a true work of art which comes from the heart and goes to the heart. How often in looking over those interminable fugues, while I have admired the ingenuity of the writer, have I longed for 3 true melody which would carry us out of a series of pious theorems and which would promise to waft us to the regions of a more fervent ideal!

Nevertheless, melody is not wholly absent from works of this sort; there are admirable melodies in the works of Palestrina, and many especially in his hymns and motets. The theme of their minute studies is often just, true and capable of being deeply felt. The expression, and this is a capital remark, which sometimes is not limited to an isolated phrase, results from the whole choral mass and the voices which call one another, which answer one another, sigh, weep, and thrill with joy in the ensemble, in which every part goes on by its own life and produces in the soul an effect which is never forgotten by all those who have once felt it.

It might seem that having bestowed my praises on Gregorian chant, there remains nothing for me but to launch my anathemas against modern music. On the

contrary, modern music is like a child who has a rich but difficult temperament. Great things may be expected from him if there be impressed upon his sometimes unruly soul a wise and firm guidance. To tell the truth, this child is already a man: he has been singing for at least two good centuries. His antecedents are known, and it seems to some good souls that the policy of the Church should close to him the gates of the sanctuary, rather than to allow him to appear among a Christian people and render before them the works of his own in which he has taken too many reprehensible liberties. He has an ardent heart; his head is full of beautiful and symphonic ideas; he spreads waves of melody, but his ardor turns itself to loud and tragic cries. His ideas do not agree with those of his mother, the Church. He repeats to satiety the same words; he ridiculously cuts members and phrases; his melodies explode like fireworks. He launches forth to the vaulted temples a series of runs which distract all and produce in his audience a thrill in which pious sentiments have no part. He does not feel entirely at home in the Church, and as soon as his task is finished he very willingly betakes himself to surroundings in which he will be at full liberty to employ all the resources of his

Modern music is characterized by dissonance. If that dissonance, if the alterations and consequently the modulations are incompatible with the religious style, we must banish modern music from our churches. But is there any truth in this? Dissonance is passionate, I admit, but is passion intrinsically bad? Far from it. Passion takes its value from its object. If the object is bad, passion is bad; if the object is good, passion is good. If passion offends against law and reason, it is bad; if it submits itself to them, it is good. Our Lord approved of passion. He manifested this when He thought it necessary. Shail we then say passion was bad when it was in Him who knew not sin? "Christ himself, who was without sin, appealed to the passions when He judged them expedient," says S. Augustine. Would that we might love God, that we might love Christ, that we might love the Blessed Virgin, the saints and the Church with passion! If we love with passion, why, then, should we not sing with passion? Grant all this, you say to me, but there will remain no distinction between the music of the church and that of theater. Have we not said with Benedict XIV. that it is a sort of sacrilege to tolerate the music of the opera in a holy place? We touch on the most delicate point of the question. I have shown you that dissonance in itself is not repugnant to the principles of Catholic philosophy and theology, and I ought to add that I do not look upon it as absolutely impossible that modern usage should show a sufficiently clear-cut distinction between sacred and dramatic music. This leads mc to point out the different currents which have manifested themselves in our day in the domain of religious music.

A first movement—a movement of reaction against the church compositions of Hayden, Mozart, Beethoven and othersbegan in Germany and consisted in the return to the style of the sixteenth century. It is an imitation of the ancients, with a more melodic and varied character in harmony, into which dissonance sometimes finds admission. The movement extended to Belgium and Holland. In France, Charles Gounod has written along these lines pieces of the greatest beauty, in which he has shown the suppleness of his genius. These compositions have their origin in an excellent intention, in a spirit of submission to the laws of Holy Church. For this they deserve all praise. On the other hand it is very difficult to revive a dead language and to employ with interest to an audience the rather limited resources which an almost continuous consonance can afford. Consequently, there is not a perfect agreement among the members of this school on the harmonic resources to be accepted or rejected. Each man follows his own way, inclining more to the ancient or to the modern. Inspiration has been sometimes lacking in these works, and nothing can supply this want. However, beautiful works have been written in this style. A Franz Witt, a Piel, a

Konen, a Haller and others have transmitted to future ages names which will command respect and which will redound to the honor of exclusively religious art

A goodly number of composers, animated by a high Christian spirit, have not hesitated to employ all the resources of modern harmony in their sacred music. Since the shades which distinguish the style of these authors vary infinitely, I must restrict myself to general principles. I do not believe, as I have said, in an absolute incompatibility between modern and religious art. I am confirmed in this opinion by the fact that in the works of the great masters of dissonant music, for whilst there are evident faults against the laws and intentions of the Church, I find in them artistic beauty, spontaneous outbursts of soul in accents which I cannot qualify as profane. I find true prayers and the elements of sacred music. Take away the repetitions, the cutting of the text, the showy solos, the loud and heavy noises of instruments, take away all these and you have what is virtually beautiful, grand and pious in the works of colossal and transcendent genius. Take, for example, the Mass in B minor of Sebastian Bach and the other works of this incomparable master. I do not see why in all surety of conscience we should not accept for our churches the treasures which art can consecrate to Cod as a pious and grateful homage. These reflections suggested themselves to me when I heard extracts from our best oratorios-from the "Messiah" of Handel, "The Passions" of Bach, "Paulus" and "Elijah" of Mendelssohn.

Who would not find religious inspirations in these works? Who will have the courage to reject all these in their entirety? Who will refuse to Christ what these souls most upright, noble and pure hear with such plous satisfaction? We should be neither too lax nor too severe. My task in pointing out what is permitted or allowed is very hard. I shall have merited well of art, if with eyes ever turned towards the legislation of the Church, I shall succeed in formulating principles which, in their line at the same time strong and supple, are capable of embracing all the manifestations of a truly religious music.

In every priest having charge of souls there should be, to a certain extent, that which makes the master of choir; namely. he should have a certain knowledge of music and a taste sufficiently cultivated to appreciate the works sung in his church. He cannot show himself wholly disinterested in the music executed in his parish, and from this point of view my words have a special importance. I know well that S. Gregory remarks on this point: "It is a custom much to be reprehended that those in deacons orders, whose duty is the care of alms and preaching, should take part in singing."

But what a commentary has S. Gregory himself given us in those words. Absorbed as he was in the government of the universal Church, he still found time from his celebrated couch and with his most celebrated whip to train the children in ecclesiastical chant. Would that the great Pope could to-day make a more terrible use of his whip! Sacred music is a great means of attracting souls, of touching them and of leading them back to God. If it enters into the plans of Providence that those souls whose salvation is committed to your care go to Heaven with chants upon their lips, let us bless God. There will be tears enough in our canticles until that happy day on which I hope there will resound for each one of us an eternal and triumphant Hosannah!

QUATRAIN.

J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

And the dew-kissed blue violet wept;

He died, when the clear chime was pealing For Love's angel through Heaven's gate stealing Whispered into his ear- and he sLEPT.

EDITORIAL.

It had been our purpose to offer, in our own words, a tribute of praise to the memory of Eliza Allen Starr, the venerable woman whose friendship during many years has been a precious part of our soul life; but pressure of labors and multiplied cares have prevented us from realizing our hopes. Not in mere substitution, but as a most profitable compensation, an exchange, as it were, of greater advantage to our readers, we lay before them, through the favor of The New World, Chicago, and of The Young Eagle. Sinsinawa Mound, Wisconsin, the Dominican magazine of S. Clara's far-famed Academy, the accompanying contributions from the pen of a gifted Dominican Sister, with the funeral oration pronounced at Miss Starr's funeral by the distinguished Jesuit, Father Thomas E. Sherman.

Our readers, we are confident, will be pleased to have the likeness of the saintly Tertiary, which we present as the frontispiece to this number of DOMINICANA. We quote from our S. Clara Sister:

Long expected grief has a fashion of arriving with unexpected suddenness, putting to flight all our prearranged calmness and resignation. The electric vibrations that bear to shrinking human hearts the messages of an irrevocable fate have a strange faculty for taking those hearts unawares. We know that the long illness of Miss Starr at her venerable age could have but one termination, yet it was with a shock of surprise and with a sudden contraction of the heart, that the bit of yellow paper from the messenger boy's hand was read, and we learned that the beautiful soul had departed from life's duties, burdens and joys to eternity's 1mmeasurable rest, peace and happiness.

How few the words, how brief the message that tells to surviving friends that the human soul has performed its most serious act. "Who is there?" queried the portress of a Dominican convent, when the door bell rang on Saturday night after

the usual hour for retirement. "Eliza Allen Starr is dead. Send her white robe." So the message ran. "Her white robe"—had been made long since, by the loving, willing hands of "my dear Dominican Sisters," as she used fondly say. The nuns had fashioned the robe like their own religious habit and made it of similar material, because Miss Starr was a Dominican Tertiary, entitled to be buried in the habit of the Order and thus to share in all the prayers and penance of its three great branches.

The events of Miss Starr's life are known to all the New World's readers; her biography must be something beyond the province of the space of a weekly paper, and should be written by one who shall see the event as merely the shell of a soul's grand deed.

Like all great lives, hers was singularly simple and open; her friends found her in "S. Joseph's Cottage," as she called her charming little home, surrounded by her treasures of art, her books, her priceless keepsakes, the evidence of the love and high regard of kindred souls; there she, like Lowell's Irene, "builded high" and became that wondrous blessing to earth, "a woman perfected."

We all know of "long lives lived in a short space;" society ever has sometimes the great lesson of such holy brevity, while in convents it is no rare thing to see God's grace ripen the harvest and His death angel gather it in soon after the planting of the seed; we grieve and rejoice in the one breath, over such sweet growth, suddenly terminated, but when we hear of a long, noble life happily ended, while we sigh for our own loss, we congratulate the departed upon her attainment of everlasting rest.

Our first thought in regard to Miss Starr was "Ah, now she can rest!" but oh, how the world will miss her sweet, womanly, holy activities! Not that the grim thing we call "the world" will acknowledge, or even be conscious of the fact.

The progress, the grinding and the crushing of city life will go on, with its unceasing struggle for material bread, and in the hurry and tumult will hush a multitude of "still small voices." Yet will the influence of the beautiful life just ended continue to flow onward, as a warm, a fragrant, azure hued gulf stream, following its vivifying, fructifying course through an ocean of colder, fouler, duller-hued waters.

Her long life was full and rich with gifts that come directly from the 'throne of Grace to the willing, earnest, unselfish soul, that knows the gift of God, and corresponds fully to its requirements. She was a living exponent of the power of divine grace, when the soul co-operates with it in zealous lovingness. She was almost avaricious in her eager grasp after every form of spiritual riches that the Church had to offer. Who does not recall the cluster of holy medals she always were emblematic of varied phases of a devotion offered by the Church, in the richness and abundance of her spiritual possessions, to the choice of a multitude of many-minded women and men, but here was one who grasped them all and made of them eternal profits and everlasting wealth. Who that entered S. Joseph's Cottage and beheld in this fair corner of a book-built, picture-embowered room, a shrine to the Madonna, in that pretty alcove a light burning before the Holy Face, on the marble shelf a bouquet before a statue of some saint, on that little table a group of sacred memorials of a visit to Rome-who that saw these things failed to be impressed with the fact that this was the abode of a truly cultured, religiously refined and rarely gifted woman, with an unusual strength of religious purpose, and a superlatively clear insight into the value of spiritual aids in the attainment of lofty powers for the soul. She was a veritable expansionist, in a spiritual sense; she labored, with voice and pen, to acquire soul-territory for God on earth and new citizens for His Church's kingdom: free-trade in many things and a high tariff on others, with reciprocity between Heaven and earth were planks in the political platform of this real woman of the nobly strongminded sort.

I wish she were a type; I fear she was an individual, and that whereas her books, her lectures, her public and private influence made thousands of women, and men too, noble in life and purer and braver in enduring sentiments of religious principle, to leave after her one like unto herself to continue her great life-work was beyond even the power of her boundless zeal. Our generation has been ornamented and blest by her presence; may we show our appreciation by following her, if it be only from afar. We may be assured that if we can be helped by a backward glance from her fearless eyes, by an outstretching of the strong hand that held so long and guided so faithfully her gifted pen, or by a whispered word from her true heart, they will not be wanting to 118.

Many a wreath of sweet blossoms, many a garland of laurels, many a jeweled coronal it may be, will be laid upon her last resting place, but from none of them will come a fragrance of sweeter, holier memories, or of loftier gratitude and reverence than from the cluster of S. Dominic's lilies that I desire to place upon the heart that lies at rest beneath the spotless robe of the saintly Dominican Tertiary, Eliza Allen Starr.

One of those chance occurrences, which so often prove to be kindly providences sweetly veiled, brought the writer of these words from the beautiful "Venice of America" to busy, noisy, exhilarating Chicago for a few days in the middle of September, and thereby afforded her the sad honor of aiding to prepare for the grave the venerated remains of our beloved friend, Eliza Allen Starr.

To have had the privilege of folding above that strong, tender, noble heart those tireless, skillful, tender hands—was it not worth a great price, and shall not the memory of it be forever hallowed and precious?

Though the great world was yet awake, the inmates of the Dominican Convent, "on the North Side," in Chicago, had retired for the night, and were startled from sleep by the bell that summoned them to receive that most mysterious of shocks, the sudden intelligence of a friend's death. "Eliza Allen Starr is dead!" How brief the expression that tells so much!

In that convent parlor, more than twenty-five years ago, the writer first met Miss Starr, soon after her return from Europe.

How many of her beautiful comments upon things that she had seen abroad those walls might echo! The very air vibrated and throbbed with the memory of her, as there fell upon it the irrevocable sentence of separation. "She is dead." This was Saturday night; on Monday a dispatch requested the presence of two of the Sisters at "S. Joseph's Cottage." when the remains should arrive from Durand, Ill., where Miss Starr had been visiting her brother, Mr. Caleb Starr.

When the two Sisters left "S. Joseph's Cottage" that Monday evening, Eliza Allen Starr's gracious form was robed in the soft white folds of the Dominican habit, and, having been removed from the casket, rested in full view in the apartment between the reception room and her studio. This had been her private apartment; memory recalled its holy loveliness, as more like a shrine than a mere place to rest and sleep in, it displayed on every side the profound faith and elevated piety of its occupant. On its walls were pictures of many a sacred scene; in its corners were statues of many a holy personage; here was a shrine of the Blessed Virgin-Mother, there an altar to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, elsewhere an ever-gleaming light before a picture of the Holy Face, or glowing taper before the pictured form of some favorite saint. In the reception room and in the studio, on every side, were the accumulated treasures of an educated taste prompted by the desires of a cultured heart, and guided in its choice by artistic and literary enthusiasm always true to the best traditions and the highest moral

As she rested there in her last long sleep, amid the valued objects that spoke

so eloquently of every phase of her long, useful, exqusitely lovely life, one who was specially dear to her said to the Sisters: "How suitable to her, in color and fashioning, is that beautiful Dominican robe." Yes, the chaste severity of the full white drapery, its long, straight, white scapular, its wide sleeves, with their heavy folds, was Grecian in its artistic effect, while lending a sacred dignity to the dead form, as was fitting, for this body had been the shrine of a holy and gifted spirit, wherein was blended, in mysterious, beautiful and inconceivable greatness, the poetic, the artistic and the religious.

Why did Miss Starr have a claim to be thus robed? Because she was a Dominican Tertiary; that is, though living outside convent walls, and being in no sense a nun, she yet by having been invested in the white scapular was intimately related, in a spiritual sense, to all Dominican religious living in convents, and was entitled to share with them many sacred rites and privileges, among which is that of being buried in the Dominican habit.

When she was giving her series of lectures on art for the instruction of the Columbian Summer School in Madison, she boarded at the Dominican Convent, and in the mind of the writer there lingers many a fair picture of her as she appeared at that memorable time. were many other lady guests at S. Regina's during those delightful weeksgay young girls, staid school teachers, bright society women, plain, domestic-minded women, in fact, all sorts of good women; yes, truly good, really in earnest; and all were there to learn directly anything and everything the Summer School had to offer, while indirectly enjoying, with simple happiness, whatever pleasures came in their way.

Here was one of those opportunities that Miss Starr always valued and made others value at the highest price in active personal interest.

Garbed in white and with a black lace drapery about her head, as was her custom, her fine face beaming with intelligence and glowing with feeling, her very presence radiating material, intellectual and spiritual loveliness, she would gather ladies about her and would convert the hour into the most profitable, the most enjoyable, the most memorable of the days devoted to the serious work of the Summer School.

When alone with "my dear Dominican Sisters," as her tender emphasis expressed it, she spoke of the beautiful traditions of the Order of S. Dominic, and described, as she had met with them in her European journeys, the sacred customs hallowed by six hundred years of saintly practice. How she increased our love for Fra Angelico; how she lessened the distance between us and the blessed or the canonized scholars of remote centuries; how familiar she made us with the wondrous deeds and holy lives of the simple and unlearned. Then, after one of these sweet, friendly talks, she would accompany us to the chapel to listen to the chanting of the Office or to join in the recitation of the Rosary, and at the singing of the "Salve" her very heart seemed to leave her and mount heaven-

Often did she express the wish: "Oh, if my good Dominican Sisters could but be at my bedside and sing the Salve for me when I am dying!" With the remembrance of this wish haunting her memory, it was with a peculiar interest and pleasure that the writer heard one who was with Miss Starr during the last week of her life tell of her daily practices of piety, one of which was having a sort of Vesper service in her room before retiring for the night. The waxen tapers were lighted on the altar of her oratory, her young friend was bidden to "bring the acolytes," the evening primroses, and then, among other favorite prayers and hymns that were repeated, the "Salve' was chanted and the "Ave Maris Stella" was sung. This sweet service was held the last night of her life, and the hymns were repeated aloud for her when she was dying.

Those who desire to read a biographical sketch of Miss Starr will find what they want in the Catholic weeklies of Chicago and Milwaukee. This is written not of the poetess, authoress, lecturer and artist known to the public, admired and ven-

erated by the public as Eliza Allen Starr; no, this is written of our friend, of the true-hearted woman as she was known to us in the intimacy of daily intercourse. While joining most heartily in the eulogies uttered, while sympathizing warmly in every expression of esteem, affection and regret, while rejoicing in the honor shown her by ail classes and the followers of all creeds, we would fain go deeper, aim higher, reach further, and pay our tribute to the interior well-springs of her virtue, her nobility of soul and her elevation of mind. Gifted by nature, she acquired by grace the power to make the highest use of her gifts. Upon the foundation of her admirable natural qualities, divine grace raised a superstructure of surpassing beauty. She was ardent and unwearying in "minting money," 28 Father Faber calls it; that is, she made the deepest, the widest use of her gracious help and rich gift and mighty power that the Catholic Church offered her through its pious customs, its private devotions. its public services and its priceless sacraments. She valued every spiritual aid, and made constant use of every object, every sign and every symbol approved by the Church for the advancement of souls toward their true end and aim-perfection and the union of the soul with God. How she loved everything that the Church has sanctified for the use of souls! How zealous she was in "minting money" of eternal merit! She made an instrument of everything in nature, of every good form in society, of every domestic requirement, of every religious practicean instrument that was often transformed, beautified, made strong and effective by the genius of her faith, the energy of her hope, the power of her love, and then used to its utmost capacity, to the fullness of its efficiency, to spread religion, to glorify God, to benefit her neighbor, and to enrich herself with eternal merit.

Upon her breast, beneath the scapular of her Dominican robe, we placed the crucifix of ebony and silver that all will remember used to be suspended from her neck by a silken cord, and caught in her girdle just below her heart, that heart

ever bore "Jesus Christ and Him d" within its deepest depths. has gone from among us to join fore like her in spirit, but she will the to exist as one who teaches the by her remembered words and the pictures and by her life, with finifold evidences of the uplifting of true faith, the creative power of the uply hope and the transforming of divine charity.

writer did not see her in the but bears in mind a parting picher lying as a sleeping religious. her dreamless rest with soul reshe may awaken to take her o the arms of Eternal Love, to the of Eternal Rest, to the heart of I Joy and Endless Beatitude.

ter feet there rested a spray of lilies and a cluster of white roses, background of dewy ferns; the had been placed there in token of iters' loving regard, by hands that I themselves honored in that act as re blest in this.

tribute paid to Miss Starr by the homas E. Sherman in his sermon at thedral last week was very widely d. We have had several requests he publication of this sermon, s to the kindness of the reverend er, we are this week enabled to with this request. Father Sherbok as his text the following words he Apocalypse:

I heard as it were the voice of a nultitude, and as the voice of many, and as the voice of greaters, saying: Alleluia; for the Lord od the omnipotent hath reigned. be glad and rejoice and give glory o, for the marriage of the Lamb is and his wife hath prepared herself. her it hath been granted that she clothe herself with fine linen, glitand white. For the fine linen are stifications of saints.—Apoc. xix.

y human soul is athirst for beauty. ek to quench that thirst in gazing housand varied scenes, in listening to the mingled harmonies of nature and of art. Yet how different is that thirst in its effects. Some are driven downward, others on the level quench it in the commonplace; only the chosen few cry ever. I thirst, and seek endlessly the satisfaction of their souls' desire in straining ever upward to the heights of heaven. Such is the artist soul and such was the mind and heart of her whose remains lie before us. Captured by the love of beauty she sought her happiness and her life's work in the study of art; and art drew her out of the chilling and depressing creed of her childhood to the full warm... and beauty of the Catholic faith. When she heard from eloquent lips the tale of God in the flesh, the word incarnate, Jesus the all-beautiful come to satisfy all the cravings of the soul, all the desires of the heart, her whole soul was shaken; and after due prayer and study she became a Roman Catholic. Half a century ago when this occurred it demanded clear vision and marked courage to take such a step, for it meant, as in her case, to go out from home and friends, to close behind her all familiar gates, to burn her ships. It meant the literal gospel: "He that hates not father and mother, yea and his own life also cannot be my disciple."

"Thy people shall be my people, thy God is my God," she had said with Ruth's simplicity when she entered the Church, and every Catholic answered by giving her a warm place in his heart.

Coming to this then young and budding community she began here a life's career as a teacher and a writer on artistic subjects. But it was not art merely as the expression of the beautiful which now occupied her great soul, not art as we see it in the manifold prettiness of our galleries and salons, not even art as portraying what is noble and sublime in human character and dramatic action; all this was beneath her. In the moment of her annunciation she had said, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord," and she went forth from hearth and home and the hearts of loved ones to give herself to the beauty of the incarnation to Christian art as the handmaid of religion. Keeping her soul in "maiden meditation fancy free,"

with naught of earth to blur or dim the image, she faced the battle of loneliness, narrow means and hardships; the battle of constant labor and crucifixion to the pen yonder in S. Joseph's cottage, and like a brave soldier of Christ she fought that battle lovingly, stalwartly, steadfactly to the end, for the love of God made man, the bridegroom of her soul.

Thus her study of the mysteries of Christ was both practical and artistic, nay the two were one with her. Her life was all prayer, labor and contemplation.

But it is one thing to appreciate the beauty of the mysteries of faith, to practice faithfully the austere virtues which accompany that study of divine beauty; and it is quite another to impart what we perceive and to kindle other hearts as ours are kindled.

This is the work of the Apostle of Christian art, and this was hers. To gather copies of the choicest masters, to study them in their originals abroad, and then so to lecture on their beauties that cur souls were ravished by the charm of it and we longed to know more and penetrate more deeply, to follow where she led; this was her mission. And you all know how this mission was accomplished. Her life has been an open book. The great Catholic community of Chicago has read it as the seasons turned the leaves.

There was this especially notable about her in her work: A forcefulness of character which overcame and swept away all vanity and frivolity in us, obliging us to rise to the lofty seriousness of the artistic level, and then an ecstasy in her own soul which lit her face with etherial loveliness and encircled her form with angelic radiance, so that we felt while gazing at her at times as if she were in presence of the unveiled splendors of heaven. It was this that made her work ever memorable, this that impressed itself on the souls of all her pupils and patrons.

For years she had held her audiences spellbound and entranced when she touched on the central mysteries of our religion. She seemed like one in ecstasy, truth radiated from her and we felt that sne herself was a venerable prophetess. another Anna, given us to enable us to

grasp these vital truths and make us realize the very touch of our Saviour's garments. Only a saint could speak as she spoke.

Hence it is that she holds such an exceptional place in the great army of the Church militant. She was the strong woman of the Scripture. Well it was for her that she came of sturdy stock, for manifold were the difficulties and deep the discouragement in carrying on the tasks she had set herself. Art needs an atmosphere, an environment-art demands the comradeship of art. She had to make her own. Out in the chill depression of western practicability, down on the low level of our miserable materialism, in imitation of Him who stooped from heaven to earth to lift earth to heaven, she stooped to our needs and raised us on the wings of her genius to the lofty heights of contemplation and of Christian peace. To have breathed away her life like the perfume of a flower in Rome or Florence had been to her a heaven here below, to face the depressing monotonies of this great market place and accomplish here what she has achieved was a mark of great nobility of soul.

Speaking for my brethren of the priesthood. I feel that she deserves still higher praise. For the leaders and captains in Israel are apt to realize at times that while many lean on them, they have no one to lean on, and while their hearts are drained by the demands of sympathy, there is no human heart which can replenish the exhausted fountain. Now here was one great enough and good enough both to realize this and to supply the want. By praise that was timely and encouragement that was discriminating, she helped to uphold our arms, and never did we visit S. Joseph's cottage without coming away stronger and sturdier for the fray. This is woman's rarest and best privilege. Only one of her age, her dignity, her artistic temperament and ripeness of virtue could have played so remarkable a part.

Uncompromising in her loyalty to Holy Church and to the representatives of Christ, loyal, sincere and daintily courteous in friendship, painstaking, laborious and patient, absolutely true to highest ideals in spotlessness of life, guileless in childlike simplicity, affectionately expansive as the typical woman, appreciative of the least mark of affection which her great heart craved, with not a trace of the lightness or vanity of her sex or time, she stands before us as a great work wrought by the Spirit of God who is admirable in His saints.

And this is why I have chosen my text. for I hear to-day the voice of a multitude of souls like the sound of many waters, and the voice says, lo, she has been prepared like a bride for the bridegroom. She has clothed herself with fine linen, glittering and white, for mind and heart have been enveloped for years in the fine light of art and beauty and the loveliness of God's saints and angels in whose pathway it was her delight to tread. Blessed indeed are they who are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb-they whose lives on earth were a long, tedious espousal waiting for His coming, watching with lamps filled and trimmed. Such was hers, and so our sorrow is turned into joy at the thought of her great glory.

Our Holy Father Leo XIII. issued an Apostolic Letter on September 8, in connection with the consecration of the new sanctuary of our Lady of the Rosary at Lourdes, the full text of which we shall present to our readers in our December number.

November is pre-eminently the month of our Lady as Queen of all Saints. Her crowning in Heaven by her beloved Son, commemorated in the Fifth Glorious Mystery of the Beads, is the special feature of the celebration of the feast of All This mystery of the Rosary is Saints. one of light and cheer for us, as it is the final act in the triumphant progress of our Blessed Mother. Here we behold the summing up of all the merits and blessings that had been accumulating during the years of her mortal pilgrimage. No longer the Mother of Sorrows, she shares with her risen Son the splendors of His heavenly court. As the Father's chosen Daughter, as the honored Suopse of the Holy Ghost, Mary is exalted above angels

and saints, and all gladly hail her as their Queen. May the brightness and the hope of this beautiful day be in the hearts and lives of all our Rosarians! May the spirit and grace of all the glorious mysteries of the Beads be to all the children of Mary an unfailing source of courage, as in low-liness and humility they carry their cross, looking beyond the Hill of Sorrow for the Tomb and the Triumph of their Risen Redeemer!

The feast of All Souls, instituted by the Church in tender memory of the faithful departed, is an ancient and venerable commemoration to which the piety of Catholic peoples has further added the dedication of the month of November as a season of prayer and devotion for the release of the holy souls. We trust that our Rosarians will be particularly mindful of these "prisoners of the King." To all of them we are bound in bonds of Christian charity. This is an all-sufficient reason for our active efforts in their behalf. To some we may be under obligation by ties of kindred, friendship, filial piety; to others, perhaps, by strictest justice, as the occasion or the cause of their sins. for whose punishment, in satisfaction, they are now detained from enjoying the presence of God. The most powerful means for succoring them is the Sacrifice of the Mass. Next to this offering of infinite value. we may safely place the treasure of the Beads. Holding the suffering of souls in tender memory and in true Catholic sympathy, let it be an encouragement to you, good reader, that every indulgence of the Rosary may be applied to the dead who have died in the Lord. Will you not generously help the poor souls, especially during this month?

Patrick Henry's "Give me liberty or give me death" seems to be the unspoken cry of the brave Boers. Certainly, death rather than subjection to England is the well-spring of their splendid battle against overwhelming numbers, against tactics most infamous, in the face of conditions that loudly and shamefully proclaim the world's inhumanity and the disgrace of our own voiceless government. Alas! we are helping in the

slaughter of the Boers, in the destruction of their children, in the unspeakable outrages committed in various ways on their heroic wives and mothers and daughters. If President Roosevelt will merely prevent the shipment of mules and horses from our ports by British agents for the British troops in South Africa, he will strike a strong blow for the undaunted Boors

Though Dominicana is only in its second year we have already recorded the deaths of three devoted contributors-Sister Mary Dominic, O. P., Madame Ten Broeck, R. S. C., and Miss Eliza Allen Starr. And now it is our painful duty to announce the loss of another gentle and kind friend, whose name is familiar to our readers, Miss Alida M. Bibby, who went to her reward on September 30, after a long and severe illness borne with the sweetness and patience which had ever been characteristic of her devout life. A rare soul was that of Alida Bibby, from whose hidden virtues and mental gifts her friends justly expected good and profitable things. Measured by the standard of accomplishment as seen of men, her sheaf was scant. Judged by capacity and estimated in that surest of ordeals-suffering-Miss Bibby was a child of benediction and fruitful promise. It pleased God to call her home before justly formed expectations could be realized.

On the beautiful feast of the Angels Guardian her obsequies were celebrated in S. Mary's Cathedral, San Francisco, the Very Reverend Vicar General Father Prendergast presiding. The Very Reverend Provincial of the Jesuits, Father Frieden, offered the Holy Sacrifice for the repose of her soul. May her dwelling be in peace and in the light and love of God!

The agitation of the school question is not so acute in California as in other parts of the country. The "Poughkeepsie plan," well known throughout the country, worked favorably for a quarter of a century till bigotry and indiscretion ended its useful career. The suggestion made by certain priests of experience,

men whose piety and learning cannot be questioned, that our parochial school buildings should be turned over to the control of the various boards of education for use as public schools, with reserved right of other hours for purely religious training, is at least free from the likelihood of arousing animosities and fostering opposition, the strength of which puts off for many a day the final and equitable settlement of this vexed question.

A standing army of forty thousand men, an annual outlay of seventyfive millions, concessions and privileges and franchises to those "on the inside," the rejection of God and His Christ from the schools of the Philippines, the introduction of sectarianism and heresy among the simple children whom centuries of generous zeal and sacrifice have won to the Faith, the spread of American "civilization" by way of the brothel and the saloon and divorce—these are some of the fruits of our expansion and imperialism in the far East. And our dishonest journals denounce the poor little brown men who continue to fight for their liberty, even when they follow in the wake of Funstonian tactics and prove that they can learn American "ways." God help our

The Presentation of our Lady in the Temple, which we commemorate on the 21st, recalls the early offering by Joschim and Anne of their beloved child, who was but three years old when they placed her in the care of the priests, that she might be duly trained in the special service of God. Chosen as she was by the Holy Spirit, the Blessed Virgin, even at this tender age, dedicated herself by vow of virginity as a pledge unto death of her complete devotion to God. The lesson of this beautiful feast is especially applicable to parents in the case of their children. Moved by piety, some mothers place their little ones in early childhood under the special protection of Mary and Joseph. Such a spiritual presentation is a most praiseworthy custom, and the devout parents following it have the comforting assurance that the heavenly guardianship of our Lady and her holy spouse will never fail their earthly charges. To all Rosarians we suggest their offering in spirit to God in His Temple, through the hands of Mary, of all they possess, that as worthy children of their Heavenly Father they may lovingly walk after Jesus in the company of His Blessed Mother "all the days of their life."

The spread of the Rosary devotion and the growth of the Confraternity in different parts of the country are gratifying evidences of increased love for our Blessed Lady. Wherever missions are given, it is a constant consolation to pastors and missionaries to witness the readiness with which the people embrace the prayer of the Beads. In our visits to churches in various sections we find that the Rosary is fast becoming the prayer of the family, the prayer of the old, the prayer of the young. Not only are we assured by the clergy that the women are particularly attached to the Beads, and that the fruits of this practice are beautifully shown in their devout lives, but it is also a growing and a comforting sign that many young men are manifesting an intelligent appreciation of the Rosary, using it as a daily prayer. The blessings of this devotion to our Lady are found in the increased strength of their manly piety, in greater tenderness and reverence and in the earnestness and fervor with which they keep themselves unspotted from the world.

The Episcopalian Convention has come and gone, and to the observant outsider it has accomplished little that religious men can applaud. A newspaper notoriety, sensationally pictorial, in which "episcopal" modesty did not shrink from the camera; receptions, dinners, excursions and debates and votes with no points of importance decided in these, are the chief features of a great gathering from which we had hoped some practical good might come by way of remedy for one great evil of our country. As a distinguished member of the convention, Doctor Percy Grant, said from his own pulpit in New York, the meeting of the Bishops and the delegates, clerical and lay, was without fruit.

The delegate to the Episcopal Convention who urged as a special reason for the assumption, by the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, of the name Catholic, that without this magic title, their missionaries, male and female, of the Miss Stone style and otherwise, defiant of brigands, or yearning for notoriety even more than ransom, could not find welcome among the "benighted" Finipinos, who have enjoyed three centuries of true Christianity, mannested a candor that, under the circumstances of the highway robbery attempted, one may charitably call brutal.

We wonder now that the commanding General in the Philippines has proposed the "reconcentrado" methods of Weyler, if the jingoes and the aptriots who precipitated the war with Spain, will shout themselves hoarse for "humanity" and "liberty."

Amazement has been expressed by many because of the defeat of the Bishops by the lay delegates, when the divorce question was decided (?) by the Episcopal Convention. We may regret the spectacle of "Bishops" so treated, in matters of doctrine, but amazement ceases when we recall the fact that these "Bishops" derive their "jurisdiction" from a layman, or from a woman, as the case may be, who sits on the English throne. Henry VIII established the "Church of England," and it is an ungrateful generation that would repudiate so gracious a fountain head, while still denouncing Rome.

If the Anglican "Catholics" would behave sensibly, logically, religiously, in the light of history, they should cease from further "playing" with candles and incense and stoles and mitres (yea, even mitres!) and "come over" at once to their true Mother. For this desirable end every one who loves our Lord and souls should pray.

The Eucharistic Congress which held a very encouraging session in St. Louis, during October, gave a strong impetus to devotion to our Divine Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. The attendance of prelates and priests representing various and distant parts of the country, was an augury

that the influence of the movement will be widespread. God so grant! The centre of our spiritual life we must find in the source of our faith, our hope, our strength, and the kindling of our charity, and this is our Lord Jesus Christ, Emman-'siea is usually spun so use poly 'jen the mystery of infinite love and infinite power.

William Stead, the celebrated English journalist, whose fearless denunciations of England's brutal injustice have been extensively quoted, sums up the causes, political, economic and social, that foreshadow disaster to the empire. In a recent conversation with Walter Wellman upon the Boer question, Mr. Stead expressed his views most emphatically:

"Stormy times are coming for the British empire," began Mr. Stead. "The darkest days in the history of our great people are almost upon us. We have lost all South Africa, irretrievably lost it. But that is not the worst. It is a question if we can save the empire itself; if we are not going to have revolution, famine, civil war, God only knows what.

"You Americans are a prime factor in bringing these dark days upon our coun-You are in one way responsible for the French Revolution we are living in the shadow of. No revolutionary movement ever comes to the explosive point till the common man finds difficulty in getting at least two full meals a day. Grievances there may be, agitations signs of unrest, threatened trouble. But there is a safety as long as the masses get their three meals a day. The difference between three meals and one meal, or one meal and a hard hunt for the second, is the difference between agitation and violence, between talking about it and the use of the gun and the torch. That has been the psychology of all revolutions. The empty belly is more powerful than any sense of wrong or injustice."

Mr. Stead graphically contrasts in detail America's self-sustaining powers and rapidly increasing trade with England's lack of agricultural advantages and imminent pauperism, and then sadly continues:

"The worst of it is, the English people are in no fit moral condition to face economic disaster with fortitude. The masses have been raised too high or not high enough. They have been emancipated, but in the sad sense. They have lost their moral ideals. The old Puritan element has largely gone up the spout. It is to a great extent, particularly in the cities, a new people we have now. When the pinch of hunger comes they will not be surrounded by the old restraints. They ere a people given over to sport, to drink, to gambling, to lingoism. From a simple. God-fearing people, they have become self-indulgent. They are pandered to by the popular press. They are patted on the back for their vices. Their vanity and arrogance are added to year by year.

"Some day, when America gets ready, we shall reap the whirlwind. Our modern political leaders, our new press, have done their best to sow the wind. They have taught the masses of the people that if any one stands in the way of what they want they should go to war with him and burn his house over his head. They have borne in upon the popular consciousness, by example and by precept, the legitimacy of arson.

"Now, against trained troops and machine guns no mob in the world can do anything except to rush to destruction. But against the torch of arson, darting hither and thither in the night, all the armies in the world will be ineffective in the next great revolution.

"Our English people have well learned the respectability of arson. It has been taught them by their government. Kitchener has not been able to whip the burghers of the Transvaal, but he has burned their farms. Our proletariat will not readily forget that which they have learned from the military heroes of the British people. The same argument that has been used to justify arson in South Africa will be used to justify arson in England. There is no other way, says Kitchener in the Transvaal, to bring the burghers to book. There is no other way, the proletariat will argue, to beat the capitalists and secure social reformation. In sackcloth and ashes will England rue

the day that she embarked officially upon the criminal career of our international arson!

"If our retribution does not come upon us through domestic revolution and a wholesale arson, it will come through a foreign war with some nation of our size which cuts off the bread supply. It is not at all unlikely that the two may come together. Paris is not the only city in Europe that has within its borders the constituent elements of a commune.

"It may be superstitious, but I believe in my God and my country. My faith in the latter has weakened of late, seeing the way in which it has been led, but I am still unable to believe it has been abandoned by God, and that it must go down to utter ruin. Our only escape lies along the road of repentance, and we shall repent only after we have been forced into dire tribulation. God has not deserted Englishmen, but he is disciplining them."

Would that the discipline that England is receiving might evolve all the essentials of a perfect contrition—so that the nation might be spared the awful horror of an unending remorse!

On the night of June 22, the government of France enacted a law outraging not only the rights of every French citizen, but also, and worse still, the rights conferred by Jesus Christ upon His church—The Law of Associations.

We give here only those articles which concern Congregations properly called religious.

Article 13. No religious congregation can be formed without an authorization given by a law which will determine the conditions of its functions.

It cannot found any new establishment, except in virtue of a decree rendered by the Council of the State.

The dissolution of the congregation or the closing of every establishment can be pronounced by a decree rendered in the Council of Ministers.

Article 14. No one is permitted to govern, either directly or through an intermediate person, a teaching institution of any kind whatsoever, or give instruction, if he belongs to a religious congregation not authorized.

Those contravening will be punished with the penalties provided by Article 8, Paragraph 2 of the Law of Associations in general. The closing of the establishment can, furthermore, be pronounced by the judgment of condemnation.

Article 15. Every religious congregation must keep account of its receipts and expenses; it must each year render financial account of the current year, and an inventory of its goods, movable and immovable.

A complete list of its members, giving their patronymic, also the name by which they are designated in the congregation, their nationality, age and place of birth and the date of their entrance, must be kept at the generalate of the congregation. This list must be kept without removal in readiness to show, on requisition of the prefect, to himself or to his delegate, the accounts, conditions and lists above indicated.

The representatives or directors of a congregation who shall have made false reports or refused to yield to the requirements of the prefect in the case provided by this article, shall be punished with penalties provided by Paragraph 2 of Article 8 of the Law of Associations in general.

Article 16. Every congregation formed without authorization will be declared iilegal.

Those who shall have formed a part of it shall be liable to the punishments provided by Article 8, Paragraph 2, of the Law regarding the Associations.

The penalty applicable to founders or administrators shall be doubled.

In answer to correspondents we present in the foregoing extract from La Couronne de Marie, Lyons, some features of the law against Religious Orders. The other articles merely express details of persecution and confiscation. We may again more fully advert to this painful subject.

From the last will and testament of President McKinley the following excerpt is a touching proof of the goodness and tenderness of the man:

To my beloved wife, Ida S. McKinley, I bequeath all of my real estate, wherever situated, and the income of any personal property of which I may be possessed at death, during her natural life. I make the following charge upon all of my property, both real and personal: To pay my mother during her life one thousand dollars a year, and at her death said sum to be paid to my sister, Helen McKinley.

If the income from the property be insufficient to keep my wife in great comfort and pay the annuity above provided, then I direct that such of my property per sold so as to make a sum adequate for both purposes.

My chief concern is that my wife from

chief concern is that my wife from my estate shall have all she requires for her comfort and pleasure and that my mother shall be provided with whatever money she requires to make her old age comfortable and happy.

A beautiful lesson to our American boys!

With congratulations to the gifted auther, Sister Anna Raphael, S. N. D., of College Notre Dame, San Jose, Cal., we reproduce her beautiful tribute to

OUR MARTYRED PRESIDENT.

I.-SEPTEMBER SIXTH.

The shock of a stunning sorrow! ruler stricken down In the might of his noble manhood,
In the height of his pure renown.
The gloom of the twilight shrouding
Columbia's sun-bright day;—
"O God! may the clouds be rifted "O God! may the clouds be rifted And the shadows swept away!
Spare! spare! to our country's pleadings
The Father and the Chief"—
The cry of a mourning people
Goes up in its whelming grief:
Goes up in its desolation,
Goes up in its hour of need,
For the heart of a Nation stricken
By the dart of a dastard deed.

II.—OCTAVE OF SORROW.

Over the trembling wires
The tidings come and go,
With their burdens of grief and gladness,
In ceaseless ebb and flow. In ceaseless ebb and flow.

Now hope, with a burst of sunshine,
Floods all the dismal gray;
Then fear, with its dreary pinions,
Sweeps every gleam away.
The hearts and the hopes of the people
Alternate rise and fall,
Till the dirge of the diapason
Knells silence over all:
And the flag that he loved and guarded,
Like a human heart, droops low,

And voices from ocean to ocean The wail of a Nation's woe.

-"ALL IS OVER."

The hope and the fear are ended, The sore suspense is past,
And the blow that our souls most dreaded,
Like the levin, falls at last.
The pain and the struggle over, His calm, true heart is still,
But his dying words to his people,
"It is God's way, God's will,"
Through the length and the breadth of the nation, Ring out, like a psalm sublime, The chant of a conquering hero That shall sound o'er the m Time, The hymn of a martyr-spirit
From the lips of a loving son,
The chrism of the Christian's flat,
"God's will, not ours, be done."

IV.--"God's Will, Not Ours, Be Done."

His parting words to the dearest,
Of all he left behind,
The wife of his life's devotion,
The patient and resigned.
The heart in whose lonely sorrow
The Nation shares to-day,
While her o'erfull soul re-echoes
"It is God's will, God's way"—
The voice of the Heavenly Leader
That calls from care and strife
To the victor palm and the laurels
Of endless peace and life,
O God! to Thy bosom fold him,
Our ruler and Thy son;
His prayer be our strength and our His prayer be our strength and our solace. "Thy will, not ours, be done."

MAGAZINES.

The Era is the simple title under which, hereafter, we shall know that most agreeably conducted magazine, The Literary Era, which is published by Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. This periodcal combines instruction with rational entertainment; it is edited with marked ability. From the October number we take, with due acknowledgments to the author, Florence Earle Coates, a graceful tribute to

PRESIDENT M'KINLEY.

Peace!--mourn no more the martyr's fate! Death came—though by the hand of hate, His faithful life to vindicate, His name to set apart. No more assailed, misunderstood,

where love his grave hath ed, nelled by gratitude,—memory of the heart.

th American Review for October us with a number of good artiopening papers treat of the imsestion of the anarchists. The of the deplorable tragedy that nock through the country one o necessarily caused the promers and thinkers to give much. ion to the conditions which : dreadful crime possible. The n" by S. C. T. Dodd, coming at om a prominent lawyer, cony excellent points. It is a plea form system of laws dealing question of anarchism. Mr. nston considers the question rchists and the President." It is review of the deadly work atnd accomplished by the apostles y during the last few months. results are appalling to the ifter dealing with the different at lead the common people of Vorld to resort to anarchy, the en turns his thoughts to this o examine conditions existing asks this pertinent question. the difference in spirit between e-the anarchist who thinks the id the bullet will right human he prosperous person who cries ingeance and violent death as a anarchy, and the citizen who law in his own hand and me negro guilty or suspected of ult, torturing him with a flendv which no anarchist has ever ty of? Is not the same spirit all three?"

st Reverend Archbishop Ireland is an excellent paper on "Perverty and Labor Strikes." As learned Archbishop presents his in a clear and concise manclosing paragraphs of his able worthy of repetition:

idemn the abuses against pererty which have marked the strikes in this and other counserve the cause of labor and of labor unions. The most praiseworthy cause may be ruined by the adoption of methods that reason and religion reprobate. Public opinion will not long tolerate what conduces to lawlessness and anarchy." . . . "Conscience and patriotism are alive in the bosoms of men who constitute associations; conscience and patriotism rise higher than allegiance to any association.

"The cause of labor is of itself so holy that all right-minded men, all Christians, must lend to it their sympathy and support. It is the cause of humanity; it is the cause of religion."

"The Vital Phases of Modern City Government"—this regards New York especially. In a series of four articles this question is discussed by four gentlemen well equipped in the knowledge of their respective departments: The Hon. G. L. Rives, the Hon. B. S. Coler, the Hon. Frank Moss and W. L. Hawley, Esq., Other articles of special interest are "Some Comments on Divorce," "The Alfred Millenary" and "The Strength of Christian Science—a Final Word," being a reply to Dr. Buckley's article published in the September issue, entitled "The Phantom Fortress of Christian Science." All good and readable.

This number of The North American Review is one that will commend itself to the convideration of all persons desirous of gaining a practical acquaintance with many of the leading questions of the day. The papers show evidence of careful preparation and the subjects are handled in an able manner.

The Review of Reviews for October is a McKinley and Roosevelt number, an interesting and valuable repository of things worth preserving.

Harper's Magazine for October is a very interesting number. The fac-simile reproduction in "Colonies and Nation," of Jefferson's original draft of the Declaration of Independence, showing corrections in the handwriting of Franklin and Adams, is in itself a valuable contribution.

From the varied and generous contents

which make up this good issue we take with compliments to editor and author, Richard Le Gallienne, the following exquisite thought:

BARY STARS: A CHILD'S SONG.

The souls of little girls who die
God sets up shining in the sky,
But what becomes of little boys?
I ask of nurse, and she replies
That little boys are born without—
Just born to scuffle and to shout,
To play rough games, hit hard, and die.
I'm glad I'm not a little boy.
I think I'd like to be a star,
If God would set me not too far
Away from Daddy—so that I
Might send him kisses from the sky,
And shine upon his bed at night
With such a lovely little light;
And if he felt too lonely there,
I'd unwind all my golden hair,
And make a little shining stair,
For him to climb and sit by me—
Oh, Dads, how lovely that would be!
And perhaps, if I asked God for you,
He'd change you to a star, dear, too.

The New Lippincott's Magazine is noted for its good couplets and excellent quatrains. From the October number we quote with due appreciation a fine specimen of the latter by Charles Hanson Towne:

UNHAPPINESS.

High on the hills the miser, Autumn, sits,

Hoarding his wondrous wealth of treasured gold; et in the night I hear his grieving

Yet in the night I hear his grieving voice
In every wind that sweeps across the wold.

The other features characteristic of

The other features characteristic of Lippincott's are well sustained.

In the course of an editorial on the Episcopal Convention The News Letter, October 19, speaks of the attempted reform regarding marriage, proposed in that Convention, as "practically the Roman Catholic rule of conduct, with the exception that the Pope may, at his pleasure, suspend the rule as often as he pleases, which he did with great prodigality in the case of Henry VIII."

The italics are ours. We desire to emphasize the thought, while we denounce it as a deliberate untruth, a falsification of

historic facts so flagrant that the only plea for such perversion that could be made in extenuation or excuse against the charge of wilful malice, is a plea of ignorance, and this, in an editor of so pretensious a publication as The News Letter, is criminal, when it encourages him to display himself in light so unenviable. Every schoolboy who has read English history knows that the Pope refused a divorce to the infamous Henry. The "prodigal" ig-, norance or viciousness of The News Letter man is of such quality that we doubt if even a term at a primary school would illumine his darkness. We consider it to he a duty to warn our readers against The News Letter.

In The American Catholic Quarterly Review for October, our distinguished San Franciscan, Bryan J. Clinch, presents a paper of excellent quality on "The Work of the Philippine Commission." His concluding we repeat: "Compulsory education on American ideas, a civil service filled by foreigners on foreign tests of fitness, the turning over the public lands to foreign capitalists, and general reprobation of the former laws and customs of the native people, are conspicuous in the reports of the missionary agents to the American Board of Missions. They are all to be found in the report of the Taft Commission to Congress. The missionary Constitution makers had their way in Hawaii, and within seventy years the native population has well nigh melted out of existence under their enlightened methods. Fathers Bachelot and Short were deported from Hawaii in 1830, as Mr. Taft would like to deport the Spanish friars from the Philippines to-day, and as Captain Leary has already done in Guam. How far does the experience of the Hawaiian people justify the expectation that Judge Taft's Constitution will raise the condition of the seven millions of the Filipino population? Catholics in America are certainly bound in duty to see that the religious liberty of the Filipinos is not trampled under foot in the name of American legislation. That the Genstitution has no scruples about attempting the task seems abundantly evident from their own report,"

October issue of The Atlantic Monthns with a notice of the "Death of resident" that deals particularly he character of the late lamented Magistrate and the place he is deso occupy among his predecessors in igh office.

t may be considered as the most iting and timely articles appearing ionth are the editorial article on istruction and Disfranchisement, at on "The Undoing of Reconstruc-

The first is a carefully prepared of the papers on that question that ppeared in former issues, and the is the concluding paper on the sublicated by the title.

former students and friends of Yale sity will peruse with pleasure the on "Yale's Fourth Jubilee."

n article sparkling with wit and m Mr. Eugene Wood considers the portant question, "What the Public to Read." The writer appears to nade a careful study of the tastes ly people, and in this paper he preis estimate of the taste of the readublic, which he finds often illd

r papers of interest are: "College "by L. B. R. Briggs; "The Ills of 'lvania," by a Pennsylvanian, and teresting short-story, "A Subcon-Courtship."

a The Century for November we vith appreciative acknowledgments editor and the author, Clinton field, the following

YER FOR THE NEW PRESIDENT. r the silent chief whom Death ly and sedulously keeps
a splendid calm; naught mars
well-won laurels where he sleeps.

for him who newly stands startled on a slippery height, strong falcon which some hand moded rudely, whom the light

unforeseen, but who shall prove ide-winged strength! For him we

im such wisdom swift and keen hall restore us Yesterday!

1 The Irish World of October 19 we with cordial compliments to the spirited author, Bertrand Shadwell, and to the liberty loving editor and constant friend of the Boers, the following:

"SPORT" IN SOUTH AFRICA.

"SPORT" IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Sporting metaphors are so familiar to our officers that they naturally drop into them, and one of them recently told our special correspondent with Col. Plumer's force that the Boers were "like thrice-driven grouse. They are hopelessly shy and wild," he added, "and you must give them a rest now and then, so that they can settle." In the large combined movements, or "drives," as they are called, which we have been practicing, we did not give them a chance to settle, or, rather, we gave it to them in the wrong way.—London Times, Sept. 17.

Ye say the Boers are "shy as thrice-

driven grouse";
For shame! for shame! A year ago we

Not thrice, but twenty times, how they drove you.

equal numbers left you fairly

When equal numbers left you rain matched,
Oh, cowards, boasting o'er a fallen foe!
Strive not, by sporting metaphors,

A brutal jest of bloody homicide; But do your work in silence, if ye must, Being soldiers, and obedient to command:

count not souls that pass

slaughtered game, These be not beasts ye "drive" to death. but men,
An outraged race, outnumbered ten to

Which yet, for country, justice, liberty, Fights to extinction, putting faith in Cod

Again we remind our readers that the daily press of the United States, with few exceptions, is unfortunately pro-British. Those who may desire to keep abreast of the record of England's villainies and inhumanities and deviltries in South Africa (destined, we hope, to become the grave of British imperialism) should read The Irish World.

MUSIC.

The Oliver Ditson Company, Boston, has sent us the following splendid vocal selections: BEND Low, O DUSKY NIGHT. for low voice, by E. R. Kroeger, a lovely musicianly song with beautiful words. Contraltos should examine this song. THY STARS (low voice), by W. Berwald;

German and English text; a fine, effective song, with a beautiful accompaniment. Song of Eternity, for medium voice, by George B. Nevin, a dignified sacred song of fine harmone structure. It contains a rich, flowing melody and a fine, broad climax. It is not difficult. As PANTS THE HART, by Walter Goold, a pleasing sacred song, simple and effective; so notated that it may be sung by a high or a medium voice. Good-Night, Sweetheart, for high voice ('cello obligato), by W. A. Charles, a pretty, melodious serenade with a lovely poem attached. Jesus, BE MY SAVIOUR (high voice), by Bradford Campbell, a pleasing sacred song; requires a smooth, even voice of good compass and musical intelligence.

From Wm. A. Pond & Co., New York, has been sent us: Danse Espagnole, for plano, by Hubert de Blanck, a breezy, stirring Cuban dance, full of color and activity. The merry click of the castanets is heard through the peculiar, syncopated rhythm of the bass. The composition is full of fire and works up to a breathless climax. Con Grazia (Petit Morceau Melodique), for piano, by A. W. Willis, Grade II. A good teaching piece, full of a graceful, swinging melody. Sure to please all young piano students. LA CHASSE AUX PAPILLONS, by Chas. Hartwell, a study in triplets, by means of which a pleasing melody is wrought out. Ballroom Echoes, Grade I., by Frank A. Parker. No. 4, RHEINISH DANCE, melodious, strong rhythm, no cctaves. No. 5, MAZURKA, a pretty little dance, graceful and charming in measure. No. 6, GALOP, merry and rollicking, a good study on staccato touch. Exhilarating and pleasing to a child.

We have received from E. J. Hogben & Co., New Haven, Conn., The Military Man March and Two-Step, by Frank V. Williams—dashing, brilliant and within the ability of the average performer.

The John Church Co. of Cincinnati has sent us the following selections: For piano, DER ZIGEUNERIN TRAUM, Op. 353, Grade II, by Carl Koelling, a slow, dreamy

melody, with a sprightly allegro in brilliant octaves and long sustained chords thrown in to break the monotony. The left hand has a constant arpeggio form for accompaniment, making an excellent study for that much-neglected member; WATER Splashes, by Manuel Klein, a pretty melody, very original in idea. It is of Marcato character throughout, filled with short, crisp ascending staccato chords Many soothing little legato phrases occur as an antidote to the snapping staccato. Fine, massive chords abound for quite a space, and the climax is not disappointing. Altogether, the composition affords good study for the diligent student; CAPRICE, by Bernard Sturm, a vivacious solo for violin of the Tarantelle type. The piano accompaniment is bright and gay, a fitting companion to the merry solo. For voice: THE GATES OF HRAVES, sop. in D (D-G) by the well-known songwriter, P. A. Schnecker, is a song of merit. It has a sweet, simple melody, suiting the beautiful text of Wm. Gardner, and is well accompanied by full, massive chords. It contains a broad, musically flowing refrain, which reaches to a satisfactory climax. Also written for low voice: Das Taube Mutterlein, by Maude Valerie White, sop. in A (D-f). words by Hahn, a musicianly song, with a pretty, eager melody, ending on the dominant, which gives it an expectant and yet reposeful character.

From Percy Ashdown, New York, we have received: Just You and I, by Edith Swepstone, soprano in F (D flat-F). mezzo-soprano in E flat (C-E); a simple, pleasing ballad with smooth, harp-like accompaniment. Susie MAY, by E. Boggetti, a coon song of the best type. Dugald Camprell, soprano in E fist (E flat-F), contralto in C (C-), by Valentine Hemery, a pretty Scotch ballad in the usual Scotch rhythm. The poem is written in the quaint Scotch vernacular, and is hopeful and bright in sentiment The musical setting suits the words MADRIGAL in E flat (B flat-F), by Frederick Mullen, a bright bit of song of the old English type. THE JEWISH SOLDIEL in C (C-E), by Arthur M. Friedlander, \$

ic song for baritone, consisting of h-like rhythm and strong, appealrds. Eldorado, soprano in B flat mezzo-soprano in A flat (C-E), by Edgar Allen Poe, music by n Shapleigh, a bright, joyous expressive of high hope, which is ortrayed by the strong, vigorous and well-marked rhythm; this is cularly good song for a baritone. RE DOMINE, soprano in G (D-F), soprano in F (C-E), by Alban y, a pathetic song with a story to e music is expressive of the sad nd the impressive accompaniment of measured chords and soothing itions.

BOOKS.

ell & Co., New York, have brought becoming form Campaign Pictures: War in South Africa, by A. G. a correspondent of the Daily News, 1, who writes with clearness, force mesty, while he sketches pictures re truly vivid. Indeed, the book of pathos, and while reading it the of one of the young Boer soldiers 1 one's ears, that the curse of God rely fall on those who caused the We cordially commend this exceldiume.

r the suggestive title BEYOND VOICES, Mrs. Egerton Eastwick has an interesting novel of a high The characters, with the exception nthe, are life-like prototypes of the ad women we meet in daily inter-

The language is choice, direct and ng in style. Ripe scholarship and p of Christian philosophy dignify thance the literary merit of the Whatever the purpose or "motive," ok serves to point out, perhaps betan an "ex-professo" treatise, the ailure of education which takes input only the culture of the intelfaculties, regardless of the moral iritual side of human nature.

of this Godless education. Gifted are with comeliness and talents behe ordinary, she is trained by her father in the principles of advanced atheism and grows into womanhood a "beautiful modern pagan." Finally she figures as the high priestess of a new cult, whose highest ideal is the perfectibility of human life. A scoffer at religion, we find her delivering a lecture on life, its meaning, etc., the gist of which is contained in this passage. "Life—this one truth presses upon us; from the dark we came—to the dark we return—and the brief flash of light between we call—our life." She flippantly says to her professor, "after I am dead—Pouf!" Which is but another way of putting the old pagan—"Dum vivimus vivamus."

Her cousin, Lucas, is on the whole, a manly young fellow who illustrates some (though not enough) of the benefits accruing from a Christian education.

Father Galbraith, the old blind priest, is a lovable character whose saintly life, closing with the words "Domine, non sum dignus," was both instructive and edifying.

Doctor and Mrs. Laws portray a phase of characteristic domestic life as lamentable as it is frequent.

In her description of the services of Catholic worship, the author manifests an intelligent familiarity with the ritual, which proclaims her to be either of the "household of the faith" or a very close observer of its ceremonies.

The publishers, Messrs. Benziger Brothers, printed the book in good style. The binding is an artistic combination of olive and gold.

No branch of Natural History is so fascinating, especially for the young, as the study of plants. Candace Wheeler, in her charmingly written book, Content in A GARDEN, tells "with a poet's delight of the grouping of flowers and the mossing of bloom and color." This country of content which the author describes was at first only a rocky patch of pasture land among the Catskill Mountains. The barren spot yielded readily to cultivation, and seemed to encourage and urge the slips and bulbs and seeds, which were planted in its bosom, to take root and multiply. In a short time this once lonely place became alive with butterflies and tiny insects supping the dew and honey from millions of blossoms.

The happiness which the writer found in her garden on a pleasant morning may be imagined from the following lines taken from her book:

"The buds shake themselves and open softly into flowers. The air is clear and clean of daytime thoughts and pulsating with gladness and exultations of new day."

Meditating on all the beauties before her, she continues to think: "Perhaps the story of Eden is the story of the morning of the world. In latest hours comes the tempter: but in early ones, when lilies are standing like angels in white and shining raiments along the garden walks, evil has no existence. It is then that the heart of Nature speaks to the heart of man, and he hears it. Her glory is before his eyes, and he sees it. Goodness and Happiness creep through his veins, and Content broods largely over him."

No one can read this delightful volume without experiencing an elevating influence. The author has power of making her readers look "through Nature up to Nature's God."

Daintily tinted in apple-green and profusely decorated with numerous flowers by Dora Wheelef Keith, this little book presents a handsome appearance, for which the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.. Boston, are also to be duly credited.

A PACIFIC COAST VACATION is charming indeed when spent in the companionship of so enthusiastic a lover of nature as Mrs. James Edwin Morris.

The scenes portrayed in loving sympathy for those who are deprived of the actual pleasure of visiting them, are vivid pictures of nature's grand phenomena.

Alaska, whose "snow-crowned mountains tower like castles old; where wild cataracts hurl their waters down rugged cliffs—the sea; where gulls mingle their cries with the rushing torrents; where frost giants stride up and down the land; where the aurora flames through the long winter nights"—is certainly enchanting to the beholder.

The unsurpassed beauties of California,

the wonders of Yellowstone can receive but a passing glance in the short space of a summer vacation:

More than sixty photographic views by James Edwin Morris have been reproduced in this volume to illustrate the natural scenery on the line of travel as well as to indicate localities of historic interest.

This instructive and artistic production is published by The Abbey Press, New York, in excellent style of workmanship.

THE SERIOUS WOOING, A HEART'S HISTORY, is printed and bound in excellent form by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

The authoress, John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie) has departed from her former esthetic ideals and has depicted a phase of moral obliquity as objectionable in romance as it is reprehensible in reality. The brazen coarseness of the heroine dispels all illusion concerning her youth, beauty and imaginary sorrows. The socialist hero inspires one with disgust at his conduct and fear for the consequences of his acts.

DAYS LIKE THESE, by E. W. Townsend. is number five of the American Novel Series, published by Harper & Brothers. New York.

The story details the happenings in the life of a poor girl, Rose Cavendish, who suddenly emerges from a tenement house and gradually mounts the social ladder of New York society by means of an immense fortune inherited from an uncle.

The heroine develops into an attractive and accomplished beauty, but retains her characteristic good sense and courageous spirit. This she manifests by unearthing some corrupt schemes of political bosses in one of the unromantic districts of her naitve city. The story is animated in style and portrays the diverse manners of several grades of society.

LIFE EVERLASTING, a lecture delivered last year by John Fiske, in Cambridge Mass., is now published in book form by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston. It is a defense of the immortality of the soul.

The lecturer takes the ground of the evolutionist, and from that standpoint shows the reasonableness of the fundamental doctrine of Christianity when viewed even in the light of the most advanced researches of modern scientists. In argumentation the writer is clear and cogent, in style crisp and vigorous. "A feast of reason" is in store for the intelligent reader of this book.

Benjamin Harrison not only achieved eminence as a President whose administration was praiseworthy, but he took deservedly high rank as a lawyer of great ability, of international reputation. His recent death, at a time when his intellectual powers were ripest and most vigorous, when his stand had been fearlessly taken against dangers that patriots deplored, in the policy of the government, was a real loss to the country.

This loss finds a measure of compensation in the thoughtful enterprise of the former President's wife, Mary Lord Harrison, who has judiciously collected a series of papers and lectures written or delivered by General Harrison subsequently to his presidential incumbency.

The subjects of these articles and addresses are varied, of wide range. The theory and practice of government, topics political, educational and religious, questions of national and international law, may be found in this volume, discussed lucidly, energetically. We are pleased to find in the series the "Musings on Current Topics," which attracted general attention when they first appeared in *The North American Review* during the early part of the year.

The volume, containing more than five hundred pages, is well printed and substantially bound. Its index is a serviceable adjunct, while all its readers will be pleased to have the likeness of the former President, which, in the style of a fine steel engraving, is a becoming frontispiece.

The Bowen-Merrill Company of Indianapolis, the publishers, have placed the pook on the market at the rate of three dollars a copy.

The reading of The New Epoch of

FAITH recalls the fable of the swan that, on account of her white color, drew down upon herself the hatred of the envious crows. They attempted to sprinkle her with dirt, so as to make her color like unto their own. But the swan dived beneath the water and came up again pure and serene as ever. Were a prize offered for the gathering of puerile, absurd and empty arguments, our author might justly claim it. The periodical outbursts against the Catholic Church do not create any disturbance within her, thus defeating the intention and schemes of her enemies. In this case, we fear that the writer attempted those things that were above his understanding. For the information imparted to us we ought to be grateful. That the Fathers of the Church possess no authority is new to us. However, we appreciate the author's saving clause in the admission of the fact that they at least had "good sense," so often conspicuous by its absence in others. "Catholicism is no longer recognized." Too bad! But assertions are easy. We dare ask: What about cold, solid facts versus an imbecile assertion? "No one cares for an encyclical letter; no one now fears excommunication; it is, in fact, coveted by the sensational as an express to fame." Indeed! Our ignorance is appalling; but, of course, Mr. Gordon is an authority on this subject and ought to know. It is with wonder and awe that we listen to expressions like these, "The controversies in which John Henry Newman figured are about the poorest that the nineteenth century contains." Oh, yes, we remember now. Newman was a convert, and once belonged to Mr. Gordon's party. "Ecclesiasticism of the old type is discredited, and from every point of view the defender of it is a child of darkness." Sublime passage! What a fearful outlook for the Catholic Church. "Monasticism was upon the whole an outrage upon the social nature of man; it is an outrage upon the religious nature and therefore cannot stand?" Is it possible? Yet it has existed since the year 250 A. D. Could it all of a sudden become so corrupt as to be incompatible with social and religious nature? But, as assertions are

cheap, so is also advice. In our humble judgment, Mr. Gordon should strive to put off the spirit of bigotry and prejudice, so that he may approach the study of the Catholic Church in honesty. It might then happen that instead of writing a sequel to this work, he would feel justified in writing an apology for the appearance of THE NEW EPOCH OF FAITH. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, are the publishers of the book.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, have published a work entitled Francis and DOMINIC AND THE MENDICANT ORDERS. Professor John Herkless, D.D., is the author. Several errors are manifest in his statement bearing upon the mission and influence of two holy men, whose labors have neither been fully understood nor appreciated by historians outside the Church. In the volume before us these saints are depicted as tools in the hands of Rome for the purpose of fashioning recruits for the Church. According to the author, this could be accomplished only "if the mendicants, wandering in all countries, preached the gospel of Papal supremacy." While recognizing the personal tribute paid to the founders of the Franciscan and Dominican Orders in the acknowledgment of their high motives, the purity of their lives and their unswerving fidelity to the cause they embraced, yet we must not overlook many statements that cannot stand the test of a rigorous comparison with the facts of history.

The founding of the Orders of S. Francis and S. Dominic was not the result of so-called "Papal ingenuity," nor the ultimate realization of "mystic dreamers," but the work of Him whose Holy Spirit abideth with the Church forever. Moreover, the fact that the Church, in bringing about a reform, had within herself the means for doing so, does away with the untenable theory that monasticism was but a temporary and purely human auxiliary for the purpose of establishing order out of chaos. Without these religious Orders, the Church would still have subsisted and triumphed, but it pleased God to give to his Church a faithful ally in these spiritual knights for the eradication of errors and the confirmation of truth. Many clamors have been raised against these Orders during the last seven hundred years. Wealth, ambitious designs, arrogance and immorality are charged by men who ignored against them the eloquent monuments of history and studiously repressed within themselves those nobler feelings that in all things call for a fair and unbiased judgment. As for their wealth, it was holy, legitimate and inviolable, inasmuch as it represented the charity of the faithful, fructified by the labors of the Orders. Their ambitious designs consisted in the salvation of immortal souls, although now and then there may have been black sheep within the fold who lost sight of the great end these holy founders had in view. Their arrogance was the longing to see the Church. whose soldiers they were, exalted and purified from internal divisions and factional disputes. Their alleged immorality had no basis save the visionary charge of the wicked and perverse men.

Professor Herkless, in his chapter on "The Mendicants and the Inquisition," while acknowledging that S. Dominic was not the founder of this institution, as has been falsely asserted by others, goes on to say that his sons were the principal agents in its growth and propagation. However, historical researches discredit this assertion.

The Friars-Preachers were not the principal instruments of the Inquisition. There exists neither bull nor document of any kind, pontifical, episcopal or royal, investing the Dominicans exclusively, or in general, with the office of Inquisitors. It was first entrusted to the Order of Citeaux; the Council of Tolouse in 1229 did not think of confiding it to the Friars-Preachers. Not until the year 1232 did the bull of Gregory IX recommend the Archbishop of Tarragona to choose for the office of Inquisitors some of the sons of S. Dominic.

In the Spanish Inquisition there are two epochs which must not be confounded. The first dates from the close of the fifteenth century, when the Moors were expelled from their last retreat in Grenada; the other, from the middle of the

th century, under Philip II, when pagation of Protestantism threatpain. Of the Inquisition of Philip Cortes speaks thus: "Philip II, that absurd of Princes, was the real r of the Inquisition; his crafty it was that brought it to the pitch er it attained." The Inquisition of and and Isabella is thus alluded to: nquisition was originally demanded tablished by the Kings of Spain difficult and extraordinary circum-". Under Philip II the Inquisition ll more severe. The procedure in-l by him, the auto-da-fe, transthe Spanish Inquisition into an purely national and royal. Again, Pegna, the eminent jurist, in his ory of the Inquisition," we obtain lowing: "In Spain, Ferdinand of and Castile, fifth of that name, he end of the year of our Lord 1476, historians testify, withdrew the f the Inquisitors from the Dominiiars and transferred it to the secu-Next, in 1618, Philip III gave minicans one place in the Supreme i of the Inquisitors, composed of leven to thirteen members.

thus proved that the Dominicans either the inventors, nor promoters, incipal agents of the Inquisition, at no one is less responsible for excommitted in Spain.

lly, as to the "Degradation of the " to which Professor Herkless has almously devoted a whole chapter, peak louder than words.

Franciscan and the Dominican Orour days contain a vast number
ects, men and women of all ranks
all countries, who at the present
t—as many centuries ago did their
ounders—zealously labor for the
sion of souls. They have steadily
ed with redoubled vigor, not as a
medievalism, a decaying branch of
noble tree, but as bodies that by
ectical adaptation of their own vast
es have more than ever become a
ty to the present time.

BIBLE AND RATIONALISM, by Rev. Chein, is published in four hand-

some volumes by B. Herder, St. Louis.

Eternal wisdom, as manifested to the world in the sacred Scriptures, has through all ages not only been attacked by the Spirit of Darkness, but it has been doubted, misinterpreted and at times rejected by infidels, heretics, schismatics and unbelievers of all kinds the world over.

Viewing the Bible with an unprejudiced eye, we find on its sacred pages real difficulties confronting us that have been and still are open to discussion by bibliologists. Father Thein's treatises, systematically collected and arranged, are presented to the literary world in four well written volumes, in answer to the difficulties of the Old and New Testament. The first volume answers the difficulties in the books of Moses; the second, the historical, didactic, sapiential and prophetical books of the Old Testament; the third, the New Testament, and the fourth volume those of mosaic cosmogony, anthropology and biblical chronology. The fact that many of these biblical difficulties appear insurmountable to the masses, the author attributes to the narrow, limited powers of the mind. A prevailing obstinacy in refusing to see and to follow the unerring truth of which the Royal Palmist spoke: "Thy word is a lamp to my feet and a light to my path," has created in many a tendency to find fault with and discover blemishes in matters totally out of their intellectual sphere. In concentrating their minds upon putative flaws they lose sight of the beauties of revealed truth, and, as our Divine Lord says, "strain at the gnat and swallow the camel." Father Thein, in investigating the difficulties that confront the world that seem to superficial minds irreconcilable with the sacredness of Holy Writ, maintains that, abstracting from divergence, alterations and obscurities, the unavoidable fruits of many years, we possess in the Bible a work of the Holy Ghost, accomplished through the instrumentality of man under the supervision of the Spirit of Love. Hence, he distinguishes in the sacred Scriptures a twofold agency-the human and the divine. The former includes the particular style, manner of expression and choice of words of

the author, which, being something individual, naturally differ, when the writings of one author are compared with those of another. They, as instruments in the hands of the Most High, made use of natural means—personal experience, tradition, historical facts of the nation, accepted customs and such like. The latter embraces those miraculous events not known without Divine aid, such as the foretelling of future things. It is here that we find the key to the many secrets, the safeguard against errors, not only dogmatic and moral, but also historical and scientific.

We shall but briefly allude to some of the most important difficulties found in the Bible—resolved by Father Thein in his present work. It necessarily follows that a book while passing through the hands of numerous transcribers and translators is subject to accidental changes, omissions and disfigurements, justifying S. Jerome's writing to the Pope, S. Damascus: "There are almost as many divergent copies (of the Bible) as there are manuscripts." Wherefore, to quote Father Thein, "We need not be astonished that from the first centuries both the Greek and Latin Fathers complained so often about the corruption of the manuscripts of the Bible." But to this is added another and still greater difficulty, namely, that of interpretation. The words, phrases and symbolical expressions are human: therefore, they cannot adequately convey the sublime and eternal message of God to man. The Semitic, Aryan and Hebrew languages have become almost obsolete. In our days they are numbered amongst the "dead languages." To properly understand them, the student would be obliged to become intimately acquainted with customs, habits, modes of thought and of living prevalent among ancient nations. The means for so doing have long since passed out of existence. Taking all these things into consideration, we can easily discover the apparent loophole open for the hypotheses, uncertainties, discussions and arbitrary assumptions of modern infidels and skeptics. Finally, the ignorance of the average Bible reader of the original text in which the sacred Scriptures were written adds another grave diffl-

culty to those already enumerated. translation, no matter how painstaking or accurate, is at its very best but an imperfect representation of the original concept and may often convey a meaning contrary to or in discord with the one intended. This is liable to be the case even though the translator possesses the most intimate knowledge of the different shades of meaning so essential to the avoidance of grammatical errors and misunderstanding of the subjects treated. Let us add to this the remoteness of historical and political events, the time, manner and place in which they occurred, and the absence of a proper appreciation of actions so totally different from our modern times and views, and we must confess that there are many difficulties in the Bible that to-day remain partly, if not wholly, unsolved.

But we believe with the learned author "that Providence has watched over the Sacred Book to preserve it intact as to its foundation, and that the Sacred Depository of Revelation may be transmitted without grave alterations to the remotest generations, but has not deemed it necessary to perform continual miracles to shelter it from those slight errors and insignificant changes which enter into all the works of men."

In a neat brochure, arranged in souvenir fashion, his friends have presented us with the photographs of Charles Durward's Madonnas, each having appended to them an exquisite descriptive sonnet by the poet-painter himself. While we recognize rare pictorial merit in these Madonnas, the poems attached exhibit even greater excellence. The artist seems to have succeeded in expressing in verse what, perhaps, the material on his brush defied his soul to utter. We have long been convinced that, though the painter and the poet are cognate in genius, the latter, with the plasticity of language at his command, will have the advantage over the former in power and delicacy of expression; and no one can convince us that the painter can be as eloquent as the poet. To see them so excellently combined as in this lovely volume is, indeed, a treat. The Reverend J. T. Durward (brother of the dead artist) is the publisher. He may be addressed at Baraboo, Wisconsin. Cordially we commend Durward's Madonnas to our friends.

CALENDAR FOR NOVEMBER.

AST OF ALL SAINTS—Holy day of on. Plenary indulgence for memthe Living Rosary. Plenary Ins for Tertiaries: C. C.; visit; (Benediction.)

Souls' Day. Special devotion for i. Solemn High Mass of Requiem. M. Those who desire special noration of their deceased reladifiends will kindly present their in due time.

Ballachi, Lay Tertiary of the man Order. (Humility.) Three Indulgences for Rosarians: (1) visit Rosary Altar; prayers; (2) procession; visit; prayers; (3) C. ist at exposition of the Blessed mt in church of Rosary Conty; prayers. Communion Massarians at 7 A. M. Plenary Indulgenembers of the Third Order: visit; recite prayer, "O God, the and Guide of all the Faithful," or Father." Meeting of S. Thomas at 2 P. M. Enrolling new members Rosary Confraternity. Rosary, and Benediction at 7:30 P. M. Charles Borromeo. Bishop and

Charles Borromeo, Bishop and l. (Model of Pastors.) Meeting rian Reading Circle at 8 P. M. Martin Porres, O. P., Lay Brother. cation.)

Barnabas, Apostle (from June 11), r of the Afflicted. (Votive Mass of ary.)

Peter Ruffia, O. P., Priest and (Detachment.) Monthly High Requiem for deceased members of Iding Association at 9 A. M. tave of All Saints. (Benediction.) Saints of the Dominican Order.

Mass of the Rosary.) (Benedic-

ECOND SUNDAY OF THE MONTH tronage of the Blessed Virgin. Indulgence for members of the ame Confraternity: C. C.; procesayers. Mass for Holy Name Soat 7 A. M. Meeting at 3 P. M. Meeting of Men Tertiaries at 2 P. M. Procession of Holy Name, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M. Forty Hours' Devotion at S. Dominic's Church, San Francisco.

11—S. Martin, Bishop. (Charity to the Poor.) Benediction. Meeting of Young Men's Holy Name Society at 8 P. M.

12—Anniversary of the Consecration of the Basilica of S. John Latern, which is the Pope's Catheoral. Anniversary of the deceased Brothers and Sisters of the Dominican Order. Plenary Indulgence for Tertiaries and Rosarians: C. C.; assist at services for the dead; prayers. High Mass of Requiem at 8 A. M. for deceased members of the Dominican Order. Beginning of Novena in honor of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin.

13—B. Stephen Bardelli, O. P., Priest (from June 12), Spirit of Prayer and Penance. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

14—B. John Licci, O. P., Priest. (Devotion to the Passion.)

15—B. Albert the Great, O. P., Bishop.

(Love of Duty.) Benediction.

16—B. Lucy Narni, O. P., Virgin.
(Resignation.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.) Beginning of Novena in honor of S. Catherine.

17—THIRD SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—S. Gregory Thaumaturgus, so called on account of his extraordinary miracles, Bishop. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary: C. C.; visit; prayers. Meeting of Women Tertiaries at 3 P. M. Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

18—Anniversary of the Consecration of the Basilica of S. Peter, Rome.

19—S. Elizabeth of Hungary, O. S. F., Queen and Widow.

20—S. Felix Valois, Priest and Founder with S. John of Matha of the Order of Trinitarians for the Redemption of Captives. (Retirement.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

21—Presentation of the Blessed Virgin in the Temple. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary. Two

Plenary Indulgences for members of the Confraternity: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Chapel from first vespers (2 P. M. November 20th) till sunset on Feast; prayers. (2) C. C.; visit any church; prayers. (Benediction.)

22—S. Cecilia, Virgin and Martyr, Heavenly Patroness of Music. (Benediction.)

23—S. Clement, Pope and Martyr. (Disengagement from Things of This World.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

24—LAST SUNDAY OF THE MONTH—S. John of the Cross, Carmelite Priest. (Religious Discipline.) Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite in common a third part of the Rosary three times a week: C. C.; visit church; prayers. Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

25—S. Catherine of Alexandria, Virgin and Martyr (Zeal for Souls), Heavenly Protectress of the Dominican Order. (Benediction.) Meeting of Young Men's Holy Name Society at 8 P. M.

26-S. Andrew Avellino, Priest of the

Congregation of Regular Clerks. (Obedience.)

27—B. Margaret of Savoy, O. P.. Widow. (Patience in Sickness.) (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)

28-S. Stanislaus Kostka, S. J., Cleric. (Purity.)

29—B. James de Benefactis, O. P., Bishop. (Devotion to the Holy See.) Beginning of Novena in honor of the Immaculate Conception. (Benediction.)

30—S. Andrew, Apostle, Patron of Scotland, was crucified on a cross formed in the shape of the letter X. (Benediction.)

The Patron Saints of the Living Rosary for this month are as follows: The Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Charles Borromeo. Bishop; S. Gertrude, Abbess; S. Godfrey. Bishop; S. Felix, Priest; S. Hubert, Bishop. For the Five Sorrowful Mysteries—S. Martin of Tours, Bishop; S. Clement, Pope; S. Elizabeth of Hungary: S. Theodore, Martyr; S. Catherine of Alexandria. For the Five Glorious Mysteries—S. Andrew, Apostle; S. Cecilia. Virgin and Martyr; S. Hilda, Abbess; S. Flora, Virgin and Martyr; S. Edmond. Bishop.

Over the hands that are shining
With the brightest of jewels aglow—
Hands where toil's stain never rested
To sully their tinting of snow—
Bead after bead dropping downward
Bears pearls for the casket of Heaven,
Prayers breathed for joys in the future,
Thanks murmured for favors God-given:
"Ave Maria!"

Over the hands that are hardened And rough with the toiling of years— Hands that have done a stout battle With hunger and heartache and fears— Bead after bead dropping downward Wafts prayers full of hope and of trust From hearts that, through bitter temptation,

Strove to tread in the paths of the just: "Ave Maria!"

Over the hands of the statesman, Grown weary with guiding the pen In the framing of laws and commandments

ments
For the guidance and bettering of men.
Bead after bead dropping downward
Falls freighted with pleadings for light,
That the whole world may revel in beauty
Which is born of the rulings of light:
"Ave Maria!"

Over the hands of the beggar,
As he crouches alone by the way,
Drawing his rags closer round him.
Teaching his sad heart to pray,
Bead after bead dropping downward
Tells each a sweet prayer for the world,
In the hour of its sorest temptation
'Neath the banner of darkness unfurled:

"Ave Maria!"

With love in her heart for the Saviour, With peace in each line of her face, The nun in her humble attire Bends low to "our Lady of Grace"; And the beads from her white fingers dropping

Seem to me brightest jewels of worth,

Seem to me brightest jewels of worth, As the pure bride of Heaven kneels pleading

For the fallen and outcast of earth:
"Ave Maria!"

O Mother of God, who hast given
Thy children this chaplet so fair,
Take thou each and all of the pleaders
Close under thy sheltering care;
May each bead that is told in thy honor
Shine fair in the records of love,
And win for thy servants sweet guerdon—
A home in the mansions above:
"Ave Maria!"

—Marcella A. Fitzgerald.

DOMPNOCANA

Vol. II.

DECEMBER, 1901.

No. 12

BROKEN LIGHTS.

They are but broken lights of Thee, And Thou, O Lord, are more than they."— Tennyson.

SISTER ANTONY, S. N. D.

Well has a poet sung to lyre immortal, The universe is but a reflex gleam, A shivered lance-light of eternal glories, That through the Eons in effulgence

Creation's beauty, but a broken beam.

The yellow leaf that flutters through the forest

The sun-steeped cloud that drifts on noon's broad skies,

The splendors of a dawn's light-riven curtains,

The sunset glow that with the iris vies, Swift changing glories, opalescent dyes.

The dreamy beauty of moon-mantled waters,

The long, bright stretches of sun-glinted blue,

The sea-spun silver of Morn's fairy veilings,

The rose cup brimming with her crim-

son dew.
The painted shells that wild sea margins atrew.

The leaping river's checkered gold and shadow

The wrath-white torrent raging madly bv.

The long savannahs of a tropic ocean,

The lone lake, waveless 'neath a sleep-

ing sky.

The storm bow flashing on cloud pillars high.

Sweet-throated thrush, or flame-plumed

songless creatures,
Gay gold-flecked insects glittering on
the wing,
wift light-wrapped worlds, or heavy

Swift rolling planets,

Faint prophecies of God's far Beauty

bring, Even as the folded bud, the blossoming.

It flashes keen through Nature's varying pageant.

Mirrored in argent dews of flaming

stones, speeds beyond the wide star-paneled lt speeds portals,
Prismed in burning Seraphs, tranquil

Thrones, swift effulgence of bright Angel

zones; It lights the Human type, Earth's fairest beauty,

Kin to the spirit world beyond the skies, Yet Soul and Angel, rich and radiant splendors

Before which irised Earth glows radiance dies,
Are dark, O God, in Thy Eternal Eyes.

WITH BEAUTY.

ALONZO RICE.

We love but seldom that which is not fair As well as good, and so our taste to suit, Dame Nature always puts a blossom there, Before she does the fruit.

A CLIMB TO THE SKIES.

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

Herbert Denham was a product of Harvard—a piece of porcelain of finest finish bearing the well-known mark of that famous institution. He was tall, rather handsome, his features sharp enough to be unmistakably those of the New Englander of pure race as contradistinguished from all foreign admixtures. He was well aware of these excellent points, held himself high in the matrimonial market, had ambitions of the vague sort, was true as steel to his friends and also to his Alma Mater. In short, he had every advantage which his present comrade pointedly lacked. He was strolling along the beach at a seaside resort within easy reach of Boston, and the young man with him, poor fellow, stood by contrast at a hopeless disadvantage. Tom Macmillan favored the Scotch-Irish type, had a snub nose and irregular features, only redeemed from positive plainness by a pair of dancing blue eyes and a smile few could resist.

Worst of all, he was very lame, the result of an untoward accident in his childhood; so that the strong difference between the two youths could not fail to strike the observer. Yet Macmillan's good-humored face was full of content. He seemed to have some fund of inner peace to draw upon which never failed, so quietly did he take the many slights that fell to his lot. To do Denham justice, however, he was never disagreeable to Tom, but rather courted his society.

Just now the unlucky lamester was holding forth on the delights of mountaineering. He had recently returned from Switzerland, having this one advantage over his friend Denham, whose foreign travel was still in prospect.

"I could not climb as I should have liked, you see," he was good-humoredly explaining, "because of my unaccommodating leg; but the young Englishmen at our hotel in Chamounix did wonders!

And you will, too, when your turn comes. They would mark splendid records on their Alpenstocks and come back, oh, so hungry! Nothing like Swiss air for the appetite. They simply devoured their French dishes at the table d'hote dinner. Those young giants were a terror to the waiters."

Denham's eyes shone as his friend rattled on, and he suddenly stretched his athletic frame. "Yes," he said, "I will try to show the John Bulls what we can do in their line—yes, before very long. Mountain work is scientific, though, and takes experience. That is what the English seem to have had every time."

"I was glad enough to see them come in safe, though, at night. I made what the French call an action de graces for them, in my heart." Denham looked up curiously.

"Why, Tom," he asked, after a moment's thought, "is it dangerous?"

"More so than is admitted. Many accidents occur which go unmentioned for fear of alarming visitors. A party got lost on Mont Blanc one day while I was there, and the anxiety was universal. Crowds gathered in the public square gazing up at the mountain, to catch sight of them if possible, while others peered through a small telescope. The hotel people were uneasy, and it was a relief when we learned in the morning that the missing men had been found and brought in by a rescue party of guides setting out from the Glacier House. That is up on the snow-line. They could not waste hours of precious time starting from Chamounix in the valley. No, if a party does not return to the Mountain House by four in the afternoon, they go out after them."

"Why so," asked the other carelessly.

"Oh, stop and think, Denham! It is pure glacier ice. There is no camping possible near the summit. Too low a

temperature and rarified air! It is worse, even, than polar ice. Parties have no fuel and not even sleeping-bags. If they fall asleep on that ice, they perish—that is all!"

Denham's face fell. That vision of dead men, asleep forever on the crystal ice, awaiting eternal judgment, loomed up before him clear as light. Its terror startled him. How could Tom speak of it so quietly? "It is because he has faith," he concluded, mentally answering his own question. "Tom is a good Catholic, at peace with God, so nothing upsets him."

With a sharp effort he threw off the paralyzing thought; as the English say, he "pulled himself together."

"Weil, Mac, I mean to practise mountaineering a little here in the States before I challenge Mont Blanc. Meantime, iet us have a ride. There's a splendid, easy black at Smith's stable which you can get for a mount, and I'll ride Brown Bess."

Macmillan gazed at him soberly. It was sharp temptation.

"We can ask Isabel to go and Agnes," pursued Denham. "I love to see Isabel ride. She is magnificent on horseback, so stately and perfect in poise."

Tom Macmillan still wore his serious look. He had an engagement with Father Jones that afternoon to visit some poor people, lambs of the flock awaiting sympathetic aid. Could he excuse himself and set this task aside? He murmured a word of prayer; then made quiet refusal of the pleasure before him. If he could not lead Denham, at least Denham must not lead him—"that is," he whispered, "not into selfishness or wrong-doing."

So Denham went up alone to call on Isabel Moore and the party was arranged. A pang of envy did assail Macmillan in his own despite as he saw them gallop off. Being on horseback almost did away with his lameness, placing him on an athletic plane where he could compete with others—so he loved to ride. But his purse was not a horn of plenty and Father Jones would show him bitter need of charitable gifts before their rounds were over. "Denham can afford

it," he murmured, with a sigh, "but I can not. He has his uncle's checks to back him!"

Another face also looked out wistfully at the gay cavalcade as it flashed by. Agnes Macmillan, Tom's cousin, had not received Herbert's projected invitation. Somehow Isabel Moore had driven the notion out of his mind. The brilliant beauty had no disposition to brook a rival, so one or two of her own friends had been asked to complete the party.

The pallor, which had fallen like a gray shadow over the sensitive face as Denham disappeared, told but half the story of this little Saint Agnes. Despite her piety and the fact that Herbert Denham was a man who "cared for none of these things," her liking for her cousin's friend had grown into a deep affection. The slight of his present neglect hurt her like a blow; yet she nerved herself to meet it, and taking her little crucifix stole into the Lady Chapel of the neighboring cathedral. But she strove in vain to formulate a prayer. How should she win strength to say adieu to a lost love and a lost love?

Gradually, in the silence, that strength came. The cry of her heart became that wondrous one of S. Francis d'Assisi, "O my God and my All! I beseech Thee to let the most sweet and ardent force of Thy love absorb my soul from everything beneath the heavens; that I may die to the world for love of Thy love, who for love of my love didst vouchsafe to die on the wood of the Cross, my God and my All!"

It was no mere form of words, this cry from the deep of her heart, but a renunciation of earthly love and earthly joy.

As Herbert Denham swept along in his gay mood, proud of himself, proud of his beautiful mare, Brown Bess, and, above all, proud of the graceful rider at his side, a little quiet comment was exchanged between two quiet old gentlemen who saw him pass. One was his uncle, Philip Denham, an aged barrister, whose wealth enabled the young man to gratify every reasonable longing. To the lonely, childless man his nephew had grown very dear. He was appreciative of the lad's

fine face and distinguished ways; yet a shade of worry now and then alloyed his satisfaction. That shade fell over him now.

"Gay lad, that!" muttered the other man, a retired stockbroker and Isabel Moore's guardian. "My ward makes a fine show on horseback; but her fortune shrinks a little, I am sorry to say. I do my best with it, but values will depreciate. I hope she will marry soon, and marry well."

This last was punctuated with a keen glance at Uncle Philip.

"Girls and boys are an anxiety," returned the other. "I am worrying about Herbert. He has spent far too much money of late."

"Yes, he is fond of wheeling, golf and polo; gaming, too, wine suppers and the like. Cut down his allowance, Philip, and do it at once. Then we shall see what stuff he is made of."

"He is ambitious enough, Ralph, if that is what you mean. He will have money and position one of these days, though on the way he will find mountains to climb. That's his notion now, the Alps. He does not know life yet. What is that poet's line, Ralph? Yes, I have it,

'Across the Alpine summits of great pain Lieth thine Italy.'"

The speaker's dreaming eyes seemed looking into a land of remembered sorrows. He was a sensitive man, more like Herbert himself in many ways than either was aware.

The ride that day was so delightful that the young fellow could not resist the temptation to go again; so next morning he mounted Brown Bess for a solitary canter. Tom could not go this time either, for he had to help balance the books at his father's store. So Herbert flew over the rocky roads, fancying himself on the high Alps, enjoying the bird-like swiftness of his horse and pitying poor Tom hard at work in his father's counting-room.

"This is almost like Swiss scenery," he murmured, as a turn in the road revealed a deep gorge with a brook at its base.

Just as he spoke some wild animal sprang out of a thicket by the roadside—it looked, he thought, like a wildcat—and startled Brown Bess. She gave one leap, then dashed like lightning around the sharp edge of the precipice, saving herself with swift animal instinct, but flinging off her rider in the swerve. He felt himself flying through space, then dashed with violence against a jagged rock. After this he lost consciousness.

When he came to again he found himself lying among the rocks with his face upturned to the sky, with the intense blue full of sunshine bending down over him, it seemed, although so far away. He was in severe pain, badly injured, he knewperhaps nigh unto death-and that was Heaven! He was afraid of both, and still more afraid of that unseen God, whose are the forces of life and death, who opens or shuts the gates of Paradise. He thought, too, of the dead men on the glacier-he would also die like them. No one would find him in that lonely place! Then he would have to meet God! And what should he say? What could he say? He had not loved Him, had not served Him. The blue oppressed his eyes like a pain. This everlasting face to face with God! How could he bear it? Yet how had he borne it all his life? "It is no more now than it aiways has been, really," he murmured. What did God think of him? What had He been thinking of him all along?

His Harvard smartness was only another jangle where should have been music. He thought of his class-mates, the boys he knew, recalling their laughter and light sneers at religion. He had done his share of this—shame covered him at the thought—and an awful fear. "If I only had religion," he cried, "a religion like Tom's! Any religion, no matter what kind! It would be a comfort now, something to cling to, something to rest upon in face of that awful sky"—he shuddered as he spoke. "It is awful, that bright, blue eternity!"

He tried to hide his face in contrition, but found he could not move his shoulder. No, he must go on gazing up into it, into the Divine silences, as hurt soldiers do on a battlefield. Harvard skepticism was a poor pillow now. "Lord be merciful to me, a sinner!" he cried, helplessly. He could not pray he did not know any prayers! Then a light came to him. "Yes," he cried, "I do! I know what they say in Tom's church. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and in the hour of death!"

Then the blue quivered before him and he fainted away.

He recovered from this last swoon to feel a hand bathing his temples, a soft shadow had interposed between himself and the blue. It was the form of a good Samaritan, in priestly garb, who was bending over him with utmost tenderness.

"My poor boy!" the stranger spoke in a voice like music, "I know you are badly hurt, but keep up courage! I have sent for help. A man on the upper road found your horse," he explained, answering the sufferer's bewildered glance, "and then I found you. Lie still," he added quickly. noting Herbert's uneasy effort to move and the pallor of pain it brought. "Poor fellow! lie still in God's hand! Suffer like a hero. God intends all this for the best-only say 'Thy will be done!' God is all mercy and forgets the sins of youth and ignorance when we turn to Him with a contrite heart. God's Holy Mother has sent me to help you. She will intercede for you at the throne of mercy. She knows our weakness and her Blessed Son will hear her pleading."

The comforting words fell like dew on the poor boy's soul. The priest understood his uplifted gaze.

"You have been baptized?" the priest gently asked.

"Yes," faintly murmured the injured man.

"If you are penitent, my lad, and believe in our Lord Jesus Christ, He will shield you with His love and comfort you forever with His Presence. 'Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world!'" And the priest held out a little silver crucifix. Herbert clasped it with his quivering fingers, as if real help came with it.

"Try to make an act of contrition!" The lad's dull eye showed his lack of

comprehension. "You do not know. Well, repeat the words after me; do not tire yourself," and in feeble accents came the cry of penitence. "O my God, I am heartily sorrow for having offended Thee. I detest my sins most sincerely, not only because by them I have lost the right to Heaven and deserved everlasting pains of hell, but especially because I have displeased Thee, O my God, who art deserving of all my love. I resolve by 'thy holy grace nevermore to offend, and henceforth to amend my life."

Then the stately priest took from his pocket a small purple stole, placed it about his neck, and in a low voice pronounced the conditional absolution of Holy Church.

It was a solemn moment to the young penitent; he knew what he was doing, knew that this was a turning-point in his whole life. The noble form of the priest, standing there with his purple stole in the blazing sunshine, was full of strength. It dominated his own weakness, and he was grateful. The Blessed Virgin had heard his prayer, had sent a powerful deliverer—"Tom's Church" had come to his rescue. "She is my own Church now," he whispered, "and always shall be."

"The good God spare your life," answered the other in soft benediction. "He has work for you, my son. May He bless and keep you! Do not weary in well-doing! Work for God!"

Help soon arrived and Herbert Denham was borne home to his sorely agitated uncle. For many weeks he lay wavering between life and death. Besides his bruises and dislocated shoulder, some obscure but serious internal injury made his case hard to deal with. His improvement dragged wearily. His head ached—a result, the physician thought, of spinal lesion—and a teasing cough followed.

Through this period of suffering he had time for much thought. The gentle priest had vanished like a shadow; no one seemed to know who he was—a stranger, in all likelihood, from some distant field of labor. Denham had not even thought

to ask his name, but his words lingered as if written in fire.

"Work for God!" Yes, yet the first thing was to work out his own salvation. So he sent for Father Lanigan, the parish priest, who found in him a penitent of excellent dispositions. Tom Macmillan rejoiced sincerely over all this and was unwearied in attendance upon the invalid. Aghes, too, came once with her mother to visit him, and her sweet face shone down on him like a benediction. The brilliant Isabel failed to give any sign of regard; no message from her reached the sick room, and rumor already credited her with a new cavalier.

September came and the cough showed no real abatement, so the family physician ordered his patient off to the pine region of North Carolina, Tom Macmillan going with him as general caretaker and nurse. Here, in the health-giving air he gained strength, and was soon equal to short rambles in the resinous woods over their slippery floors of pine needles, where the warm sunshine threw slanting orange glows at sunset. He began to enjoy the novelty of it all. He amused himself with talking to the children of the poor "cracker" families, wondering at the universal shiftlessness and degradation. The misery of the negroes was still more in evidence. He emptied his purse for them, but effected no perceptible good. Macmillan organized a catechism class and tried to teach religion; but hunger, poverty and dense ignorance balked his efforts.

Denham's lonely strolls became times of serious thinking. He must "work for God" in His Church, which he had now entered. Well, he would be a priest-a few years of study would supplement his already fine education—and then his dreams flew on. He would do wonders when the chance finally came, rise to honors and dignities ecclesiastic, becoming a college president first perhaps, then a bishop, and so on. Everything looked possible under that warm sky-even to climbing the rosy peaks that serrated the dim distance. His New England ambitions had merely changed form, as a serpent his skin. They were ambitions still. One day's experience had, indeed, made a penitent of Denham, but in no wise a budding saint.

Yet another eventful day arrived. The end of a prolonged stroll brought him afresh to the home of misery, a cabin whose dilapidation was more than wretched. An ill-omened silence hung over it, and, softly peering in, he found himself face to face with death. An aged negro, neglected, untended, the prey of some frightful disease, was passing on swiftly to the Golden City of rewards and retributions. It was too late for any alms save that of prayer.

In that utter loneliness, which he felt as a physical oppression, Denham knelt to ask grace of God. A spot of blackness had shut out the wide, benignant sunshine. The miseries of God's creatures on earth, their unpitied needs, the neglect of souls, struck him with power. What if he had been left alone, a little time ago, to die in his sins? He had, indeed, been mercifully spared, but what of such as these? This poor soul was but one of thousands. "Lord, pity Thy poor!" he prayed, "the outcasts of Thy bright world. Be, Thyself, their salvation! They have only Thee!"

"Not so, my son!" answered a familiar voice. "Behold the Church of Christ, sent out to minister here and now—even as once unto thee."

Looking up, he again beheld the stately priest who had rescued him in his hour of darkness. The purple stole again brought its strange color into the yellow sunshine, then the solemn form entered into the shadow to administer the sacraments.

When it reappeared, one story of suffering had ended. "God rest the parted soul and receive it into His Kingdom," said the priest, making the holy sign. "That poor man was a Catholic—of scapular and rosary. I was sent to him in time, thank God! But not to you, my son! Not at all. What are you doing here?"

Herbert told the facts in few words, barely hinting at his future. How could he voice his ambitious yearnings there, in the awesome presence of Death? At the first word the stranger's eye began to flash and his lip curled.

"My son, we are called to a priesthood of sacrifice. You 'say but do not.' You say you would 'work for God.' Yes, I comprehend! but thus work in view of a Bishop's mitre or a Cardinal's red! God pardon us all! His Blessed Son 'came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give His life, a ransom for many.'"

The piercing eye turned away from Denham, as if the speaker had forgotten his presence. Its power was uplifted to the dazzling blue.

All at once he wheeled about with a magnificent gesture, pointing to the cabin.

"Is there no work here, my son? No royal claim of sin and poverty? These are the call of God, I know no other! I till the darkest corner of His field and bless the grace that sets me there."

The younger man caught his spirit. This great flery worker had been conquered by the Cross. Therefore he stood in the sun, eager, commanding, consumed with a thirst for sacrifice. Life had shown Denham nothing like this. How far from all his Harvard ideals! Yet the new grandeur was higher—yes, immeasurably greater! He bowed in spirit before the missionary priest.

"I will try to learn of you the more excellent way. But consider, Father, I do not yet even know your name."

"I am called Father Sebastian. My mission is to the black race, enslaved for generations, degraded and poor, yet the children of God and accepted of Him 'in the Beloved.'"

They had by this time reached a parting of the forest ways and Father Sebastian left him, not without a fervent benediction.

The new idea fought its way into Herbert's heart. Yet there were times when it seemed too hard for him. Must his climb to the skies begin in this lowliest of valleys. How could he renounce the higher sweetness of life? He had already sacrificed his Harvard ambitions; was he called to deeper renunciation? Was he to toil thenceforth in perpetual obscurity?

Then he would again behold the Cross and hear Father Sebastian's thrilling word, "Behold the Lamb of God." Surely that sacrifice was perfect, complete, without limitation. "The servant," he murmured, "is not greater than his Lord." Well, he would ask Agnes! He would return to New England forthwith, and whatever she said he would do.

Acting on this resolve he soon found himself in New York, where a sharp revelation met him. His uncle Philip had lost the bulk of his family fortune through the simultaneous failure of two New York houses. Yet he met this news with a smile. He had gained spiritual strength.

"I shall not fear the vow of poverty now," he said within himself. "God has taken this way of making it easy." He felt that Uncle Philip's wealth would only be a snare to him, a hindrance to his consecrated life. "If I am to climb mountains, I must not be weighted with money-bags," he cried, "it is all well."

Agnes Macmillan turned pale as Herbert told his story, but her answer rang clear as a silver bell.

"If the Lord calls you to this work among His poor, do not falter or fail Him. The archangels serve Him in all humility; what are we, that we should refuse? I, too, have to make a climb for the skies. You know the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Herbert. I am to enter there in October for my novitiate."

Herbert's agitation was clearly painted on his face. Another sacrifice, the greatest of all, had met him-truly, renunciation guarded every step of his ascent. The climb was harder than he dreamed. But a strange joy surged up in the young girl's heart. She saw how really he had The offered forgotten Isabel Moore. sacrifice would not be hers alone. The answering love, the yearned-for love, had come to her in the very midst of her surrender, even as she was yielding it up. But quickly she suppressed this human feeling and failing, in an offering to God, whose Divine promise flashed upon her, "Whosoever will lose his life for My sake, shail find it."

The young man had already found grace to meet the blow.

"Then, Agnes, we shall be together still"—he spoke bravely, though with quivering lip—"one in our work here and together at last, if God so wills, in His eternal and glorious Kingdom."

The die was cast, and Herbert Denham went into training for work among the lowliest of the lowly.

It was a strange, unworldly success that he achieved. Father Sebastian found him a man of great power and wonderful versatility. The greatness came of his humility. Uncle Philip acknowledged it in his way. "Strange about that boy, he would say. "A Roman Catholic. Well, I can not help that. He has thrown away everything—money, education and prospects—but, after all, I was never so proud of him as I am this day."

Tom Macmillan, too, remarked to Father Lanigan, years after, in his modest way, "I could not enlist, myself. you see, because of my lameness. But I brought you in a splendid recruit."

And the answer came heartily, "Yes. Tom; that you did!"

Hail, most high, most humble one! Above the world, below thy Son; Whose blush the moon beauteously mars, And stains the timorous light of stars.

He that made all things had not done Till He had made Himself thy Son. The whole World's host would be thy guest,

And board Himself at thy rich breast.

O boundless hospitality!
The Feast of all things feeds on thee.
The first Eve, mother of our Fall,
Ere she bore any one, slew all.

Of her unkind gift might we have Th' inheritance of a hasty grave, Quick buried in the wanton tomb Of one forbidden bit,

Had not a better fruit forbidden it,
Had not thy healthful womb
The World's new eastern window been,
And given us Heaven again in giving Him.

Thine was the rosy dawn that sprung the day,

Which renders all the stars she stole away.

Let then the aged World be wise, and all

Prove nobly here unnatural:

'Tis gratitude to forget that other. - And call the maiden Eve their mother.

Ye redeem'd nations far and near.
Applaud your happy selves in her;

(And you to whom this love belongs)
And keep 't alive with lasting songs.

Let hearts and lips speak loud and say.
Hail, door of life, and source of Day!

The door was shut, the fountain seal'd Yet Light was seen and Life reveal'd. The door was shut, yet let in day, The fountain seal'd, yet life found way.

Glory to Thee, great Virgin's Son! In bosom of Thy Father's bliss. The same to Thee, sweet Spirit! be done:

As ever shall be, was, and is.—Amen.

—The Hynn O Gloriosa Domina, rendered into English by Richard Crashaw.

O Mary Mother! be not loth
To listen—thou whom the stars clothe,
Who seest and mayest not be seen;
Into our shadow bend thy face,
Bowing thee from thy secret place,
O Mary, Virgin, full of grace!
—Dante Gabriel Rosetti.

BLESSED SEBASTIAN MAGGI, O. P., PRIEST.

(1496.)

Blessed Sebastian, of the noble family of the Maggi, was born at Brescia in the north of Italy early in the fifteenth century. From boyhood he gave evident signs of future sanctity, and, in order more effectually to secure his own salvation and to labor for that of others, he entered the Dominican Order at an early age. He ever united great innocence of life with the practice of severe bodily penance, observed his Rule with the minutest fidelity, and made rapid progress in learning and sanctity. His preaching was attended with wonderful success; he brought great multitudes of sinners to repentance, reconciled many who were at variance, and established or strengthened solid piety in several Italian cities.

He successively governed many Convents of his Order with great prudence and charity and built for his Brethren a much larger and more conveniently situated church than they had hitherto possessed in Milan, in which work he was greatly assisted by the alms of the faithful, and especially of Duchess Beatrice, whose Confessor he was. He twice held the office of Vicar of the reformed Congregation of Lombardy, and was the contemporary and for a time the Superior of another great servant of God, Father Jerome Savonarola, whom he appointed instructor of the Novices at the early age of twenty-nine, within seven years of the commencement of his noviciate. Burlamacchi says that Blessed Sebastian heard the confession of Savonarola more than a hundred times, and had for him all through his life the greatest possible esteem, as he regarded him as a man of pure and blameless life.

The virtues of Blessed Sebastian chiefly displayed themselves in his manner of governing. His authority was mingled with so much charity and humility that he seemed to be rather the servant than the superior of his Brethren. He loved with

his own hands to wait upon them when they were in health and to minister to them when they were sick. It was commonly said of him that he went to visit the sick as joyfully as some would go to a wedding. In correction, his only thought was the glory of God and the amendment of his subject; and he always sought to persuade the offender to acknowledge his fault before receiving punishment. you have committed a fault," he would say, "come to me, not as Prior, but as your father. If you will not have me as a father, you will find me a severe judge." Hence, to those who openly and readily acknowledged their faults, he was very indulgent, giving them secret penances and concealing their weakness from others, that so they might not be discouraged.

He was of most austere life and a rigid maintainer of religious observance. Never was he known to absent himself from the choir or the refectory; and he was loved and revered by all his subjects for his own exact obedience to the rules he enforced on others. He laboreu long at the reformation of the Convent of Lodi, where he and his Brethren led a very hard life, supported only by the alms which they daily begged from door to door.

Blessed Sebastian's death was hastened by his holding a visitation of his Province when he was suffering from grievous sickness and extreme old age. On arriving at the Convent of Santa Maria di Castello at Genoa, he turned to his companions and told them that this would be the place of his rest for ever. Having received the last rites of the Church, he peacefully departed to our Lord, 1496. His holy body remains incorrupt even to our own day; he has worked many miracles, and is held in great veneration. He was beatified by Clement XIII.

ENGLAND.

CANTO THIRD.

ı

"The Dane! The Dane!"—Wherever rang that cry Pale blanched the brave amid the wide dismay! Its cities wrapped in flames that reached the sky, To Christendom it seemed the Judgment Day! Long time was trembling England wont to pray—As all too feeble proved her coward sword—That Heaven might the visitation stay; And loud in public Litanies implored,—"From fury of the Dane deliver us, O Lord!"

II.

Grim, shaggy giants armed with knife and spear,
For plunder hungry and for blood athirst;
Sudden—at night—behold the Dane appear!
All slumberers rousing by their yells accursed;
Their demons forms revealed by flames that burst
From Christian homes!—No captive do they spare,
Nor age, nor sex, nor babe by mother nursed!
When gorged, the fiends unto their ships repair,
And o'er the seas in drunken brawls their booty share!

III.

In the detested catalogue of vice
That all impartial histories ascribe
To Englishmen, the chief is cowardice;
And marks the whole vile Scandinavian tribe!
By heavy tribute and enormous bribe
The Anglo-Saxon swineherds were right fain
To purchase peace and swallow Danish gibe—
While hatching secret plots—and yet in vain!—
Within a century all England served the Dane!

An invocation in the old Anglo-Saxon Litany of the Saints.
 The Danes would appear, retire and return with equal stealth and suddenness, intending in the beginning only to plunder and devastate; but eventually they came to stay.

IV.

Who help themselves may hope for Heaven's help!
Thus, while the English, sunk in swinish ease,
Crouched to the burly Dane like currish whelp;
The Irish beat the devils to the seas!
A very striking contrast, if you please!—
And several more these rhymes shall bring to light.—
The English sold the Dane their liberties;
While Christian Ireland ever judged aright
That Faith and Native Land were worthy of a fight!

٧.

No further here the contrast l'll-pursue,
As England's history, only, is my theme;
Yet note! the very year that Brian Boru
Broke Denmark's pride's the English crowned Dane Sweyn!
His son, Canute, espoused the English queen,
Notorious Emma! and their mongrel breed
Ruled England.—with as good a right, I ween,
As second thief, in good Scotch law decreed
The better owner when the legal owner's dee'd!

VI.

Proud England, trampled 'neath the Danish heel, Was back to former barbarism thrown;
And Saxon annals of the time reveal
Worse morals than to darkest ages known!
To Pagan ways the English ever prone,
Had little need the Danes should them entice;
No heart they ever had in Faith or throne;
And showed themselves in aping Danish vice
The irremediable slaves of cowardice!

VII.

Canute's stern laws and Dunstan's canons tell
To what a depth of moral pravity
The English—laity and clergy—fell
In crime 'gainst God and all humanity!
Idolatry, black art and witchery,

⁽³⁾ At the battle of Clontarf, 1014.

And old-time English vice of trafficking In their own flesh, and deeds incendiary O'er England! these, with theft and murdering By laity,—the Saxon priests concubining!

VIII.

Thus, England! to worse state than you reduced The Britons were you by vile Denmark brought! Your victim you've indecently traduced, And charged with evil state yourself had wrought !5 At Ireland, too, who for Religion fought-And whipped—the heathen Dane, you've flung your mire; Hence, hypocrite! your records shall be sought And published till just men have their desire And view you in your history's light—bold English liar!

IX.

The Dane and English got a hybrid race; So when Canute—the hardy—childless died, Without dispute was foisted in his place Saint Edward, brother of Ed. Ironside! Of course the law was clearly here defied;6 Yet, though for law no Saxon gave a curse, A saintly ruler might have edified A decent race; but, in direct reverse, The English under Edward went from bad to worse!

X.

With all the people obstinately bent On robbery and lust and drunkenness, And savage Earls all proud and turbulent; Poor Edward Confessor was powerless! To add to his unbearable distress,

^{(4) &}quot;The selling of slaves publicly prevailed during the whole of the Anglo-Saxon period. The English sold their own relatives to foreign markets. From Bristol to Ireland the slave ships salled regularly with a cargo of English children. In Ireland there was a ready and profitable narket for them." Lingard, Hist. Engl. Vol. I.

The insidious implication of this Englishman regarding the "ready Irith market" for slaves, falls to the ground when we recall the historical fact that by order of the Irish bishops the Irish people at once freed all the slaves purchased from the English; and the continued purchasing of the fair little children offered for sale by their inhuman parents had no more represensible note than the love of the Irish for children, or the purchasing of exposed Chinese babes by our Catholic Sisterhoods in China.

(5) It is the persistent fashion of English so-called historians to weep in true "Job Trotter" style over the "decadence of religious discipline, etc., among the Britons;" a very gracious practice seeing that whatever decadence there existed was due to Anglo-Saxon vice and villainy.

(6) The rightful heir was the son of Edmund Ironside—Edward the "Gut-law;" but what signifies it?

DOMINICANA

Upon his Norman prelates all made war And strove his Norman monks to clear suppress, In meanest effort all his work to mar, And base uphold the married clergy insular !7

To wield the sceptre over Englishmen "S. Edward lacked the due ferocity;" And England but became a fouler den And theatre of rampart infamy! So in the cause of sheer humanity The Confessor-who failed to leave an heir-Bequeathed to William Duke of Normandy The English crown; wherein he showed a care For England's present need and future true welfare!

XII.

But ere King Edward died, that bloody Earl, Bad Harold hight, fell into William's hands! His use right royal was-not as the churl Deserved—and "did him homage for his lands." The duke would swear him by Religion's bands To not oppose his right to England's throne; The bad Earl swore--though loose as desert sands The Saxon's oath,—as by the sequel shown When Harold seized the crown of England for his own!

^{(7) &}quot;It would have been well if the English could in some things have imitated the habit of the Normans; but since Alfred's days they had grown brutal in manners. The Norman clerzy were polished in manners, temperate in their habits, and distinguished for learning and plety." (Drane Hist. Engl. chap. 4th.)

"The reformation of abuses by Edward was frustrated chiefly by members of the House of Godwin, the enemies of Monasticism and the avowed patrons of a married and corrupted clerzy." (Guggenberger, S. J., Gen. Hist. of Christian Era, Vol. 1, page 241.)

(8) "He possessed not that energy of mind nor that fercity of disposition needed, etc. (Lingard, Hist. of Engl. Vol. 1., chap VI.)

(9) So known among the Welsh for his brutal massacre of hundreds of little native Welsh boys; "the extent of the slaughter of these innocents induced Edward Confessor to permit intermarriage of the Welsh and English by law" (Guggenberger, S. J., Gen. Hist. of Christian Era, Vol. 1, page 239.)

As the rose among flowers, so is the Rosary among devotions. As an ancient writer As the rose among howers, so is the Rosary among devotions. As an ancient writer beautifully expressed it, the Aves dropping from our lips are gathered up by angels, to weave in heavenly flowers our Lady's crown. And another happily said: "Mary has planted these mystic roses; Dominic has watered them; God has given the increase." The three parts of the Rosary are like different roses, of which some are white, and represent the joyful mysteries; others are red, and they are the sorrowful mysteries; and some incline to purple, and these are the glorious mysteries. Let us love and honor our Lady of the Rose and of the Rosary.

THE RIVER MIN.

REV. BERTRAND COTHONAY, O. P.

The river Min, compared with the Hoang-ho, Canton and Yang-tse-kiang
rivers, may be termed a mere brooklet.
The Min has its source in the mountains
northwest of Fokien; it crosses the entire
breadth of that province which is mountainous throughout. For twenty-five
miles it courses through a deep valley,
whose greatest width is two or three
miles; the river rushes onward in its
course through hills ranging in height
from one thousand to three thousand feet.
in some places roads are cut in the side
of the mountain, as no foot path is to be
found at the base.

These mountains have long since been cleared of forests. The lower hills are terraced and utilized by the Chinese in the cultivation of potatoes, peanuts and various vegetables. Many of the hillsides are studded with tombs which are shaded by lofty pines.

In the wildest part of the valley the alluvial deposits have enriched the soil in a wonderful degree. The tributaries of the Min have rendered irrigation easy, so that all along its banks at least two crops of rice and one, either of grain or coffee, are annually produced. The villages that are scattered throughout this vailey are characterized by the same repulsive features. The houses are low and poorly constructed. The streets, narrow and filthy, are swarmed with pigs, lean dogs, and overrun with children in scanty rags. The shop counters extend into the narrow streets, adding to the general discomfort. In the pagodas hideous idols, covered with cobwebs, are fast crumbling to dust. About the only agreeable feature of these villages is the shade afforded by the dense foliage of the banyan tree during the summer months.

It is not unusual to find a sort of triumphal arch at the entrance of some of these villages, monumental of the virtue of widows who have evidenced their fidelity to their departed husbands by not marry-

ing a second time. These arches, by special permission of the Emperor, are erected by the parents of the widow—sometimes during her lifetime. Flattering inscriptions in testimony of the virtue of the widow, greet the eye of the beholder, and invariably prove an incentive to the bereaved one to continue in the way that she has begun.

The cultivation of rice, to which the Chinese give so much time and attention. is attended with much labor, particularly in the matter of raising three crops a year.

As the Chinese are utterly ignorant of chemical methods of fertilization, and domestic animals are not numerous in those parts, they resort to methods which are the source of plague, cholera, leprosy and infection for miles around.

The details of Chinese methods would be as offensive to the cultured ear of progressive Americans whose cities are blessed with numerous deodorizers so that even the sewers may not "annoy the air" as the effluvia that greets the traveler and proclaims its species to the borders of the Min to the astonished nostrils of the civilized traveler.

And yet, the rice thrives—the Chinese rice growers die in multitudes; contagion assails the cities, and the survivors obstinately close the door upon modern innovators.

At the entrance to every Chinese village may be seen a monument of the superstitious practices of the inhabitants. It consists of a furnace dedicated to the ceremonious burning of all papers upon which the devotees have written their thoughts. The characters in which their thoughts are expressed are of divine revelation; hence, misfortune awaits the man who impiously or negligently allows these papers to be desecrated by scattering them about to be defiled by the foot of the passer-by. A pious confraternity looks after all papers that may have eluded the vigilance of the inspired writer thereon.

On certain days—probably three times a year—these papers are burned, the ashes plously collected by an official and carried to the river or to the open sea. The enthusiastic procession that accompanies the important official of the ashes keeps time to the solemn beat of the tom-tom.

The vessels that visit Fo-Kien ascend the Min about seventeen miles above its mouth and first secure anchorage in a strait near the Arsenal; it was called Pagoda Anchorage by the English. At this point the two arms of the Min—that had separated four miles above Fo-Kein, enclosing in their embrace the beautiful littile isle of Nantai—again meet and flow in unison to the sea.

The Pagoda Anchorage in the vicinity of Fo-Kien, is about ten miles in width. European settlers occupy one part of the Isle of Nantai, which had formerly been covered with ancient tombs. After much trouble and expense the residents have demolished the tombs and replaced them by

beautiful villas and delightful gardens. This spot contains the homes of foreign Consuls, prosperous tea merchants, employees of the Custom House and Protestant missionaries. Schools, churches and hospitals are found in this section. The Catholic Church Seminary and the residence of the Bishop are located on the Isle of Nantai, but very near the Min.

Owing to the alluvial formation of this region, habitations and beautiful gardens are frequently carried down the river by the strong currents. The Chinese quarter is located in the adjacent suburb towards the northwest and is about an hour's walk to the walled city.

As one advances towards Fou-Tcheou, he finds himself in the center of a beautiful plain, enclosed by picturesque mountains. This plain is about seventeen miles in length and from seven to ten miles in width. Fou-Tcheou is sourrounded by well-preserved walls, having gates and towers at equal distances.

TWO STAGES.

JAMES CONNOLLY.

I stood in manhood's morning prime
The peer of any of my time—
The peer, as men are gauged to-day;
By gifts divine they fling away.
With lust of gold my heart was fired,
'The more of riches I acquired
The more the burning thirst consumed—
My life, my very soul seemed doomed,
While on mine ears unceasing came
The honeyed sounds of men's acclaim,
And Woman, with resistless wiles,
Lavished on me her dazzling smiles.

Then came the change, as soon or late It comes to all. Ah, welcome fate! Failure and loss my heart have bowed And nowhere amid the jostling crowd Is left one friend to call mine own—I am forsaken and alone With thee of all I loved and knew. Through good and ill unswerving, true And faithful as when in our halls Glittered the showy festivals, And fashion's brightest arts decoyed Only to leave an aching void.

Sing me to-night a simple song
To soothe to peace and make me strong—
A melody of love and youth—
A harmony of joy and truth,
Such as the wind in Maytime brings,
Rose perfumed, on its dewy wings—
That in it hath the entrancing call
To prayer and holy penance, all
The rapture of the vesper hymn—
The glory of the seraphim—
And, chastened wing my poor soul's flight
Up, up beyond this realm of night!

LA MISERICORDIA.

MARY J. O'NEILL.

In the beautiful Tuscan city of Florence in Italy, more than six hundred years ago, there was organized one of the greatest benevolent societies that the world has ever known. The story of its origin is very interesting and shows how even the most humble and unknown person may accomplish some great and lasting good when sincerely in earnest in his efforts. Piero di Luca Boorsi, a common street porter who lived in the thirteenth century in Florence, was the founder of The Brotherhood of Mercy, known by the name Miscricordia.

At that time Florence was at the zenith of her wealth and fame. Her poets, painters, scholars and statesmen were attracting the admiration and notice of the whole world, and her mercantile and woolen manufacturing industries were also famous. In consequence of these latter, a large number of porters were needed and it was their custom to congregate round the church of the Baptistry near the great Cathedral. Many or them lived in that neighborhood and all spent the intervals of work there where they amused themselves with games and conversation. Like many men of the lower walks of life, these porters were much addicted to the habit of profane speech. Piero was one of these porters and had the distinction of being the eldest of them all. It seems that he was also the most God loving and God fearing man of the number, for the history of the brotherhood, as written by a traveler of note. tells that Piero was greatly shocked and often tried vainly to correct his companions of this bad fault.

At last as their elder, he proposed that a fine of a crazia (three farthings) be made for each offense against God or the Virgin Mary. All liked and respected the good old man and therefore, all agreed to this, and the fines were dropped through

a small hole into a covered box prepared for the purpose. In a short time the box was full, so strongly rooted was the bad habit of profanity with them. Then Piero proposed that part of the contents of the box be devoted to some form of charity, and he suggested that six litters be purchased to serve for the six divisions of the city and that they each attend them in turn. "Thus," said Piero, "we shall be in readiness to carry to their homes, or to the hospital all who may meet with accidents of any kind, and we shall also carry to the churches such as may fall dead, be slain or drowned; and we shall agree for each several journey of this nature, the porters shall receive a giulia (sixpence) from the box." To this worthy plan the porters all agreed, and they persevered so well and so faithfully in their good work that they soon won the admiration and good will of the whole community. Often persons were so pleased and edified that they wished to give the porters money as a present, but Piero would not permit them to accept it, saying that each one must do the work cheerfully and without bribes, looking only for his reward in eternity. At the sound of their bell, which can be heard in all parts of the city from the top of Giotto's wonderful tower, they never fail to assemble in more than sufficient numbers. Their dress is very peculiar and is worn as a disguise, for it is not their purpose to be known in person as they do the work of mercy. It consists of black flowing robes of sack cloth from head to foot, girded at the waist; a hood which not only covers the head, but falls down over the face and to the breast, with two small peep holes for the eyes. Each one carries a rosary, and at his shoulder a black broad-brimmed hat, which is put on over the hood when the hands are engaged. They present a strange and rather startling spectacle when seen for the first time

nger, especially if that first time in the night.

ome years the porters desired to as for regular meetings, but, not afficient money, they made an aphe city in the following unique

They placed a painting of the ist at the door of the Baptistry e foot of it they put a box, upon appeal for alms was inscribed. ght the box was overflowing and erhood, instead of renting rooms, d several and continued holding stings and increasing their charie porters would not admit other . to their ranks, so other similar ere formed throughout the city, e year 1423 they were united into sty and governed by eight capnotary and a purveyor. Priests les are members of the order, a certain number of the former itted to join. It is not a religious and their charity is general to all id peoples. In the fourteenth and centuries Florence was visited by ue, and during one of these visiibout six hundred persons died hese were busy days for the , and the records of their institution show the immensity of their work. They were always on hand to take the sick to the hospitals and the dead to the graves. As they went along the streets they were preceded by one ringing a bell warning persons to escape from their approach, lest the infection should be spread. It is a remarkable fact that very few of themselves ever suffered from the disease.

In times of wars, both civil and foreign, the Misericordia were never molested or hindered in any way in the performance of their duties, so great was the respect in which they were held by all.

When the French invaded Florence, Napoleon gave them a set of keys to the city gates. He was so impressed with the good work that he was making preparations for the establishment of a like institution in Paris, when his defeat put an end to all his plans.

While La Misericordia originated in Florence it flourished in all Tuscan cities and throughout all Italy, there are societies of a general similarity though not entirely on such broad lines of charity. Early in its history the brotherhood received the blessing and approbation of the Archbishop of Florence, who convened the society for that purpose.

e accord, O Mother fair, dren offer as a prayer ted bloom of roses rare.

ver is heard and answered; we from thy dear hand the free thy Lord commits to thee!

il before thy shrines to prove r's care: from Heaven above he pledges of our love.

s we bring to thee, nor gold; e baskets only hold athèd flowers of field and wold:

ly violet's penury, wy lily's chastity, ple rose's agony!

lle our loving hands would frame y chaplet, we proclaim ad yet again thy Name.

our favoring Patron here; our Guide in deserts drear; our Help when death is near! How well thy client Gusman wrought Thy will in every deed and thought— The weaving of thy Rosary taught!

On earth, a grateful task and sweet! But oh, more grateful, should our feet But gain at last the heavenly seat!

Then sweeter far 't will be to raise To thee a wreathed song of praise, O Virgin blest, through endless days.

Take to your hearts the roses rare Your Mother giveth to your care, And joyous weave the chaplet fair.

Lo! we obey the high command: What then shall be the guerdon grand? O trust the issue to her hand!

Yes, trust in her who shall unfold In Heaven her great reward—behold For wreathing roses, crowns of gold!

—Leo XIII.

THE APOSTLE S. THOMAS IN AMERICA.

REV. P. DE ROO.

We have not sufficient space for the names of all the authors who advocated the thesis of S. Thomas' mission in America. Many might be quoted besides Gar-Torquemada, Siguenza, and other Spanish writers, besides Kingsborough, Gleeson, De Costa, and modern authors generally; but it is easily observed that they all establish their opinion upon identical foundations, to wit, upon the authority of ancient and revered writers, who may have had a knowledge of America's existence and of its religious condition from human sources, yet especially drew their conclusions from statements of Holy Writ; and again, upon the vestiges and traditions of the New World that are adduced as evidences of S. Thomas' mission in our hemisphere.

The first of the authorities quoted is that of S. Clement, a contemporary of the apostle S. Thomas from whom he may have learned the existence of "the other world" that he speaks of in his letter to the Corinthians.

Solorzano states, in spite of his wishes, that there seems to be vestiges of Gospel preaching in the New World, and adds that Tertullian, after having asserted that the voice of the apostles and the doctrine of Christ had been heard by all nations of the earth, especially enumerates the Parthians, the Medes, the Elamites, the inhabitants of Mesopotamia, the Armenians,, the Phyrgians, the Cappadocians, the people of Pontus, Asia Minor and Pamphylia, the Egyptians, the Africans, the Romans, the Jews, the Gentiles, the Moors, the Spaniard, the Gauls, the Britons, the Sarmatians, the Dacians, the Germans, and the Scythians; and then subjoins that the same voice and doctrine had been heard by the inhabitants of many more strange countries and islands unknown to us, and which, he says, we could not enumerate, yet in which is known the name of Christ, who has come and reigns before whom the gates of all cities have been opened and none remained closed,

before whom all iron chains have been broken and steel locks have been unbarred. "Does not Tertullian," Solorzano says, "indicate, as it were, with his finger the distant regions of which we have no knowledge?"—of America? Tertullian also applies to the apostles personally the words, "Their sound hath gone forth into all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the whole world."

S. John Chrysostom and Theophylactus are likewise of the opinion that the gospel was preached among all the nations of the earth before the destruction of Jerusalem, by the Roman general Titus.

Oviedo and others refer to the learned Pope, S. Gregory, who plainly asserts that the mystery of our redemption has been announced in every part of the world. The two great continents of America could not well be excluded from the meaning of such an expression.

There is no human record to show that the possibility, not to say the probability, of the apostles' preaching in every continent of the world, ever was an actual fact: but is not the Sacred Book the most reliable of all histories, or does the truth of the inspired word depend on confirmation by a few remnants of the old writings of pagan authors, who took no interest in events relating to a new religion which they considered an insignificant, contemptible sect? The silence of secular history could, at best, make out an argument ob ignorantia, a passive reason drawn from ignorance.

It is proposing a weaker argument still, to say that the apostles could not evangelize the New World because of the impossibility of communication between it and the Old World. Indeed, it is well known that long voyages were accomplished at the time of our Redeemer and previously to it. The Americans sailed to Europe about that time, and we see the apostles' countrymen regularly gathering in Jerusalem from every part of the globe.

Would it, therefore, be an unreasonable

to assume that S. James, S. S. Thomas found, either in the in ports or in those of the Red cls waiting to transport them to tican shores? The relative defile the history of our ancestors is altogether too proud of our modern progress, and makes us that the messengers of the Albuld not sail to those Polynesian and to the adjoining continental which must have navigated at ant epoch the savage tribes who hem to this day.

however, for the sake of argugranted that human means of ation to America from Palestine ean coasts were unknown during me of the apostle S. Thomas. logically follow that S. Thomas r in America, that the apostles eached in every country of the is not the whole establishment of ity one single great miracle, too iced? Are not the historically urneys and voyages of the twelve a real prodigy?

no himself, confesses his belief ssibility of the true faith being the apostles over all the regions rth, how distant soever and unnd if, he says, the spread of the as to be made in a miraculous as civil history amply testifies it e is no reason to deny that the of Christ may have penetrated y country, no matter how dishow little known, in a shorter time than that in which the proacuc was transported from Judea on and back again or the deacon om the desert to Azotus. The eed, that we positively ...now of tles' distant peregrinations is fficient that "the Lord worked

mas, in particular, travelled all Parthia, Medea, Persia, Hircania ria, and then went on further dia proper where Greek-speaking congregations still exist at Socoplace where the missionary Theoas preaching at the time of

Emperor Constantine, where, in the sixth century, Cosmas Indicopleustes, Arabian freighters in the ninth, and finally the Portuguese in the year 1507, met with a Christian population. According to the traditions of the Syrian Christians, the apostle passed by Socotera and landed at Cranganor, where the first conversions of the Indians took place. He established Christian communities all over the coasts of Coromandel and Malabar, until he shed his blood for the doctrine he was teaching in a place since called Beit Tumae or House of Thomas. This tradition is related already by S. Gregory of Nazianzen and by a merchant of Alexandria, who found Christians also in Ceylon. Nicephorus and generally the authors above related by Solorzano further state that S. Thomas preached among the Chinese and the easternmost nations of India. It would. therefore, be no great wonder if he had followed those people on their eastward route to Polynesia and to our continent.

There are, indeed, to be found in America, some prehistoric vestiges that point to the apostle S. Thomas' presence.

It is not time yet to follow the traces of Christian doctrine and of Christian practice which the discoverers of the sixteenth century noticed in every part of our hemisphere, and we shall now only refer to such particulars as bear directly upon the question at issue.

The most ancient traditions of the Peruvians tell of a white bearded man, named "Thonapa Arnava," and religiously honored in Callao, who arrived in Peru from a southern direction, clothed with a long violet garment and red mantle. He taught the people to worship Pachacamac. the Supreme God and Creator, instead of the sun and moon; he healed the sick and restored sight to the blind. Everywhere at his approach, the demons took to flight. With the chief of Peccaritampu, he left his notched stick to remind him of the commandments. After he had cursed the city of Yamquerupa, that had persecuted him and was afterwards engulfed by the ocean, he was made a prisoner in Caravaya and led to the adjoining hill, to the top of which he had carried a cross.

appeared to him and touched his bonds, he escaped, sailing, together with the young man, on his mantle spread open on the lake. He finally arrived at Capacabana by the lake Titicaca, where he was put to death, and his corpse was placed on a canoe which, destined for a barren island, foundered in the waves.

Horn also testifies to the common opinion of the learned that S. Thomas preached in America. Many more could be mentioned, but we make free to suppose that the amount of evidence produced may be sufficient to convince an unprejudiced reader that probably the Christian religion was promulgated in all the principal parts of the world already at the time of Christ's apostles, America not being excepted. Gaffarel reaches the climax of German hypercriticism when he, after admitting the fact of the South American tradition in behalf of the preaching of S. Thomas on our continent, tries to explain it away in the following fashion: "Is it not very likely," he asks, "that those pious legends are inventions of missionaries who wanted to be important? We feel inclined to believe," he adds, "that during the first days of the conquest in the sixteenth century, some Spanish priest had tried to evangelize the American natons and had partly succeeded, and that his memory has lasted. The Indians, though unacquainted with chronology, have mistaken years for centuries and the facts of yesterday for events of the long ago." Does Gaffarel truly believe that the Peruvians and the Mexicans had no chronological records; that the Indians credited with no little amount of intelligence, solemnly declared to be ancestral tradition of the mystic past that which they, themselves, had heard for the first time from a stranger trying to subvert all their ancient belief? Well-known history tells us that in no country of America has there been the space of a lifetime between the first Spanish priests' arrival and the presence of those who first recorded the venerable legends. In fact, it is historically certain that during the sixteenth century and ever since the Christian mis-

Set free again by a beautiful boy, who sionaries have immediately succeeded one another in every part of America, in such a manner that Gaffarel's explanation cannot be admitted without impeachment of the first missionaries' veracity. And does he believe that the first Spanish priests who sought and found in Brazil and Paraguay a martyr's—that is, a truthful witness'-death, went out there to convince the hostile barbarians of fabricated aboriginal traditions of their own? Does he believe that the hundreds of missionaries in every portion of South America have conspired to set forth as ancient traditions of the natives the actions and teachings of their companions, not one being intelligent enough to discover, and honest enough to expose the pious fraud? To admit all this the French savant needs to be more credulous than critical.

> Solorzano, whose task it was to prove that the Spaniards had been the first apostles of America, and therefore, had another title of dominion, a thesis false from one end to the other, appeals to the authority of Herrera, who is of the opinion in that passage that not one of the apostles of Christ ever set his foot on American soil: and to Davalos, who states that Ramirez, bishop of La Plata in Peru. had inquired into the particulars of the cross of Carabuco and other legends, and had found them to be unreliable. He is obliged, for the sake of his cause, to discard the historic bearing of Indian traditions generally. Yet, unable to deny all credibility of the curious ancient reports, he finally takes up courage to conclude that they who first taught the Christian religion in America were the very devils if not Spaniards, and at the acknowledged loss of his principal proposition, he consoles himself with the erroneous idea that the American aborigines had forgotten every Christian notion at the time of his dear countrymen's appearance among them. The contrary, however, is evident, as we shall see later on; and we would hardly mistake in saying that the greater half of Christian doctrines and practices were kept alive among the more civilized nations of our continent at the beginning of the sixteenth century.

The tracks of Christian messengers in Central America looked actually so new and fresh at the time, that considering the general laws of civil and religious progress and retrogression, we could hardly accept the theories of those who, like Horn, contend that S. Thomas was only indirectly known in America, namely, that the lasting memory of the apostle had been imported by the Tartars or Scythians, who had, according to high probabilities, peopled the greater portion of the American territory. S. Thomas has, indeed, most likely preached to the Scythians in Asia, but it is not, according to ordinary human events, probable that their children migrating far away would have preserved, with relative purity, ennobling doctrines of a mother country which soon fell back into abject barbarism. Moreover, we shall notice further on that the Tartar migrations seem to be rather pre- than post- Christian; and, if the remembrance of S. Thomas had been imported only, the vestiges of the Apostle's departing feet could not have been impressed upon the rocks of the Brazilian Andes. This same reasoning, we think, holds out against the few who suppose that the name of, and the veneration for, the Brazilian "Meyre Human" may have been introduced by the migrating disciples of "Mar Tomas," who, about the year 600, restored in the East Indies the Christian religion, then much neglected there, and of whom mention is made by Luis de Guzman in his "Indian Expeditions," by de Bairos and other writers.

Sahagun, as we noticed before, and a few more authors have fallen into another excess by identifying the Apostle S. Thomas with the Mexican Quetzal-coatl, who, let it be remarked at once, has all the appearances of belonging to a later period. Bancroft makes a statement which, if correct, ought to settle this question to the satisfaction of the learned dissidents, and to reconcile Sahagun with himself. He says, "During Olmec period—that is, the earliest period of Nahua power—the great Quetzalcoatl appeared. His teachings, according to the traditions, had much in

common with those of Christ in the Old World, and most of the Spanish writers firmly believed him to be identical with one of the Christian Apostles, probably S. Thomas. We shall find very similar traditions of another Quetzalcoatl, who appeared much later, during the Toltec period. As we shall see," he says, "the evidence is tolerably conclusive that the two are not the same; yet it is more than likely that the traditions respecting them have been considerably mixed, both in native and European hands."

No better arguments to prove the personal difference between the Apostle S. Thomas and the later famous Mexican Quetzalcoatl could possibly be offered than those held out by Sahagun himself, commented by Dr. de Mier. Quetzalcoatl, he very correctly says, established in New Spain monastic institutions, where were taken the three usual VOW8. whose inmates went around begging the necessaries of life, clad in white tunics, with their arms crossed on their breasts and their heads humbly bowed down. The first institution of monks, at least of this kind, is not anterior to the fourth century. The brilliant clothing of Quetzalcoatl was that of Oriental bishops, never worn by the Apostles of Christ, and the papas of New Spain, whom we might call vestiges of him, were vested, like our bishops, even with the mitre, which consisted of most exquisite feather work, while the priests in all religious functions made use of rochets or surplices, all things unknown to the Apostles. Some authors pretend that the crosses found in America date from S. Thomas; but they could have been given only by a later Quetzalcoatl, since the cross became an object of glory and veneration, publicly at least, no sooner than at Emperor Constantine's time. If the vestiges of Christianity found in Central America date, as is generally admitted, from Queztalcoatl, it is evident that this missonary was a personage distinct from the Apostle S. Thomas, because of the following further reasons:

The bishops of ancient Anahuac were, it is true, elected in Oaxaca by popular vote, as were the first bishops of the

Church, but they were also consecrated with holy oil, as was the Emperor of Mexico, whilst at the Apostles' time the Order was conferred only by the imposition of hands. The constant psalmody that resounded night and day in the Mexican monasteries, and the offices of archdeacons, chanters, treasurers and school directors, that were all found in the teocallis of New Spain, are no apostolic institutions. The first bishops of the Church were called elders, but those of Mexico bore the title of bishops of later times; that of Pope, Father-a name evidently imported, as it has in the Mexican tongue no meaning at all. The explanation of this name, of the facts just mentioned, and of many more of the same nature, is obvious if Quetzalcoatl had been an abbot or bishop of a later period, but it seems impossible in the supposition that S. Thomas and the famous Central American civilizer were one and the same person. Sahagun, who had no idea of the Irish abbot S. Brendan, finally concludes that the remains of Christian doctrine and cult found in America at the beginning of the sixteenth century had their foundation in the teachings, not of the Apostle S. Thomas, but of some other bishop of the Oriental or Asiatic Church; perhaps, he says, of the homonymous S. Thomas who worked so many prodigies in East India during the fifth and sixth centuries, and is so highly celebrated in the Syriac liturgy.

Veytia is of the opinion that two great apostles preached in America; the former twelve years, he says, after the death of Christ, the other during the fifth or the sixth century of the Christian era. It is. indeed, almost historically certain that Quetzalcoatl represents two very distinct Christian teachers and civilizers of the New World. We could not reasonably deny that some of the apostles of Christ, apparently S. Thomas, have preached in our continent. The highly probable inductions from Holy Scripture must needs influence the opinion of Christian students, as they did the persuasion of several ancient Fathers of the Church. Nor can any serious historian afford to

simply overlook the old American traditions, so singularly consistent in so many different parts of our extensive hemisphere. S. Thomas and the disciples, whom he ordained to assist and to succeed him, as did all the other apostles of Christ, had not the lasting success of S. Peter in Rome; but other missionaries followed him in early Christian centuries, morals and worship, of which the Spaniards have met so many evident vestiges at the time of their discovery and conquest.

The first epoch of America's evangelization belongs most probably to the era of its primordial and unsurpassed glory, since we find in one of its most magnificent ruins, in the Temple of the Cross of Palenque, artistic relics which many learned antiquarians have considered as indubitable tokens of Christian worship. Historical severity prevents us from proposing our argument in a more convincing form; but we trust that the simple exposition of ancient traditions and facts entitles us to the conclusion that the grandeur of prehistoric America was owing to both primeval divine revelation and to its completion in the Christian dispensation, the two actually being but one.

Divine teaching was the source of ancient America's glory, its neglect the cause of the degradation of our modern Indians. To prove this latter assertion. we shall endeavor to give a brief description of the American people as the Spaniards and other European nations first found them to be: sunken, in many respects, to a level below that of the redskins of these United States, in spite of the commixture, in some districts, of social features pertaining to a kind of civilization, whose semi-historical traditions allow us a glance into the condition of nations that had perished and disappeared already.

Before proceeding further we wish to state, however, that we do not consider every American nation of the fifteenth century as having lost the last tenet of religious doctrine and morals, for we shall fortunately have many occasions to notice the reverse. Yet, so deeply was primitive revelation obscured in the minds of our aborigines generally, that Daniel G. Brinton feared not to assume to prove a sweeping preconceived theory, according to which the very idea of God and of religion worth the name had disappeared from every nook and corner of the western continent. He declares, while depriving American mythology of all historical value, that the myths kept fresh by rehearsal were constantly nourished by the manifestations of nature, "which gave them birth." And in the treatment of his subject he considers the whole aboriginal people of America as a unit.

Winsor tersely and correctly observes that "this unity of the American races is far from the opinion of other ethnologists." ogists." The same judicious author further remarks that Brinton enforces his view of the American hero-gods, as if these were a spontaneous production of the mind and not the reminiscence of historic events, as well as other views of his, with a degree of confidence that does not help him to convince the cautious reader, as when he speaks of the opinions of those who disagree with him "as having served long enough as the last refuge of ignorance." Brinton allows himself other disparaging assertions in the defence of his solitary system, when he says that "he does not know of a single instance on this continent of a thorough and intelligent study of a native religion made by a Protestant missionary"; and again when he masses the evidence to show, as he thinks, that "on Catholic missions has followed the debasement. and on Protestant missions the destruction, of the Indian race." I would exceed the limits of my plan by proving his injustice towards the civilizing action of Catholicity—as in Mexico—and I leave it to Protestant writers to clear their churches from the other reproach. Brinton's fundamental thesis receives some strength from E. G. Squier's tendency to consider all American myths as having some force of nature for their motive, and H. H. Bancroft pays respectful attention to this theory, which, as a general thing, is devoid of a foundation. As for ourselves, we do not set up any a priori system; but, as it behooves an historian, we look for precise statements of facts, which we record as we find them, reserving the right, however, to draw from them such general conclusions as their number and similarity may force upon an attentive observer."

WAITING AT THE TUNNEL.

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

A pause while the great engine's flery

Throbbed in impatient pain,
Waiting its watchful driver's signal,
"Start,"

To tread the wave-girt plain.

Around us rose the hills, the tunnel near Yawned lone and darkly grim; Beyond, a warning whistle, note of fear, Rang through its shadows dim.

Then as the flery dragon rushed of old Forth from its gloomy cave, We saw the glittering monster outward rolled,

Gleaming with trappings brave.

A flash, a rush of flying wheels, the scream Of a fierce signal blast,

he waving of a sunny plume of steam, The Money King swept past.

CHARITY.

SISTER IMELDA. O. P.

From out the treasure of a winged Past Full oft have sunny days come to me here,

And days of gloom and starless nights of fear Have o'er my heart pain's blackest

But folded close within the arms of Time, A day of which I dream doth tranquil sleep

A day whose great fruition we would reap,
And call it ever godliness sublime.

h, blessed day! whereon sweet charity Shall rule triumphant, and dire hate and scorn

Shall silent fiee, before the glorious morn Of perfect Love's own tender ministry.

SCRIPTURE STUDY—A REVIEW.

REV. J. R. NEWELL, O. P.

We regret to have to animadvert unfavorably on the manner in which Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S. S., handles the Bible in a recent volume from his pen, entitled Special Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament: Part I, The Historical Books.

After the Sacraments we have nothing more sacred than the written word of God, and the index of our reverence for that word is the respect we show for the traditional teaching of the Church relative to the Sacred Scriptures, of which she is the divinely constituted depositary and guardian.

We say advisedly traditional teaching, not as referring only to the Church's infallible dicta on questions of the Bible—which are rare indeed; but as appealing to the consensus of Catholic doctors and theologians, whose works, universally approved and long taught in our Catholic seminaries, have been the guides of the Catholic clergy throughout the Christian world for centuries.

Clear, sound and certain must be the criteria on which a contrary novel teaching would seek now to prevail; and for a Catholic writer to ignore or set aside these learned and time-honored masterguides in favor of the carping puerilities of modern hypercritical triflers, seems to us as bordering very closely on temerity.

In this Special Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament, the author treats each book under the principal heads of "Authenticity" and "Historical Character," and on each of these heads discusses the comparative merits of the "traditional view" and "recent theories." Regarding his work as a discussion, we cannot admit that it is either favorable or fair to the Catholic side; while, considered as a text-book—which it pretends to be—for conveying to students any solid, positive teaching, the work, in our opinion, is a failure.

Is it fair to treat the traditional Catholic teaching merely as a "view" because it may not be infallibly defined dogma, or to present that teaching in the most meager form, and then proceed to overwhelm it by a long array of contrary "recent theories?" And is it fair to rule the Catholic arguments out of school because some Catholic writers—of no great note—"have changed," and have abandoned the Catholic position for the shallow conceits of non-Catholic or anti-Catholic scribblers?

And, as a would-be text-book for the schools, is such shady and resultless disquisition on the Sacred Scriptures the right kind of priming in which to equip the seminarist in those solid and positive Catholic convictions demanded by the clerical profession?

The reason for these questions will be found, we think, in the author's mode of treating the several books of Sacred Scripture—notably the five books of Moses or the Pentateuch.

Under the heading of "Authenticity" he discusses—but not settles—the question of the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, and presents the two sides of the discussion, "traditional" or Catholic and "recent theories," pointing out the two sources of evidence on which both sides seek to establish their "views."

To take, as a single instance, the argument advanced by traditional Catholic teaching for the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, on the external evidence afforded by the positive testimony of the Gospels; how does the author treat that argument? After citing, for the traditional Catholic teaching, a single text from John v:46, "Moses wrote of me," he suggests, among other futilities, that "Christ used here the language of Jewish" (probably false) "tradition with regard to the nomenclature of the books of the Old Testament" . . and "to use these

words of Christ as conclusive of the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch would be to misapply them and hinder the freedom of reverent criticism!" That is, "modern criticism" irreverently requires us to regard Jesus as a time-server; and, on a matter of supreme importance and of necessary direct religious teaching, to have spoken only according to the ignorance and Mosaic prejudice of his day! Can this be taught in our Cath-

clic seminaries?

But let us clear up and end the matter by instituting a simple parallel in which every Catholic layman or woman who can read may easily form a fair judgment and conclude, in conformity with Catholic teaching, that so essential is the connection of the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, as we now have it, with the authority of the Gospels, that both must stand or fall together.

Math. viii:4, "Go show thyself to the priest and offer the gift which Moses prescribed for a testimony unto them."

Math. xix:7-8, Referring to the "command of Moses to give a bill of divorce."

Math. xxii:24, the Sadducees tempting Him said, "Moses said, When brethren dwell together and one of them dieth without children," etc.

Mark vii:10, "For Moses said, 'Honor thy father and thy mother,'" etc.

Mark xii:26, Christ argued with the Sadducees thus: "And as concerning the dead, have you not read in the book of Moses how in the bush God spoke to him, saying: I am the God of Abraham and the God of Isaac and the God of Jacob," etc.

Luke v:14, the same testimony referring to "command of Moses" relative to lepers.

I.uke xx:28-37, same testimony referring to "command of Moses to give a bill of divorce."

Luke ii:22, "And after the days of her purification, according to the law of Moses, were accomplished," etc.

Luke xxiv.27, "And beginning at Moses and all the Prophets, He expounded to them in all the Scriptures the things that were concerning him."

Luke xxiv:44, "All things must needs be fulfilled which are written in the law of Moses and in the Prophets and in the Psalms concerning Me."

John i:17, "For the law was given by Moses."

John 1:45, "Philip findeth Nathaniel and saith to him: We have found Him of whom Moses and the Prophets did write—Jesus, Son of Joseph of Nazareth."

Leviticus xiv:2 and following.

Deuteronomy xxiv:1.

Deuteronomy xxv:5.

Exodus xx:12. Deuteronomy v:16.

Exodus iii:6.

Leviticus xii:6-8. Exodus xiii:2. Numbers viii:16.

Genesis xlix:10. Deuteronomy xviii:18. John iii:14, "As Moses lifted up the Serpent in the desert," etc.

Numbers xxi:9.

John v:45-47, "There is one that accuseth you—Moses, in whom you trust. For if you did believe Moses, you would perhaps believe me also; for he wrote of me. But if you do not believe his arritings, how will you believe my words?"

John vii:19, "Did not Moses give you the law," etc.
And many other places in the Four

Gospels.

While maintaining the total authenticity of the Mosaic Pentateuch, Catholic ecclesiastical writers, of any note, never were so rigid as to assert that each and every word fell from the pen of Moses. Writers like S. Jerome and others hold that Josue supplied the eight last verses of Deuteronomy regarding the death of Moses. The same may be held of certain little explanatory notes; but such little exceptions (which, by the way, Catholics hold to have been inspired) cannot, except among carping hypercritics, put in question the integrity of the Pentateuch as the work of Moses.

OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY.

EDITH R WILSON.

Our Lady of the Rosary, I seem to see her stand, With prayerful eyes to Jesus raised, Her chaplet in her hand.

Dear Lady of the Rosary, How bright the vision grows! How fair around thy virgin brow The starry radiance glows

Christ's sweet Evangelist art thou, Bright harbinger of dawn; The blessed day star from on high. Fore heralding the morn.

When to the chaplet of thy joys We make our glad replies, We tell the tale of Jesus' life As seen through Mary's eyes.

When in the dolors of our Lord We bear our chastened part, We see the glitter of the sword Which pierced our Lady's heart.

But in thy Glorious Mysteries, His praises, with thine own, Unite to form a path of light Up to the Father's throne.

Our Lady leads us to our Lord By gentle ways and tender, Weaving of Jesus' Mysteries A crown of wondrous splendor.

The first bright link, the Angel laid Upon our Lady's breast; The last, is bound to Jesus' throne. Where Mary found her rest.

And so we tell her chaplet o'er, Passing from gem to gem, Until there flashes on our sight Faith's mystic diadem.

EDITORIAL.

Next in dignity to that of Christmas, the Immaculate Conception of our Blessed Mother is the special feast of December. The foundation glory of our Lady, on it are all the other graces and splendors of her power and holiness built. No more fitting preparation can we make for our Lord's coming than a devout commemoration of His Blessed Mother's beautiful December feast.

Of this latter Father Tabb's exquisite lines are a loving reminder:

A dew-drop of the darkness born
Wherein no shadow lies;
A blossom of a barren thorn,
Whereof no petal dies.
A rainbow beauty passion-free
Wherewith was veiled Divinity.

Of the former he also sings in strains of tender reverence, which we are happy to repeat:

Save through the fiesh Thou wouldst not come to me—
The fiesh, wherein Thy strength my weakness found
A weight to bow Thy Godhead to the ground,
And lift to Heaven a lost humanity.

From the learned work of the Reverend P. de Roo of Portland, Oregon, entitled HISTORY OF AMERICA BEFORE COLUMBUS, published in two sumptuous volumes by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, we have made a generous extract as given in the present number of Dominicana. Having previously commended this admirable work, we are again pleased to remind our readers that it is a storehouse of historic lore deserving a place in every well-ordered library.

The Episcopalian Convention of 1901 signalized itself, among other evidences of weakness and dishonesty, by naming "bishops" of Cuba and the Philippines. Not to be outdone in this godly work of redeeming the "benighted" Filipinos from the "curse" of Latin civilization and the

"Romish" Church, our zealous friends, the Methodists, have recently decided (so the veracious American journals report) to erect twelve Methodist church buildings in various parts of the Islands. Presumably these edifices are for the accommodation of Methodists. Did the number of Methodists (American) in the Philippines warrant their construction, the affair would be altogether Methodist, and we should be silent. Apparently, however, the purpose is to provide traps for the simple Filipinos, in which they may be ensnared and robbed of their Faith, receiving in return Anglo-Saxon civilization sprinkled with Methodism. And what this compound means no man can tell, least of all a Methodist.

We venture this opinion: The number of "converts" by bullet and fiame and rape that American soldier "apostles" will make among the simple folk of those Eastern isles will far exceed the number whom Methodism or any other "ism" will benevolently assimilate, according to its shifting standard of "anything to beat Rome."

Millions of dollars have been spent in South America, Mexico, Cuba and other Latin countries, by the different Protestant denominations, in an unholy effort to uproot the Catholicity of Jesus Christ, and to plant in its stead the vagaries of Luther, Knox, Wesley or other "founders." Dioceses have been established, "bishops" appointed, and "clergy" organized, male and female, but the deadly figures are humiliating to the pride and pomp of Protestantism. Not one thousand, scarcely more than half that number, have been "converted" from Catholicity. And in no case can a conversion be proved, save on lines of purchase, the old-time English methods of "souperism," modified by American ways, and brought "up to date" in their manipulation.

Such a propaganda may result in the making of apostates, renegades, infidels, but into the hearts of the Filipinos, or any other Catholic people, it will never

succeed in injecting the principles of conscientious Protestantism.

The sad farce of "bishops" without a flock, of clergy not feeding their sheep, but trying to steal the lambs from the true shepherds may go on, but as certainly as truth's ebernal prevailing, these misguided men will not only fail in their cruel purpose, but they will further complicate matters, already more than sufficiently involved, for the United States, and on our country, in days to come, God will visit His anger because of our crimes against liberty and humanity and the Church founded by His Divine Son and guided by the Spirit of Divine Truth.

The spirit of patriotism is at a low ebb among the American Anglo-Saxon idolators of King Edward the Seventh, who celebrated his sixtieth birthday in New York. The following is from the general press report:

"Dr. Irwin then proposed a toast for Lord Kitchener and the troops in South Africa, and General Chaffee and the troops in the Philippines.

"General Brooks, an American officer, among other things said:

"'To speak of the British army in South Africa or elsewhere is always a pleasure to me. My ancestors fought with the Normans when they conquered England. There are many of my name and family now wearing the uniform of the British army.'"

This noisome braggadocio we pass over in silence. But to the pith of the "gallant" Brooks' fulsome and villainous twaddle:

"You talk about General Kitchener and his troubles in South Africa. In time the English flag will proclaim freedom over all the territory of South Africa.

"General Chaffee and our other brave generals are fighting the same battle for God and freedom and civilization in the far-away Philippines against almost insurmountable difficulties."

The doughty Anglo-Saxon driveller then proceeds to utter more stupidity and falsehood, but we dismiss the whole with one sentence: blasphemous and damnable.

And we deplore the unhappy page to which our country has come when such a false-hearted spokesman finds national publicity, and almost without rebuke, for such infamous treason to truth and real American patriotism.

In the Rosary Encyclical issued by Leo the Thirteenth for October, 1895, the Holy Father gave his cordial approval to the enterprise which had for its object the erection of a basilica at Patras, on the gulf of Lepanto, in commemoration of the splendid triumph of the Christian arms in the famous battle of Lepanto, October 7, 1571. That victory, won under heavenly auspices, and piously referred to our Lady of the Rosary, broke forever the power of the Turkish fleet, and saved Christian Europe from Mussulman domination.

As an offering of praise to the glory of God in the name of our Lady of the Rosary, the erection of a noble basilica, with schools and convents attached, was undertaken by devout Catholics. His Holiness manifested his high approval in various generous ways, and placed at the head of the commission having the work in charge His Eminence Cardinal Parocchi.

To the entire Catholic world an appeal has gone forth, and Dominicana has great pleasure in presenting this appeal to its friends and readers. Contributions in money will be gratefully received by the editor of Dominicana for the purpose of increasing the building fund for the Rosary basilica, and we shall cheerfully forward any offerings that may be entrusted to us to the proper authorities. Due acknowledgment will be made to those benefactors who may, in the manner indicated, interest themselves in this praiseworthy work in honor of our Lady of the Rosary.

We deem it appropriate to set before our readers the English text of an elegy by our Holy Father, in which the praises of our Lady of Victory are admirably expressed. For this beautiful translation from the Latin we are indebted to Father Hugh T. Henry of S. Charles Seminary, Overbrook, Pa., who published it with

the original version in a recent number of The American Ecclesiastical Review.

TO THE HELP OF CHRISTIANS

But now the lyre, O mighty Virgin, sings victories, strings. Thy with deeper-sounding

How oft thy power proclaimed a glad surcease

Of War, with white-winged messengers of Peace! Be thou the witness, France!-when hell-

ish snares Beset thy path of glory unawares;

When thou, for faith and virtue once re-

nowned. Didst cast thy ancient splendors to the

ground; When vice and error ruled thy fairest sod, And slew with filthy breath the sons of

God: Ah! then the Virgin brake thy hideous chain.

Calling her champion _____ Spain, With but the Rosary for sword and

"To this alone," she cried, "the foe must yield!"

Such was his weapon-Gusman thus begins

Heroic battle, and the trophy wins;

Thus, David-like, his tens of thousands

That France might once again her faith renew.

A witness, next, from the Ionian seas. The far-famed battle of the Echinades. warring vessels, ranged in battle-

The warring vessel, line, line, Fling to the breezes, each a various

Here is the banner of the Virgin fair,

And here the Crescent flaunts the fearful air: The trump resounds—the breathless hush

And ceaseless clamor rends the vaults of

heaven; Flash the red lightnings, and the thunders

roar In thousand echoings from the affrighted

shore Though sails are rent, and timbers gaping

Sinks not a vessel in the expectant tide;

But mangled corpses find a watery grave, And streaming life-blood reddens every

Doubtful the issue stands: with equal art Foe strives with foe—uncertain still they

And yet again the crash and roar-when lo!

(Who shall divine the cause?) the Turkish foe

Whose mightier power but spoke of vic-

tory, Struck with a sudden terror turn and flee, And to the Christians (wondrous to re-late!)

Inglorious yield the strenuous compat's fate.

"All hall!" the victors cry, "to Mary's Name!"

And echoing shores prolong the grand acclaim.

While in the triumph Christian Europe

One of the mighty Virgin's Prodigies, More blest the Roman eyes that could be-

hold A miracle, as Pius had foretold. Thenceforward peace to troubled Europe

came, And Christian worship gained a noble

fame.

Let coming ages (why do they delay?)
With just memorial celebrate the day;
In snowy marble raise a temple grand
To signalize the memorable strand,
And the rose-crowned Virgin Queen en-

shrine

To rule the seas that saw her wondrous Sign.

Earnestly do we invite our readers to contribute to this cause so that, as Leo XIII. encourages us. they may have a share in building a temple that will stand as "a monument of the everlasting gratitude of the Christian nations to their heavenly Mother and Protectress, who will ever be there invoked, in the Greek and Latin rite, that she may add new and gracious favors to those already granted."

1Christian plety commemorates the triumph by the erection, at Patras, of a church dedicated to our Lady,

With the opening of this December we enter on the season of Advent. Therefore we advise our readers to prepare the way of the Lord and to make straight His paths, that when the Church will invite us to welcome our coming Lord, we may be found in more worthy disposition.

The annual pilgrimage of the French people to the sacred shrine of our Lady at Lourdes, partakes of the nature of a national celebration. In August last, the ceremonies were attended by more than twenty thousand fervent souls from all parts of France. Their devotion seemed to be augmented by the knowledge that dark clouds of infidelity menace their beloved country. The supplications of the faithful, during three days, ascended to the Creator and master of all things that He might have mercy and grant them spiritual and temporal blessings.

More than one thousand incurables-humanly speaking-were carried to the shrine, that God might relieve them of their infirmities.

The most notable event of the pilgrimage was the miraculous restoration to health of Mr. Gabriel Gargan, who was the victim of a railway accident in 1899. Since that time Mr. Gargan has been an inmate of the Angouleme Hospital, a helpless cripple. Carried to the pool during the solemn days of the pilgrimage, Mr. Gargan devoutly implored the Mother of God to obtain his cure. As the Blessed Sacrament was carried in procession, his faith was rewarded by a thrill of Heaven-sent life that restored the body that had been paralyzed for so long a period. Although reduced almost to the condition of a skeleton by his illness. Mr. Gargan, leaning upon a friendly arm, was enabled to walk to the Grotto on the day following his cure, where he received Holy Communion, in fervent thanksgiving.

Of this patient, Mr. Janne, correspondent of the La Croix, at Lourdes, writes; This human mass which was animated by scarcely a spark of life, is now well. I just met him; he spent a good night; he, who had lived upon liquids for more than twenty months, eats and drinks with a good appetite.

When questioned as to his expectation of cure, Mr. Gargan replied: "When I left the hospital I placed myself entirely in the hands of Providence. I have been awaiting for its decision without anxiety or fear.'

Besides Mr. Gargan's miraculous cure. many poor cripples, partially relieved, give grateful testimony of the powers of Almighty God and the maternal tenderness of the intercession of the Immaculate Mary, ever Virgin.

With great pleasure, and with strong

hope that the results will be generous, we join in the appeal sent out by Father W. H. Ketcham, 941 F street, N. W. Washington, the Director of the "Society for the Preservation of the Faith Among Indian Children," which has been established by the support of the Catholic Indian Mission Schools.

The conditions of membership in the society are two:

rirst-An annual subscription of 25 cents.

Second-To pray for the success of the society.

This society will endeavor to secure a membership of four hundred thousand as soon as possible, which should not be a disicult task, since there are in the United States more than ten millions of Catholics. To insure success promoters are needed in every parish.

The following letter of His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons, recommending to the clergy of the United States the Society for the Preservation of the Faith Among Indian Children, we are also pleased to publish:

Cardinal's Residenc

Baltimore, Md., Oct. 8, 1901. Father: I beg leave to com-Rev. Dear Father: mend to your charity and to the plous generosity of your people "The Society for the Preservation of the Faith Among In-dian Children" mend to dian Children.'

The very name of this society declares the excellence of its object, and its need is evident from the fact that the Indian schools have been deprived of their apschools have propriations.

propriations.

Realizing that unless every support be extended to the Indian schools, the result will be the loss of many children to the Faith, in the name of the Board of Trustees for Indian Missions, I recommend most earnestly to both the reverend clergy and the laity this society for their preservation ervation

Faithfully yours, in Xt.,
J. CARDINAL GIBBONS.

Cordially we commend this good work, and we advise our readers to communicate with Father Ketcham.

The revocation by President Roosevelt of the "Browning Resolution" manifests his love for justice and his determination that right and equity will rule, in so far as he can exercise power. The "Brown-

ing Resolution" was a villainous scheme intended, in its operations, to rob Catholic Indian children of their Faith, by vesting in Indian agents arbitrary powers regarding the transfer of these children to government schools, in defiance of their parents' wishes, and despite the fact that the Catholic schools were ample for their accommodation and well equipped for securing the best results in general education.

In bringing about the suspension by the President of this plot of Protestant Indian agents in league with parsons and preachers who would "thwart Rome" at all hazards, the Archbishop of San Francisco added his influence and good offices to the work of Archbishops Ireland and Ryan, with gratifying success.

In another place we speak of Father Ketcham's deserving efforts for the Indian children, and again we bespeak the active generosity of our friends.

MAGAZINES.

In Scribner's Magazine for November Nelson Lloyd gives a most entertaining sketch of the religious origin and observances of the Dunkers in Pennsylvania. The illustrations, by G. W. Peters, clearly indicate the rugged character and stern simplicity of these people, who cling tenaciously to the old customs of a religious Brotherhood welded upon the errors of sectarians. "With the Cougar Hounds" is an animated paper of a holiday hunt, by Theodore Roosevelt. Ten illustrations, reproduced from photographs by Philip K. Stewart, intensify the description of the difficulties to be encountered in securing a few specimens of this formidablelooking animal as a souvenir of the chase. In his third paper on "The United States Army" Francis V. Greene reviews some stirring scenes in our soldiers' experiences which reflect credit upon the splendid courage, intense loyalty and high sense of honor and duty which has ever animated the servants of our great Republic. From among other attractive articles we select the following tender prayer of bereaved Motherhood, by Josephine Dodge Daskam:

The night throbs on: but let me pray, dear Lord! Crush off his name a moment from my

mouth.

To thee my eyes would turn, but they go back,

Back to my arm beside me where he lay-So little, Lord, so little and so warm!

I can not think that thou hadst need of him!

He is so little, Lord, he can not sing, He can not praise thee; all his life had learned

Was to hold fast my kisses in the night.

Give him to me—he is not happy there! He had not felt his life: his lovely eyes Just knew me for his mother, and he died. Hast thou an angel there to mother him? I say he loves me best—if he forgets, If thou allow it that my child forgets And runs not out to meet me when I

What are my curses to thee? Thou hast heard

The curse of Abel's mother, and since then

have not ceased to threaten at thy throne,
To threat and pray thee that thou hold

them still

In memory of us.

See thou tend him well. Thou God of all the mothers! If he lack One of his kisses—Ah, my heart, my heart, Do angels kiss in heaven? Give him back!

Forgive me, Lord, but I am grief,
And tired of tears and cold to comforting.

Thou art wise I know, and tender, aye, and good.

Thou hast my child and he is safe in thee, And I believe

Ah, God, my child shall go Orphaned among the angels! All alone, So little and alone! He knows not thee, He only knows his mother—give him back!

In The Commoner, November 15, the following paragraph appeared:

James Jackson of Cambridge, Mass., was suspended from membership in the Reformed Presbyterian church because he became a citizen of the United States and took oath that he would support the constitution of this country. One of the clergymen of this church, in explaining Mr. Jackson's suspension, said:

"We look upon the constitution of the

United States as an immoral document and as an insult to the Almighty, in that it makes no mention whatever of God, and claims for the people that sovereign power which belongs to God alone. We refuse to accept the constitution thus defective, and cannot swear allegiance to it."

The editor of *The Commoner*, Mr. William J. Bryan, makes some appropriate comments on this slanderous and treasonable utterance. Our purpose in calling attention to the incident is merely one of suggestion. The unreasonable and untruthful assertion of this Presbyterian parson demonstrates the rank disloyalty and dishonesty that lie deep at the root of the sects, some of which clamor most patriotically (?) against the Catholic Church, whose children are clearly taught to distinguish in their rendering unto God what belongs to God and unto Cæsar what belongs to him.

With all its defects the Constitution of the United States is not an immoral document.

From a recent number of *The Catholic Times-Standard* of Philadelphia, a sterling journal, we take, without comment, the following:

There is a certain class of Catholics against which the most drastic measures should be invoked. They should be proceeded against by the pastors of every church in which they are found. Not only proceeded against, but actually suppressed. We refer to the door barricaders. Usually there is no more devotion among them than one would find on a street corner. They give little or no evidence that they are in the house of God. What they go to church for at all is actually beyond understanding. True, they go into the church in a hurry, but in many cases it appears that it is through fear that some Protestant acquaintance of theirs might see them if they remained outside. Few of them ever really hear Mass with any profit to themselves. Occasionally they get down on one knee, like the sharpshooters in the late war, but never long enough to even recite an "Our Father" or "Hail Mary." Many of them do not even kneel during the consecration, nor when the Priest is giving Communion, nor at the last blessing. When not nodding or half asleep they are usually engaged in giggling conversation. And as for getting out-well, they are always on the go. After the first Gospel, after the sanctus, just before the elevation and just after it, they are going out of the church. It would be interesting to know how many of them have ever heard the last Gospel read. They come late to Mass, go out early from the church and thereby scandalize the rest of the faithful. And as for dropping anything in the contribution baskets, that is a thing of which any one should hesitate to accuse them. If their presence cannot be prevented it should be made subject to some rule. They should at least be removed by the ushers from the door, the holy water fonts and the confessionals, and relegated to some other place. Some rule should be made by the church authorities that would compel them to rent pews or seats in order that the doors and aisles of the church may be kept clear for the really good Catholics who come to hear Mass with devotion. No one should be allowed to stand at the church doors or in the aisles of the church during Mass as long as there are seats for their accommodation

The Century Magazine for November contains a frontispiece of S. Elizabeth of Hungary, the first of a series of wood engravings by Timothy Cole, from the original painting by Francisco Zurbaran. Several full-pages half-tone plates, filustrating subjects grave, gay, humorous or instructive, are attractive features. Professor W. P. Trent contributes a sympathetic "Retrospect of American Humor." The paper is profusely illustrated from portraits of eminent American writers whose genial nature diffused itself in cheering laughter, whose echoes woo the stolid from dull care.

Harper's Magazine for November contains, in addition to its usual number of fine illustrations, several beautifully colored plates.

The contributions of fiction are interesting and varied. "The Bottom of the Sea"

is an instructive paper on submarine wonders. Nature has revealed comparatively few of the gorgeous varieties of animal and plant life that abound in the fathomless deep. Professor Chartes Cleveland Nutting, the writer, describes some phosphorescent phenomena connected with the largest species of sea monsters drawn up from a depth of one thousand three hundred and sixty fathoms.

The perfection of the illuminating apparatus by which the predaceous dwellers of the sea are enabled to satisfy their voracious appetites is simply marvelous. The wondrous series of luminous rods and bull's-eye lanterns which they manipulate so effectively may have served as the prototype of many of our modern "Yankee inventions."

Edith Wharton, in her aerial flight entitled "Margaret of Cortona," is ignobly thrown by her flery Pegasus into "slime" so "black" that one need not doubt that she will sink deeper by her flounderings. This poetic (?) blasphemy and historical slander is an evidence of extremely bad taste, because it offends against the canons of fact and truthful record. It is also an indication of an indelicate as well as un-Christian misunderstanding of Penance and the love of God. Edith Wharton should read the life of S. Margaret of Cortona, and do penance by making the amende honorable or hearty reparation.

We advise her to procure a copy of the Saint's "Life" by Canon Giovagnoli, the English edition of which was published with the approbation of that holy prelate. Bishop Neumann of Philadelphia, more than forty years ago. From this edifying narrative, the original of which had the sanction of the Holy Office at Rome, our poetess can learn that her representation of the dying Saint as wavering between her love for God and her former devotion to her companion who had deceived her, is untrue, a calumny. The poetess also insinuates that the Saint had been a public sinner before she met the young nobleman with whom she lived until his death, which was also the hour of her conversion. The fact that Margaret of Cortona has been raised to our altars is proof sufficient that her repentance and her subsequent life were, in every particular, sincere and deserving the crown of a holy death.

The New World, Chicago, issued for November 16, a Cecilian number, devoted to music and musical questions of a practical nature. We compliment the editor on his excellent work, and as earnestly we add that this number should find an intelligent and practical welcome among singers and players in church choirs and other places.

From among a number of instructive articles contained in the November number of The North American Review, We especially select and call attention to that contributed by the Hon. J. D. Phelan, Mayor of San Francisco, "Why the Chinese Should Be Excluded." In a recent issue of the same periodical Mr. Ho Yow, the Chinese Consul-General at San Francisco, had an article dealing with the theme of Chinese exclusion. To this article Mr. Phelan presents a detailed and most explicit answer. His Honor shows that, beyond doubt, the exclusion of the Chinese has been most beneficial to the United States and that the same causes that existed for the exclusion of these people in 1882 and 1892 exist at the present day and demand the re-enactment of the Exclusion Bill.

In this well-written paper Mayor Phelan displays talents quite as pronounced as those which have signalized his official career.

The International Monthly for November contains two articles dealing with the labor conditions that may be read with profit. Mr. Frank K. Foster writes on "Strikes and the Philosophy of Strikers," and in a lengthy article Jeremiah W. Jenks treats the question of "Industrial Combinations in Europe" in a lucid manner. The other articles are: "Ernest Renan and the Soul of the Celt," "A Political Survey of Francesco Crispi." Hugo Muskerburg concludes his able article on "American Democracy."

All who are interested in the currency question will find many good points in N. S. Slater's discussion of the "Future of the Gold Supply."

BOOKS

THE REALMS OF GOLD, by LOTENZO evinces that the author is the favorite of the Muses. In a versification uniformly true, clean and rythmical Mr. Sosso touches on every human interest, and soars in frequent strains of daring eloquence and lofty song. These verses have a pleasing combination of the classic and the romantic styles; they show a deeply contemplative mind, and the thought and sentiment are truthful and noble throughout the entire volume. We compliment our worthy townsman, and we trust that there will be a speedy de-Elder & mand for a second edition. Shepard, San Francisco, the publishers of this book, deserve congratulations because of the artistic excellence of their workmanship. They are, indeed, lovers of the beautiful in their craft.

BY-WAYS OF WAR, THE STORY OF THE FILIBUSTERS, by James Jeffrey Roche, is published by Small, Maynard & Co., Roston

The rise and fall of the American Filibusters are vigorously depicted by the writer of this historic volume. Interest in their reckless adventures and sympathy for their signal failure are elicited by their marvelous courage and intrepid persistency. The author has drawn from reliable sources information that will throw much light upon the origin of filibustering expeditions. In his preface Mr. Roche says:

"It has been no easy task to sift grains of truth from the mountain of myth and prejudice and fiction under which the actual deeds of the Filibusters long lay buried.

"Forty years ago it would have been well-nigh impossible, in the heated atmosphere of the slavery conflict, to view such a subject with philosophical impartiality. To-day we may study the Filibuster dispassionately, for he belongs to an extinct species.

"The speculator has supplanted him without perceptibly improving the morality of the world. Even the word 'filibuster,' transformed to a verb, is degraded to the basest uses of politics. It is time

to write the history and the epitaph of the brave, lawless, generous anomaly on civilization."

The publishers have selected good material make-up of the volume. A solitary ship, standing out to sea, is appropriately symbolic as a cover design.

THE DEAD CALYPSO AND OTHER VERSES. by Louis Alexander Robertson, is a neat volume of about one hundred and eighty poems-lyrics and sonnets-on many absorbing subjects. The work is exceedingly clever and very poetic. Unfortunately, to our humble sense, at least, there is one-but only one-noisome weed in the lovely bouquet, and one absolutely unnecessary and untruthful, entitled "The Secret Grasp," showing how disgracefully England is truckling to America. The entire sonnet is a horrible falsehood, all the more villainous because so artistically told. The author's laudation of Queen Victoria as "throned in majesty and splendor," enfolded in "glory that seemeth more of heaven than of earth," hailed by India's dusky myriads (of whose starvation he says naught) we pass over with the pitying smile of a healthy American uncontaminated by the bacilli of Anglo-Saxonism.

Mr. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco, is the publisher. He displays in the makeup of the volume his usual excellent taste.

Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, have brought out in appropriate form THE FEAST OF THALARCHUS, A DRAMATIC POEM, by Condé Benoist Pallen, a very striking illustration of the triumph of Christian faith and love over the dark and luxurious pagan life in the wicked city of Antioch about the first half of the fifth century. In thought and art this poem is a gem. and reduces to atoms the effeminate pagan philosophy of life which our modern sensualists would fain restore among us in proportion as trade increases and money abounds. Cordially we compliment our esteemed friend, Doctor Pallen, on this latest evidence of his genius and loyal faith.

Two neatly printed and substantially bound volumes have reached us from the

publishers, Fr. Pustet & Co. of New York, entitled Patron Saints for Boys and Patron Saints for Girls. We gladly recommend these interesting books to the boys and girls for whom they have been prepared and we trust that they will enjoy a large circulation. They would also do as premiums at the time of the annual Christmas distribution.

Mr. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco, has brought out, in ingenious Japanese style, Jingles From Japan as Set Forth by the Chinks, a series of pretty verses by Helen and Mabel Hyde, dealing with nature and customs in that seemingly topsy-turvy kingdom. Cleverly grotesque illustrations in true Japanese style enhance our interest in this book of tasteful and tuneful rhymes.

GOD AND THE SOUL-A POEM, by John Lancaster Spalding, Bishop of Peoria, comes to us in elegant form from the Grafton Press, New York. This volume of masterly sonnets is a splendid contribution to poetic literature. From what we had read of Bishop Spalding's prose, and from his "Songs From the German," we knew that he possessed high poetic genius, and the present volume of polished verse into which he has cast his lofty Christian thought and sentiment, while delighting us, is no surprise. In more than a hundred perfect sonnets the author touches and thrills every noble chord of the human heart, and the cheery, hopeful, powerful and magisterial strains in which ne sounds the great, eternal, mother truths that ever sway and hold the human mind will cause these verses to live, and will long, we hope, inform, uplift, encourage and console unnumbered thousands. It is our conviction that one of the chief powers destined to bring the people of this country into the Church en masse will be such a noble poem as this of Bishop Spalding. It is a living, most tuneful and almost final word on the religious issues of our time and country; and though touching not, as yet, on the higher, supernatural verities of Catholic teaching, it accomplishes what is at present of primary necessity, and helps powerfully in giving a death blow to agnosticism, both theoretical and practical. Thereby the poet clears the way for Catholic faith. *Pulchre emeritus* is our good and brilliant Bishop of Peoria!

INTO THE LIGHT, by Edward Robeson Taylor, is a poem very correct in composition and pure and elevated in diction; but in thought and sentiment disconsolately Buddhistic. It is a strain of that lugubrious whining which still finds an echo—though fast dying out—in our poetry from the past century's hopeless agnosticism, and whose feeble efforts to point out to man an end worth living for remind us too much of Job's comforters.

Elder & Shepard, San Francisco, are the publishers. Their portion of the work is lovely, artistic.

A JOURNEY TO NATURE, by J. P. Mowbray, is published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. Under the above title a Wall-street broker narrates his communings with Nature and her responsive sympathy with his dependent trust. Necessitated by the threatenings of his heart to abandon his city life for a time, our hero takes as sole companion his motherless eight-year-old heir to "the recuperative wilderness" pointed out to him by his physician.

In this charming isolation he seeks the balm of life—perfect health. The philosophic reflections in which our hero has ample time to indulge, after a time are intruded upon by the rustic graces of a simple maiden who unconsciously plays havoc with his heart—physically unable to withstand exciting shocks. The effect of his country experience upon his new lease of life is naively related by the interesting patient. The book abounds in sparkles of wisdom, humorous contrasts and elevated sentiment.

The publishers have printed the book on heavy paper and have arrayed it in a vesture suggestive of opening spring. The artistic decorations of Charles Edward Hooper are peculiarly appropriate to the text.

WHEN A WITCH IS YOUNG, by 4-19-64,

is published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York.

This is a charmingly told romance of nistoric Boston. Boston—famed for its witchcraft, Puritanical reformers and sanguinary conquerors of aboriginal kings.

The story opens with the death of King Philip, and details some exploits of the patriotic Governor, Sir William Phipps, in his remarkable career with fighting Indians and civilizezd but unprincipled colleagues. The fortunes of Adam Rust, the rover hero, and Mistress Garde Merrill, the quaint Puritan maiden, engross the interest of the reader from beginning to end.

The style of printing and binding are attractive; the latter is above the ordinary in point of good workmanship.

Frem Houghton Miffin & Co. Boston comes a handsome volume entitled The Lonesomest Doll, by Abbie Farwell Brown. This wonderful story will captivate the hearts of the little ones who appreciate the good qualities of their doll companions. Sympathy is elicited for the beautiful doll who was owned by a royal princess, but utterly neglected by her mistress. The doll is happily rescueu from her prison-house in the attic of the castle by a kind little girl and gratefully saves her mistress from a band of robbers. The beautiful full-page illustrations are from drawings of E. Pollak.

Lee & Shepard, Boston, have published in their usual faultless style of workmanship entertaining books for children. Notable on the list is (1) A TWENTIETH CENTURY BOY, by Marguerite Linton Glentworth. Jack Elliott, the "small boy" hero, is irresistibly attractive in his wildest pranks. Jack is a lovable type of genuine good-nature and sturdy independence.

(2) A JOLLY CAT TALE, by Amy Brooks, is a delightful instruction for little folks; it points out the folly of the mother cat in her efforts to provide gaudy clothing for her family of kittens.

Both books are beautifully illustrated.

They should be generously distributed by Santa Claus.

SUBSTITUTES FOR THE SALOON, from the pen of Raymond Calkins and the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, is the third of a series of publications issued under the direction of the Committee of Fifty that was organized eight years ago in New York for the study of "the liquor problem." The purpose of the compiler of the volume in hand is to condense into reasonable space the results of the committee's investigations concerning saloons.

It is an undeniable fact that in the present condition of American life, saloons meet a want which is too often overlooked. They offer shelter, comfort, amusement and excitement; they are like popular clubhouses in which men may rest and recreate, while they forget the dreariness of poor homes and satisfy the desire for sociability.

Legislation has failed to regulate the liquor traffic. Frequently laws known as sumptuary are almost worthless; sometimes they are pernicious. A pleasing exception may be found, however, in the 'Company System" of Norway, which allows no liquor to be drunk where it is sold, and demands that the profits of the sales be devoted to the erection and maintenance of gymnasiums, reading rooms, social halls, baths, parks, etc. In that country, therefore, saloons, as understood in the United States, have no reason for existence, a circumstance which proves that while we cannot force people to be total abstainers, we can encourage them to be temperate.

Mr. Calkins' volume is extremely interesting, full of facts and figures and practical suggestions. It is a pleasure to us to have the opportunity of recommending Substitutes for the Saloon as a valuable handbook for all who care about improving the conditions that beset the poor in ways of temptation to excessive drink and its associate evils.

BUT THY LOVE AND THY GRACE is the title of a pathetic story of the unselfishness of a young working girl accustomed

to none of the comforts of everyday life. The work is by Father Finn, whose stories are strong cordials to the weak and helpless.

Benziger Brothers, New York, have published the book in a superior style of printing, binding and graphic illustration.

The Open Court Publishing Company have issued in faultless style of illustration and printing The Crown of Thorns, a Story of the Time of Christ. Paul Carus bases his story upon an incident in the life of a certain Ben-Midrash, who literally tested the truth of Christ's warning against false prophets, saying: "Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles? A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit."

The literal and figurative meanings of the text are charmingly explained by the author. The illustrations are the work of Edouard Biederman.

ONE CHRISTMAS EVE AT ROXBURY CROSSING, by Kathryn Wallace, is dedicated to the children of Mary. This little story illustrating the favors bestowed upon one who had recourse to Mary, is one of a series whose purpose is to propagate devotion to the Virgin Mother of God.

Miss Wallace, whose "Story of a California Indian" closed in the November number of Dominicana, is a writer of promise, gifted with a happy understanding of young people.

The Abbey Press, New York, publishes this pretty volume with appropriate illustrations.

COEUR DE NOEL is a charming Christmas storiette, artistically told in good French by L. D. Ventura, the author of Peppino. The lesson of human kindness is sweetly conveyed and deeply impressed by the idyllic presentation of exquisite joy in the hearts of all concerned—in that of the narrator himself, whose enthusiasm is catching; in the kindly heart of the heroine, "Angelo," who appears to be his Beatrice, and among her poor little Christmas wards, the dark-eyed children of Sunny Italy—too much forgotten

amid the slums of American cities. Such books humanize society.

Mr. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco. the publisher, sustains in this beautifully illustrated little volume his well-deserved reputation.

THE DEACON'S SECOND WIND, by Archibald Clavering Gunter, is published by The Home Publishing Company, New York. Mr. Gunter is appreciatively known as the author of "Mr. Barnes of New York," "Mr. Potter of Texas" and "Tangled Flags." The present romance includes the story of some original characters excellently portrayed and delightful in variety. Burgess, the New England hotel man, is a model of straightforward dealing; Ver Planck, the lover, constancy personified; Ruthy Abbot, the Deacon's daughter, the incarnation of charm, and the Deacon-inimitable in his ludicrous inconsistencies concerning right and wrong, vice and virtue.

The publishers have printed the volume in excellent style.

OLD THOUGHTS ON OLD THEMES is the title of a volume of excellent discourses by Rev. Edward C. Hearn, published by J. S. Hyland & Co., Chicago. In the preface the author states that he does not lay claim to originality, that "the themes" and "the thoughts" on them are "as old as the world." In the arrangement of those thoughts and in their application to the duties and responsibilities of daily life, Father Hearn displays discernment and ability which eminently qualify him for the work of sermon writing. Mindful of the advice, "Non nova sed rove," he treats of the old themes, Time, Eternity, Life and Death, in a new and pleasing manner. His style, at once clear and elegant, attracts and holds the attention throughout. Many a reader, turning the pages of this volume with increased admiration for the literary ability of the author, will perhaps at the end lay it down to meditate on those all-important subjects, the study of which "makes us wise unto salvation." This is a book admirably adapted for spiritual reading during the season of Advent.

Under the title, LORDS OF THE NORTH, A. C. Laut graphically details the adventures of Rufus Gillespie, a trader and clerk of the "Northwest Company, which ruled over an empire broader than Europe in the beginning of this century." The story is filled with stirring incidents of war conducted with Indian allies between the Northwest Company and its rival in trade—the Honorable Hudson Bay Company. Intense interest is excited in the principal characters of the story, surrounded as they are by treachery and savage ferocity. The high moral character of Rufus Gillespie is admirably portrayed by the author.

Of the unselfish devotion of Rufus Gillespie to his friend, Eric Hamilton, we have ample proof as we follow him through perils unnumbered in his quest for Hamilton's wife and a child who had been stolen by a band of Iroquois. Mournful, indeed, are the details of "man's inhumanity to man," as evidenced in the reciprocal cruelties of the civilized settler of America and the native savage. Romantic situations are not wanting. The sweet love story that intertwines itself with brave men's deeds is eminently attractive. A lofty type of humane geniality, firm friendship and noble self-sacrifice is given in the character of Father Holland, the pioneer missionary priest.

In the hardships that wring men's hearts in their conquest of the region of the great west, how few of the present generation express sympathetic gratitude!

The book is well printed and bound by J. F. Taylor & Co., New York.

SHE STANDS ALONE, THE STORY OF PONTIUS PILATE'S WIFE, is a powerful novel, deep in its earnestness of purpose and notable in its dramatic beauty. Euphrosyne, the noble wife of Pilate, is a unique character in history. No other voice was raised in pleading for the "Man of Sorrows" during his unjust trial. "Ecce Homo!" From whom the disciples fied in fear, for whom the women of Jerusalem wept in sorrowful sympathy, but for whom none, save Pilate's wife, braved the wrath of the Roman governor. "And as

he was sitting in the place of judgment, his wife sent to him saying: 'Have thou nothing to do with this just man; for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of Him.'"—(Matt. xxvii, 19).

Mark Ashton, the author of this literary masterpiece, has chosen a theme supreme in interest. Euphrosyne is introduced to the reader as a helpless infant, in luxurious, pagan Greece. Charming in infantile loveliness, the child develops into a most noble type of virtuous womanhood. In her physical perfections, superior intellect and nobleness of heart, she is a superb figure even while "Maid of Athens."

The incidents that led to her enforced relinquishment of her lover Aurelius, and the injustice that made her the wife of the despised Pilate, are forcibly portrayed. The closing scenes of the story illustrate the heroic sacrifice of the lovers in the interests of the Christian faith. Euphrosyne had not prayed in vain. The "Man of Sorrows" had heard her plea for justice and extended to her His divine mercy.

L. C. Page & Co.. Boston, have printed the book on heavy paper, in clear type. Twelve beautiful illustrations characteristic of the scenes described enhance interest in this remarkable story.

In two neat little volumes of verse, the one entitled Jacinta and the other Biggs Bar and Other Klondyke Ballads, Howard V. Sutherland proves himself to be at once a true poet and an accomplished lyrist. For purity of diction, tenderness and elevation of sentiment and rythmic movement the former volume has the quality of a classic. The latter exhibits the wit of Hood, the raciness of Bret Harte and the humor of "Ingoldsby Legends," while throughout there is a vein of good-natured satire, with an occasional welling up of genuine pathos.

Mr. Drexel Biddle of Philadelphia is the publisher, and of his part in the work we may speak approvingly. Our San Francisco booksellers have these volumes in stock.

CALENDAR FOR DECEMBER.

- 1-FIRST SUNDAY OF THE MONTH-First Sunday of Advent. Three Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers; (2) C. C.; assist at procession; prayers; (3) C. C.; assist at exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in Church of the Rosary Confraternity; prayers. Communion Mass for Rosarians at 7 A. M. Meeting of S. Thomas' Sodality at 2 P. M. Rosary Procession, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.
- 2-S. Anthony of Padua (from June 13), Franciscan Priest. Meeting of Rosarian Reading Circle at 8 P. M.
- 3-S. Francis Xavier, S. J., Priest. Apostle of the Indies.
- 4-S. Barbara, Virgin and Martyr. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)
- 5—S. Basil, Archbishop and Doctor (from June 14.) (Love of God's Word.)
- 6-S. Nicholas (Santa Claus), Archbishop, Patron of Children. (Innocence.) Fast day. Fifty-first anniversary of the arrival in California of Archbishop Alemany, Father Villarassa and Mother Mary Goemaere, our pioneer Dominicans.
- 7-Ordination of S. Ambrose, Bishop and Doctor. (Votive Mass of the Rosary.)
- 8-SECOND SUNDAY OF ADVENT-IMMAC-ULATE CONCEPTION OF THE BLESSED VIR-GIN, Patroness of the United States. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Holy Name Confraternity: C. C.: Procession; prayers. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians and Tertiaries: C. C.; visit; prayers. Mass for Holy Name Sodality at 7 A. M.; meeting at 3 P. M. Meeting of Men Tertiaries at 2 P. M. Procession of Holy Name, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.
- 9—S. John Francis Regis, S. J. (from June 16) Priest, Model of Catechists. Meeting of Young Men's Holy Name Society at 8 P. M.
- 10-Translation to Loretto of the House of the Blessed Virgin, in which the Annunciation took place. (Benediction.)
- 11-S. Roch, (from August 18). Especially invoked for preservation from con-

- tagious diseases. (Votive Mass of the Rosary).
- 12-Our Lady of Guadalupe, Patroness
- of Mexico. (Benediction). 13—Fast day—S. Lucy, Virgin and Martyr. (Constancy).
- 14-Our Holy Father, S. Dominic, commemorated under the title of Suriano, a famous image of the Patriarch, (from Sept. 15). (Votive Mass of the Rosary).
- -THIRD SUNDAY OF THE MONTH-Third Sunday of Advent. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary: C. C.; visit; prayers. Meeting of Women Tertiaries at 3 P. M. Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.
- 16-B. Sebastian, O. P., Priest. (Regular observance of Rule.) Commencement of Caristmas Novena.
- 17-S. Bruno, Priest, (from Oct. 6). Founder of the Carthusians.
- 18-Ember Day-(Fast). Expectation of the Blessed Virgin Mary. (Benediction).
- 19-S. Edward, King and Confessor, (from Oct. 13).
- In Franklin Hall, Fillmore street, 8 P. M., the S. Dominic's Junior Choir and Choral Union will render Balfe's opera, "The Bohemian Girl." The well-earned reputation of these young singers justifies a promise of a delightful entertainment. The proceeds will be devoted to the annual Christmas tree fund of S. Dominic's Sunday School.
- 20-Ember _ay-(Fast.) S. Dominic Abbot, Patron of our Holy Father S. Dominic.
- 21-Ember Day-(Fast). S. Thomas, Apostle. (Lively faith.) (Benediction.)
- 22-Fourth Sunday of the Month-Fourth Sunday of Advent. Rosary, Sermon and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.
- 23-B. Mary Mancini, O. P., widow: (Care of the sick). Meeting of Young Men's Holy Name Society at 8 P. M.
- 24-Vigil of Christmas-(Fast day for all the faithful, including workingmen and their families).

-NATIVITY OF OUR LORD-Two Plenary Indulgences may be gained by Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Church; prayers; (2) C. C.; assist at procession; prayers. A Plenary Indulgence may also be gained by Tertiaries and members of the Living Rosary; C. C.; visit; prayers. 26—S. Stephen, Deacon and Protoyr. (Forgiveness of enemies). Bene-

diction. 27—S. John, Apostle and Evangelist. (Surnamed the Beloved.) (Benediction). 28—Holy Innocents; Martyrs. (Benediction). Commencement of Novena for

diction).

the Epiphany.

29—Last Sunday of the Month—Su day within the octave of Christmas -SunPlenary Indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite a third part of the Rosary common at least three times a week.

30—Fifth day of the octave of Christ-

mas.

31—S. Sylvester, Pope. (Punctuality). The Patron Saints for the Living Rosary during this month are: The Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Daniel the Stylite, C.; S. Melania the younger, V.; S. Lucy, V. M.; S. Sarah, V. M.; S. Barbara, V. M. The Five Sorrowful Mysteries—S. Sylvester, Pope; S. Nicolas, B.; S. Stephen, Protomartyr; S. Anastasia, M.; S. Thomas of Canterbury, B. M. The Five Glorious Mysteries—S. Thomas, Ap.; S. Alice, Empt.; S. Francis Xavier, C.; S. Ambrose, B. D.; S. John the Evangelist.

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Contralti—Miss Mabel F. Gordon, Mrs.

Mary Healey. Basso-Mr. Chas. Kendrick. Basso—M December

December 1—Organ Pastorale in F, Whitng; Mass in E flat, Brosig; Offertory, Ave Verum, Gounod; Postlude, Marche

Hercules, Handel.
Evening Organ Selections—Andante in

Minor, Smart; Priere, Guilment; "At
Last the Divine Cecelia Came," Handel.
December 8—Adagio Cantabile, Haydn;

Composite Mass, (Kyrie, Howe; Gloria, Mozart; Credo, Lejeal; Sanctus, Dvorak; Benedictus, Gounod; Agnus Dei, Howe); Offertory, Adore Te, Dethier; Postlude, Insanae et Banae Curae, Haydn.

Evening Organ Selections—Processional from Leonore Symphony, Raff; Romanza and Larghetto, Mozart; Postludium in C,

Whiting. December -Organ Sonata 15-Minor, Mendelscohn; Mass in F Major, Concone; Offertory, Ave Maria, Marlois; Concone; Offertory, Ave Ma Postlude, Militaire, Whittier.

Evening Music Service—Concert Piece in C, Thayer; F Major selections from the oratorio, "Messiah," Handel; Saint Cecelia Offertoire, Battiste (by request); Coronation, Meyerbeer.

CHURCH CHOIR.

December 22—Organ Reverie in G. Whiting; Mass in E Minor, Dethier: Offertory, Ave Maria, Lejeal; Postlude, Procession, Verdl.

Evening Organ Selections—Overture to the oratorio of "Samson," Handel; Pastorale in G, Widor; Processional, Wagner. December 25 (Christmas), 5 A. M. and 11 A. M.—Noel, Adam; Twelfth Mass, Mozart (at 11 A. M. with orchestra): Offertory, Adeste Fideles; Exulta Sion, Hammerel; Postlude, Hallelujah, from "Messiah." Handel.

Evening Organ Selections—Overture to

Evening Organ Selections—Overture to the "Occasional" Oratorio, Handel; March of the Magi Kings, Dubois; Triumphale,

December 29—Prelude in G Minor, Bach; Priere in E, Thayer; Convent Mass,

Gounod; Offertory, Prelude, Wagner Postlude, Marche Relegieuse, Guilment. Evening Organ Selections—Andante E, Smart; Toccata in G, Dubois; Triumphale from "Naaman," Costa. -Andante in Dubois; Trium-

ASPERGES, ETC., FOR DECEMBER.

Asperges Me-Dethier, Lejeal, Thunder,

Veni Creator—Howe, Monti. Lejeal, Werner.

Salutaris — Mendelssohn, Gounod. Tantum Ergo-Dubois, Rousseau, Silas,

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Men claim that women are tardy—in fact, that they're never on time, That among their thousand sweet virtues promptness you never will find. But I know of a dear little woman, quite

But I know of a dear little woman, quite worthy of praises in rhyme,
Who is pretty and gracious and charming, and always, yes, always on time.
She never is fretful and flurried, nor given to dumps nor to tears;
She's a beautiful Grecian maiden who has posed on my clock for years!

—Emma C. Dowd in The Ladies' Home Journal for August.



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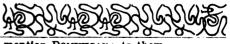
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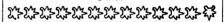
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No matter what other folks think, write

or say,
It surely is true that the dumb creatures play.

They're as fond of the sports as a girl or boy,

And many a game gives them greatest of

joy. For instance, the frog is quite fond of croquet,

And this he is playing when fine is the day;

But when o'er the sky the great thunderclouds roll He stays in the house, and he plays

crokinole. The polliwog longs to try leap-frog-but,

He'll have to get legs—and he will, by

and bye. v, hop scotch the grasshopper plays, but the wicket Now

Is favored, of course, by his cousin, the

cricket.

Baseball is the favorite game of the bat, And puss-in-the-corner of catbird and cat; These latter do often play cats'-cradle, too Whenever they find they have nothing

to do. Nine geese and one gosling play duck-onthe-rock,

While those who prefer battledore-shuttlecock

Are a dormouse, and old Mr. Crowhard,

the rooster,
If she falls asleep, with a big push he'll boost her!

The underground mole says he likes blind man's buff,

And a ring-dove likes boxing—the mild, not the rough.

The turtle that snaps, snap-the-whip

plays until—
"Here, that is my game!" cries a young whip-poor-will.

The lynx and the bobolinks play golf all day;

It suits them right down to a tee, so they 8av

The dolphin her paper dolls makes by the hour Whenever she's forced to stay out of a

shower.

The polecat likes climbing, the falcon, the hunt,
And so does the sloth, but he's lazy and won't.

The hermit-crab plays but one gamesolitaire

The loneliest game of the lot, I declare! A centipede sent a pedestrian word He'd beat him at walking, and did—how

absurd! A curlew likes curling-of course, on the

ice. And the kingfisher angles—says that sport

is nice. The screech-owl was let to play tennis, you know,

Because of the racket she made—Oh, Oh.

The snow-bird and all the swamp creatures, I am told,
Would rather to-bog-gan than not, nor The

mind cold.

But the funniest game of all those that weren't awesome.

Was that one, you know, when the rac-coon played 'possum!

—BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE, in The

Sun, New York, June 2.

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What did Charles Reade?
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What made Virg-il?
Having to pla-to small audiences.
When is it that John Burroughs?
When he hears Edward Everett Hale.
When did Cice-ro?
When he came Homer 'gain.
Why did they Hall Caine?
To make Frances Hodgson Burnett.
Who gave Thomas Paine?
Hamilton Wright, Mabie.
What made Winston Church-ill?
Eating what he saw John Esten Cooke.
What was it that Bulwer Lytton?
De-land.

What victory did Agassiz? He saw Charles Dar-win. Why did Charles Dar-win? Because he never turned his back to De-

When did Monie Elliot Seawell? When she heard Charles Dudley Warn-

er.
Where did Captain Frederick Marry-at?
At the Ellen Onley Kirk.
What made Colonel Richard H. Sav-age?
Hearing Charles Carlton Coffin.
Why was Wagner, Haydn away Bach?
Because De Koven had him on his lit-

Because De Rovel and The Liszt.

What kept Charlotte M. Yonge?
Helping Elizabeth Phipps Train.
When was Lawrence Sterne?
When he found Bill Nye.
Where did H. Cabot Lodge?
In a Deviden. For what did Eugene Sue?
For one of Samuel Smiles.
Why do we not laugh at R. D. Black-

more Because we find James Greenleaf W (h)

ittier. Whence came Samuel Smiles?

Because he saw a hen reward Beecher. Why did Miss Mu-loch up the silver? Because she saw Flaro Annie Steel. When did Victor's mother urge him to

become a tailor

When she said, "Victor, Hugo and Help John W. Drap-'er."—Life.

FANCY'S FLIGHT.

Miss Pickley—I thought you said her Thanksgiving dinner could not possibly be

Mrs. Criticize—I did. But I had no means of knowing that her roast turkey would accidentally go through her meat-chopper,—Harper's Bazar,



HOTE







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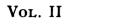
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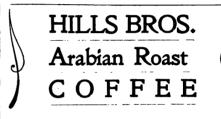
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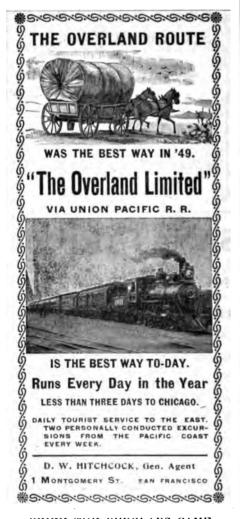
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